From the collection of the

San Francisco, California
2006

Presented

MERRY'S MUSEUM,

AND

WOODWORTH'S CABINET.

VOLUMES LIII. AND LIV.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON:
1867.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME 53,

From January, 1867, to July, 1867, (inclusive.)

New Year's Morning, 1.
Key to Character, 5.
Popping Corn, 7.
The Broken Sled, 8.
The New Year, 11.
Little Bessie's Happiest Day, 13.
Hawthorn Blossoms, 15, 33, 75, 113, 139, 169.
Story of Ike Cottle, 18, 39, 66, 109, 146, 176.
Russia, 22.
The Ragged Boy, 24.
Monthly Chat, 25, 58, 91, 121, 154, 188.
Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer, 30, 63, 94, 125, 158, 190.
Aunt Sue's Scrap-Bag, 56, 88, 118, 152, 186.
The Demon of Fire, 36.
Rhymes for Children, 37.
The Gold Nugget, 38.
Stray Thoughts, 44.
Ned's New Year's Resolution, 45.
Children's Fears, 46.
Snow Flakes, 48.
Harry's Fortune, 49.
No Good from Passion, 52.
Cooking a Ghost, 53.
The Happy Children, 65.
My Grandmother, 70.
Poetry, 72, 77, 79, 82, 98, 117, 136, 142, 161, 165, 171.
The Domestic Cat, 73.
Story of a Tea Leaf, 81.
The Mint, 83.
Shadow Pictures, 85.
Switzerland, 86.
Dog Barry, 87.
Spellbound, 97.
I must go Home, 104.
Germany, 105.
The Future President, 106.
Canning Peaches, 109.
Astrakhan, Russia, 112.
True Story of Dog Jack, 115.
The Plant that bore Good Fruit, 129.
The Harper's Story, 132.
All the Same a Hundred Years Hence, 137.
Who Stole the Bird's Nest? 143.
Strike the Knot, 144.
Something Worth Cultivating, 145.
France, 150.
Little Spot, 151.
The Two Schoolmates, 163.
A Child's Dream of a Star, 166.
The Crossing Sweeper, 172.
Always Tell the Truth, 175.
My Cats, 181.
Portugal, 183.
Tabby's Visit, 184.
A Tropical Scavenger, 185.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME 54,

From July, 1867, to December, 1867, (inclusive.)

God has made all, 1.
Story of Ike Cottle, 2, 42, 66, 99, 135, 163.
Little Gifts, 9.
Forest Animals, 12.
My Mother, 13, 39.
The Candy Drawer, 14.
Eyebrows, 16.
Holiday Lessons, 18.
The Bride of the Spirit Island, 22.
Aunt Sue's Scrap Bag, 25, 56, 87, 122, 154, 183.
Monthly Chat, 29, 58, 89, 125, 156, 186.
Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer, 31, 62, 94, 127, 158, 188.
Rose and her Cabinet of Shells, 33.
Printing, 40.
The Bur Workers, 41.
Hunting Shells, 47.
Our Baby, 48.
The Soldier and the Thistle, 49.
The Opossum, 50.
Summer Rains, 51.
Idle Words, 52.
Holland, 55.
The Parrot, 65.
A Whole Day to do Nothing, 70.
Caught! 71.
Otsquago Creek, 72.
Bee Artisans, 73.
Bootblacks, 75.
Summer Car Riding, 76.
Trying to be a Man, 78.
Fill your own Place, 79.
Ned, 80.
The King's Heart's Ease, 81.
Little Mary's Thought, 83.
Charlie and Joe, 84.
Summer, 85.
The Children's Hymn, 98.
Do it with thy Might, 102.
Living in an Omnibus, 103
Mythology, 106.
Seeds, 112.
How Rough won his Medals, 113.
To Young Men, 119.
The Chicken Thief, 120.
The Fire-Fly, 121.
The Children Knock, 130.
Affection of the Sheep, 134.
The Condor, 141.
Sagacity of a Cat, 142.
Our Picnic, 143.
The Two Burials, 147.
Love of Reading, 148.
Venice, 150.
The Pigeon's House, 151.
Uncle Ned's Story, 152.
Fight with Monkeys, 161.
I Can't, 171.
My First Watch, 172.
Evil Company, 173.
Katie's Christmas Gifts, 174.
The Dragon-Fly, 175.
Little June, 176.
Song for a Christmas Tree, 179.
Be Kind, Dear Boys, 180.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

SUNNY-HAIR and Night-eyes are two little girls who are sisters, and live in the busy city of New York.

Do you think those are funny names for children? Well, I will

tell you a secret about them. Their real names are Maggie and Marianna, but their Uncle John, with whom they are great pets, has always called them by the names that seem so funny to you. This Uncle John of theirs has no children of his own, but ever since they were born he has kept the warmest corner of his heart for his twin nieces. When they were babies, and lay side by side in the cradle, he called one Sunny-hair, because tiny curls as fine and as yellow as sunshine hung all around her little face; and the other Night-eyes, because her great black eyes sparkled, so he used to say, as if they were full of stars. They are nine years old now, but he seems to love them better than ever.

You must have met their Uncle John on the street sometimes—a great, cheerful fellow with a smile that would cure anybody of the blues, a ringing laugh, and a stout arm always ready to pick up an apple that has tumbled off the stand of the old woman on the corner, or to lift up the horse that has fallen down under his heavy load.

But I don't intend now to write about Uncle John, or to give you a history of his little nieces; I can only tell what happened last New Year's morning.

Christmas had passed away very pleasantly. Santa Claus had been unusually kind, and our little girls had more presents than they had dreamed of—enough, they thought, to make them happy for a whole year. After all the rest had made their presents, Uncle John came, late in the afternoon, and made them a very strange one. He gave each of the little girls a dollar, and told them to buy as much happiness as that money would bring!

They did not know what to think of it. What did Uncle John mean? They talked it over through the day, and at night, after they were in bed, it kept their little tongues at work until mamma called out to them to go to sleep. So it was in the morning, and again at night, all through the week. What would make them happiest? They might buy more dolls, and more books, and toys, and candies of all sorts; but papa and mamma, when they were asked, thought that their little ones had enough of these already. Besides, there was only one thing that they really wished to have, and it would take five times as much to buy the two big dolls and the big bedstead in Mr. Milton's store. Should they save it up? That would certainly be a better thing than to spend it foolishly, but it would not *buy* them any *happiness*. They must spend it, before they could buy anything with it.

Uncle John would not give them any advice; so, nearly a week passed away, and still they were no wiser than when the money was given to them.

It was the day before New Year's, and it was snowing furiously. Papa and mamma had gone out to buy things for to-morrow, and nobody was in the house but Maggie and Marianna, and the old colored servant down stairs. While they were looking out of the window, they saw a little boy pass by, shivering in his thin, ragged clothes, and looking wistfully at the toys in the little girls' arms. He was about their own age, and his eyes were large and black as Night-eyes', but his cheeks were thin and very white.

"Poor little boy!" said both at once; "let us call him in and give him some of our toys and candies. Yes, come!" Quick as a flash, the little girls ran down stairs to old Dinah, and made her open the door and call the little fellow in. Dinah had a big heart, and she made him sit down and warm himself and eat as much as he could, before she would let the children ask him any questions. So they ran up stairs again, and came back with toys and candies and some of their old books, to make up a New Year's bundle for Freddie—for that, he told them, was his name.

What made the little fellow cry? and why didn't he take up the bundle at once? Was he ungrateful? Didn't he want the toys? Poor boy! it took a long while for them to find out that he had a sick mother and baby sister, and while he would "take just one toy for baby," he would rather have something to carry home for his mother to eat.

Just then a thought came to Sunny-hair, and she whispered to her sister, "Let us give Freddie our dollars!" They all had tears on their cheeks, even to Dinah the black cook, when at last the little fellow took the money and went out again to his home. And no little ones ever bought as much happiness with so little money as our little girls found in their hearts that night when they heard the wind whistling coldly around the house, and thought of Freddie and his mother and baby sister fed and warmed by them.

"Why, Maggie," said Marianna, the next morning, "look! oh! oh! oh! Just look at this?"

Out from under the blankets jumped four little feet; and—yes, there it was, sure enough, and it was no dream at all! There stood the very bed they had always stopped to look at whenever they passed Mr. Milton's store, and in it two large wax dolls, just like themselves, one with blue eyes and golden hair, and the other with

black hair and eyes. And by the side of the bed a box of dresses, and bonnets—and, O dear me, wasn't it beautiful?

"But, sister, look at this!" said Maggie. For pinned upon the covering of the bed was this verse, printed in large letters, suspiciously like Uncle John's writing:

"The Scripture saith the poor and sad
Are types of God the Son,
And he who makes their bosoms glad.
Makes glad the Holy One."

Had Uncle John heard about little Freddie? I thought so—and so did his little nieces, for they met the two together a few weeks afterward; and since then he has confessed that he met the boy just after he left their house, and stopped to speak with him. Was there ever such an Uncle John? BERKELEY.

A STORY true for me and for you,
We three will read together,
Some "Christmas Rhymes" to suit the times,
For we all love one another.
We'll try to do right with all our might,
For that will please dear mother,
And merry be as you will see
Two sisters and a brother.
A happy New Year, with words of cheer
For children merry and gay;
We'll merrily sing of Christ our King
On this our Christmas Day.

KEY TO CHARACTER.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

"NED JONES is a capital fellow," exclaimed little Arthur, whom Ned had been drawing upon the ice with his chubby, wide-awake brother.

"What makes Ned so good?" inquired his mother, to whom Arthur addressed his words on his return from play.

"He drew Charlie and I on his sled when he was skating; and Nelson Holt wouldn't do it. Nelson said that he wasn't going to spoil his fun to please two little brats like Charlie and I."

"Just what I should expect of Nelson," responded his mother. "He is an unmannerly, selfish boy, and he cares only for his own pleasure, but Ned was always a manly, thoughtful boy. There is more manhood in Ned's little finger than there is in Nelson's whole body. Be like Ned, my son, and not like Nelson."

Now, here we find the representatives of two classes of boys—the kind and generous, and the selfish and mean. On every skating-ground these two classes of players meet, and the observer can readily distinguish them. The Neds are noble-hearted, generous, and high-minded, while the Nelsons are wrapped up in self, and value pleasure, and everything, only as Number One is promoted thereby. With the latter class, it is a word and a blow. They can't withstand much. Being selfish, they are jealous of their rights, and construe innocent annoyances into intended invasion. Poor, weak, niggardly souls that don't know what is really manly! How many such boys there are! You have seen them, reader. We hope that you belong to the other class, who seem to know that some other people live besides themselves. But you have seen these burly, testy, unkind boys, who are the bane of the play-ground, whether skating, coasting, fishing, or what not. Mark them closely, for they will make uncomfortable men. They will become to the human race what wasps and hornets are to the insect tribes. We never thought that wasps and hornets could be very much respected among butterflies and humming-birds. They may be on good terms with mosquitoes and bed-bugs, though we rather doubt it. Put the selfish creatures together, and they will soon have trouble with each other. Two Nelsons like the foregoing would fight much sooner than one Nelson and one Ned together. The former can not quarrel with the latter, because the latter *won't*.

But draw a little closer to me, reader, while we look at this Ned—the big boy who is kind enough to draw the little "brats" on his sled as he glides over the ice. It is a small act, apparently, and yet it is the key to Ned's character. Behold him on the pond, enjoying the skating as hugely as any of his comrades, and at the same time making two little urchins, much younger than himself, equally happy! A youth who will do that is nobler than multitude of boys whom we meet. His head has wiser thoughts, and his heart has kindlier feelings—he has higher aims and purer motives—he will do other good things. I will tell you some things that he will do. He will obey his parents—he loves his mother—he is a good boy at school—I don't believe that he swears; in short, he will not do a mean thing, he has too much respect for himself and God.

Thus it is that a small act on the play-ground becomes the key to a boy's character. Remember that, reader, and never despise a good deed, even if it is to be performed for the tiniest child. If no one else beholds how much it proclaims about you, God does.

POPPING CORN.

DAISY shades her cheek,
Harry shakes the popper;
Nellie and Ruth keep watch
Over each wonderful hopper!

Pop! pop! pop!
Over the crimson blaze;
Hop! hop! hop!
All in a merry maze!

Tiny golden grains,
Grains of red and blue,
Miracles of wonder
Heat can make for you.

Pop! pop! pop!
Tremble, turn about!
Hop! hop! hop!
Turning inside out!

Shell another ear,
We have but a hatful;
Bring the great tureen;
We shall soon have that full!

Hop! hop! hop!
Merrily they go!
Changing little glossy grains
Into piles of snow!

KRUNA.

THE BROKEN SLED.

BY KRUNA.

LITTLE Eugene was very restless. Long after the good-night from his kind mother had been spoken, and he left alone for pleasant dreams, no pleasant dreams would come. Generally he was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow; but now, something was the matter. It was a cold January night, and perhaps his mother had been forgetful, and he was too chilly to sleep. No. The warm rose-blankets and soft downy comforts told a different story from that. Tossing and turning from side to side, whichever way his little body rolled, there seemed to be a thorn in the way. Ah! it was one he had planted in his heart that very afternoon—although he did not feel it very much while gayly coasting down the "grand inclined plane," now an ice-coated steep, back of his father's garden. Yet, here, alone in his comfortable little bed, where all was still

and his eyes were closed, the wound began to pain him, and he could not rest.

"I'm really vexed with myself," he kept repeating in his own mind; "I don't see why I did it, and Tommy was so honest about it all. I can hardly help laughing now to think of it; and yet I would give my half-dollar if I hadn't done it." There was a spark of comfort in that thought, for would not the half-dollar make it all right? A little crimson spot on each cheek helped answer the question. The money would repair the injury if only he should say he was sorry for what he had done, for he had not only broken Tommy's sled, but wounded his heart very sorely. Tommy had come over early that afternoon, jubilant in the possession of a new sled, and although it was "home-made," as Eugene told him at first, Tommy's brother Edward was none the less to be praised for that. It was painted a bright red with a stripe of black around the edges, and the name "Arrow" put on in white letters with much painstaking, and success was none too descriptive of its swiftness of speed. But Eugene, who was disposed to think nothing very nice that had been "made and not bought," looked with a feeling of amusement upon Tommy's pride; and after "holding in" a few minutes, as he called it, and trying the "Arrow" in exchange for his own "Express" once or twice, he proposed a new way to test the comparative value of their sleds. "Let us throw them from us the length of the cord, each way, Tom, and then jerk them together as swiftly as we can, and see which will stand the jar best."

"But won't they break?" asked the honest Tommy.

"Prove them! I'm not afraid. If the 'Express' can't stand the 'Arrow,' let her go!"

So the novel experiment was tried, and the first crash did no great harm. "Try her again!" shouted Eugene; and Tommy threw out his sled with a half-sorrowful expression that made Eugene shake with laughter, as he drew in the "Express" with a sharp, strong jerk—its iron-clad runner striking with full force on the front of the poor "Arrow" and splitting one side so as to render it entirely useless.

"Hurrah for the 'Express!'" he shouted; "throw your sled overboard and jump on with me."

But Tommy was already walking homeward with his eyes bent on the shivered "Arrow" which an hour before had given him so much joy. "I can't play," he said; "Edward made it for me for my New-Year's gift. He worked ever and ever so many evenings, and when

it was cold, too, so I shouldn't know it; and he'll think I don't care for it after all."

Now was the time for Eugene to "make things right," but pride held him back, and instead, he added fuel to the fire.

"What's a fellow worth without pluck? If it had been the 'Express,' I shouldn't have said a word."

"But she was iron-bound."

"Why didn't you think of that before we tried them?"

But Eugene felt conscious of a little unfairness, and as he saw Tommy was not going to stop, and his own words echoed back in his heart, he felt the first prick of the thorn that seemed now to have multiplied itself seven-fold. At length, jumping out of bed, he knelt some moments in silence, and then saying to himself, as the result of some train of thought, "I'll do it!" he was soon fast asleep. Very early the next morning, before Tommy was out of his chamber, Eugene might have been seen stealing out of Mr. Barrett's back-yard with the "Arrow" under his arm; and was soon after discussing the merits of the case with Israel Green, the carpenter, and his friend in many a previous mishap. "Well, it's pretty thoroughly used up; but with a new board here, and a couple of bands across, we may make her work again."

Eugene, mounted on a stool near by, watched with impatient interest as the work went on, till at length Israel held up the sled, pronouncing it "complete." "You must have had a terrible jar, if you was aboard when she got shivered, my little man," said Mr. Green.

Eugene felt his cheeks burn as he replied, "Nobody was hurt," and took up the sled to examine it.

"That R is spoiled after all," he said, looking at the name, where a nail had broken through from the bottom cleet and split off the most of the unfortunate letter.

"White paint; I've got a pot and brush just here, and we'll have all satisfactory;" and the clever carpenter touched up the broken letter very nicely, and Eugene gladly paid the well-earned quarter of a dollar and left the shop. The next thing was whether to take the sled slily and stand it up just where he had found it, and leave it to speak for itself, or go like a man and see Tommy about it. He wisely chose the latter plan.

"Here's your 'Arrow,' Tommy," he said. "I was sorry enough for breaking her, and was going to offer you the 'Express;' but I thought as Edward made this, if it could be righted you'd rather have it."

"Now you're just as kind as can be," said honest Tommy; "I

should not have done as much, I expect, if the 'Express' had gone instead."

"Never mind. Fair play is always the best, and I was not exactly fair. But we'll begin over again, and the next time I split a sled, be sure it will be my own." Eugene acted nobly. Some little boys should *stop and think several minutes* whether they would have done as he did; and if they find in the examination that some old thorn still pricks again, would it not be well, even yet, to try the same remedy?

THE NEW YEAR.

"FATHER," said a little boy one evening during the "children's hour," "why does the year begin in the middle of the winter? I should think whoever had the arrangement of the months would have begun the year in the spring, when everything seems new."

"A very sensible remark, my son," said the father, "and perhaps we can spend the hour in no better way than in examining this question.

"The division of time into sections, or periods, has occupied the attention of wise men for many ages. The study of the stars and their motions by the old astronomers, although not productive of the same results as in our time, where a knowledge of the laws of gravitation, the form, shape, and motion of the earth, and the worlds on worlds revealed by the telescope, was enough to show them that changes were regular, and that the seasons occurred somewhat as certain stars appeared in certain locations. And it would seem as if the spring had been considered by others as the most proper time to commence the year, for we are told that the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phenicians, Carthaginians, and some others of the most enlightened of ancient nations, commenced their year on the 22d of March. The Greeks, however, for a long time commenced the year December 22, but afterward changed it to June 22. There was also much trouble to decide of how many days the year should consist, and how these days should be divided. Some thought it should be divided by the changes of the moon; but it was found that if either twelve or thirteen moons made the year, the seasons would after a while occur in the wrong time. Nor was this trouble overcome until the time of Julius Cæsar, previous to which 355 days were accounted as a year. Before the reign of Numa Pompilius, which

occurred about 700 years B.C., the year was divided into ten months only; he added January and February, the former named from the Roman god Janus or Dianus, who was believed to preside over the beginning of everything. He was first worshiped during the reign of Romulus; at the dawn of every day, prayers were made to him, and on the beginning of every year, cakes and wine were offered him in sacrifice. Our present customs of presenting refreshments on New Year's Day is very probably a remnant of this superstitious ceremony—one of a great many that have come to us from the olden time, and are to be found oftener than is generally supposed, admixed with many of our religious and social customs.

"Janus is represented in mythology as being double-faced; hence it was considered proper to have him represented by the first day of the year, which may be said to look back into the past and forward to the future. During the reign of Julius Cæsar the occurrence of the seasons from what they had once been, had changed so that winter occurred in hot weather and spring was in autumn. Assisted by the most renowned astronomers of that time, he set himself about correcting the matter, and it was finally decided that the year should consist of 365 days, 6 hours, 10 minutes, and that this division should be called the Julian year. He ordered that to provide for the part of a day that one should be added to each fourth year. Still, different nations commenced the year at different times; but about the beginning of the eighteenth century the Latin Christian nations adopted the 1st of January for the New Year's Day instead of the 1st of March; but for a long time, in order to avoid confusion of dates, it was customary from 1st January to 1st March to write both years, and this custom to some extent has existed in the present century, and may be seen in many public records thus, 186$\frac{4}{5}$. This change was made in England from March 25th only as late as 1752.

"These changes serve in a degree to account for many things we find in history that seem otherwise unexplainable. As for instance Christmas, or the birth of Jesus, was by the Council appointed to decide the question, after hearing the conflicting statements and examining the different records presented to them, concluded to have been on the 25th of December. This event must have occurred in a different season than their present December, but the discrepancy is easily understood by the explanations above.

"A few of the nations still date the year from other days than January 1st, but nearly all of Christendom will unite with us on that day in wishing all their friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR."

LITTLE BESSIE'S HAPPIEST DAY.

"PLEASE let me go out this morning, mother," said little lame Bessie, "and call on the few people I know. I believe they will give me a few things for poor Mr. Atkins' family, and ever so little will be a help to them, you know, now everything has been burnt up."

Mother at length gave her consent, as the sun was shining brightly though it was a winter's day. With her heart full of her kind errand, Bessie made haste to tie on her little hood and fold her small plaid shawl around her. Her shiny wavy hair was all the tippet she had, but she did not mind that, nor stop to think how cold her small bare hands might get. She tucked the little crutch under her arm and walked along as fast as she could.

I think the Lord meant to encourage this dear child in her work of love, for the first person she met as she entered the park was a

kind gentleman who often visited the mission-school she attended, and who knew the faces of all the older scholars as well as he did those of his own children. Bessie's heart gave a bound of joy as she saw Mr. Emerson, for well she knew what a large noble heart the good banker possessed.

She was not long in telling him her simple story of the poor family near her home whose all had been swept away by the fire the previous night; that they were worthy, industrious people, and if they could get a little start, might all keep together yet. The poor mother was almost distracted for fear she must part with her children.

"Was there no one but you, little Bessie, to come out and ask help for them?"

"I hope others will, sir; but I thought I might do a little good to them, though we have not much to give them ourselves."

"You have given more than many would be willing to do," thought the gentleman; "you have given your time and strength, which you can poorly spare! Here, Bessie," he continued, aloud, "is something to help you on a little;" and he put a new bank-bill in her hand which had an unmistakable X in the corner.

How the dear child's eyes glistened at the sight! and she felt if she had got nothing more for her morning's walk, she had been abundantly paid for coming out.

Her next call was on her Sabbath-school teacher, who kindly gave her a few half-worn garments, belonging to little brothers and sisters. They would never be missed in that comfortable home, but they were a boon indeed to the poor little shivering children whose all the greedy flames had devoured. What was better still, Mrs. Williams promised to interest a few kind friends of hers in the poor family if she could, and she had not a doubt but she should be able to do something for them. Little Bessie told her little story with the true eloquence of a warm heart, all awake to the cause she was pleading, and not one of those to whom she applied refused her a trifle at least.

"Mother," she said, as she laid down the bundle upon the table, "it has been the happiest day I ever spent in my life."

"Don't your limb pain you badly?" asked her anxious mother.

"A little, I guess, but I have hardly thought of it all day; but I am just as hungry——"

She sat down to the good plain dinner mother had kept hot for her over a kettle of boiling water, and she never thought of complaining that it was not finer and richer. A good appetite honestly earned,

and an approving conscience, are wonderful sweeteners of our portion in this world, whatever it may be.

Little lame Bessie had tasted the joy of doing good for others, and many were the good works she afterward put her hand to. As she went on, it was astonishing how the walks of usefulness opened up before her.

Remember, if you have first a willing mind to do good, the difficulties will fast disappear before you. God did not forget to abundantly reward little Bessie for her labor of love that day, but paid back, as he always does, "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." At least, she thought so on the bright New Year's morning when she took in a bundle at her door marked with her name, which quickly opened its great warm heart to her; a beautiful coat of frosted beaver, a little white fur cape, with cuffs to match—she could not have used a muff—a soft warm dress of blue, with gloves and over-shoes, and last, but not least, a generous box of sweets, which made her little sisters and brothers dance for joy. It did not take long to guess who the gifts were from, for kind Mr. Emerson was Bessie's only rich friend upon earth. But she had a rich Father in heaven, who sent down blessings all along her pathway here, and helped her to turn even her afflictions into blessings.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER VII.—A VISITOR.

"BUT you don't know how lonesome I am here, Frank, all day, when you are off at school," said Grace the next morning just after breakfast was over.

"Well, I am real sorry, Grace; but can't you make out with your kittens and things till I get home?"

"The kittens can't talk, you see," she said. "I know what I should like, though," she added, hesitatingly. "I couldn't hardly go to sleep for thinking about it."

"Well, just tell us—and if we can, we will get it."

"I am afraid you won't want to. I wish lame Mattie Day could

be drawn up here in my old coach, and left to spend the day here. She's so poor, you know, and never has any nice things, except what mother sends her; and then she lives in such a poor, little, dark house, Frank, I know she would love to spend a day in our sunshiny one. Won't you bring her up? It's only a little ways just down that lane —'most to the walnut-tree."

Frank lowered his head a little, and his dark eyes grew very sober of a sudden. He looked out of the window and did not answer for a minute. It had been so long since Grace was a baby, that he had never had much to do with drawing baby-coaches. Grace's old one had been stored away in the garret, and was often loaned to one poor woman or another. Frank was almost sorry now they had not given it away long before.

Grace's kind little heart never suspected what a hard thing she had asked of her big brother. He did not like the thought of some school-fellow passing him while he was engaged in the business. His pride and his kind-heartedness struggled hard, but he came out on the right side at last.

"If mother says so, I'll do it;" and he abruptly left the room.

"I am quite willing, my son," said mother, "and shall be really thankful if you are willing to make this sacrifice for the pleasure of these children. It will be a great kindness to poor Mattie, and a great pleasure to Grace; you know we want to learn this great lesson of self-denial for the good of others, if we would please our kind Saviour who sacrificed even his life for us;" and she laid her arm lovingly about his shoulders and touched his brow with her lips.

Frank dashed off after the coach, and in a few minutes was at the door of the little lame child. When his errand was known, what a flutter it caused in that poor little cottage! Mattie's mother was scarcely less pleased than Mattie herself; it would give her a whole day's freedom to go out and attend to various little matters she had put off from time to time, because she could not bear to leave the helpless child alone. Mattie's best things were quickly put on and her hair rebrushed, though it was perfectly smooth before. Then her mother lifted her softly into the nest of pillows Mrs. Hawthorn had provided, and Frank started off at a much more gentle rate than he came. He had become so much interested in the poor child that he forgot all about his reluctance to go for her. He met Tom Warner as he passed up the street, and halloed to him.

"Have you taken to drawing baby-carts for a profession?" he asked.

"Take hold, Tom," he said, indifferently; then added, in a lower voice, glancing back at the little smiling face which was watching so intently the common objects on either side, "she's lame."

Frank's independent air and sympathizing look impressed his companion and suddenly checked his bantering. He took hold of the left handle of the coach as a matter of course, and walked deliberately along with him. When they came to the gate, he held it wide open for Frank to draw the coach up the graveled walk, and then went up to the steps with him, and took a seat there until Frank should be ready to go on to school.

Frank was considering how he should manage to carry the little thing in most comfortably, when mother came out and saved him all further trouble.

Mattie was but six years old, and for half that time she had never walked a step. All day long she sat in her little room, with no one but her mother to talk to, often suffering much pain; yet she was a cheerful little thing, very lovely in her disposition, and a great comfort to her poor, hard-working mother.

Mrs. Hawthorn seated her on her lap, and took off her little old bonnet and faded shawl, talking lovingly to her all the while.

"Frank, please get that old cushioned arm-chair for Mattie before you go," she said, "I think it will be a nice, easy seat for her."

Frank hastened to do his mother's bidding, and for some reason a very happy feeling stole over his heart when he saw her comfortably seated in it, looking so bright and smiling. Can you guess why he felt so happy?

Then with a word or two for little Grace, as he strapped up his books and swung them over his shoulder, and a "good-bye, mother," he dashed off with Tom down the walk, and was quickly on his way to school.

If Frank had hung his head and looked ashamed when Tom met him with the baby-coach, he would have been plagued enough about it. Straightforward, manly independence, when you are in the right, should be every boy's watchword. It is the only path to respect and honor. A single glance, or a word, may tell the whole story. If you don't respect yourself, nobody else will. It is a hard matter to stand ridicule, and especially so for a sensitive boy. But a good-humored, independent fellow seldom suffers from such an infliction.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead," and everything will give way before you. Be manly and good-humored, and no fear but you will be the favorite of the play-ground as well as the school-room.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY DAYS.

IKE lived and died in the cottage on the hill.

It is old and gray now, and the thatched roof is covered with sprouting moss.

English ivy, green and plentiful, almost hides the door from the gaze of the passer-by, while the garden walks and the cottage surroundings show signs of long neglect.

It is empty and tenantless now, except that the birds build their nests in the moss-covered roof, and the rats make bold to dance upon the floor.

Father Cottle was the last tenant, and it will always be known as "Father Cottle's cottage on the hill."

A slight elevation it is, overlooking a lazy creek, and the distant village of Beverly, with its stately church tower and little dissenting chapel; while still far beyond, the broad sheen of Bristol Channel seems a silver field in sunshine. In all England there can not be found a lovelier spot.

Nor did all England contain a nobler spirit than he who used to clap his hands for joy at the far-stretching picture, bathed and glorified in the broad beams of the rising sun, when, merry as the lark, Ike, the tin-washer, used to dash from the cottage down the tramroad to his daily toil in the mill.

Ike's mother died when he was six months old, leaving a family consisting of Father Cottle—her husband, Susan and Ike—her children.

Shortly after the death of his wife, Father Cottle met with a sad accident, which deprived him of the proper use of his limbs, so that for years he could do little more than hobble down the walk to the stile in the hedge that bounded the cottage grounds and separated them from the turnpike road.

I can see the dear old man in my fancy now, as I have often seen him in reality, sitting outside the cottage door, or leaning on the top

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

of the stile, the fragrant breeze from Bristol Channel lifting his long, gray locks, and blessing him with the benefits of all the clover blooms and spicy meadows that lay between.

Tired leaning, he can sit down in the great chair that Susan never fails to place in the shade of the hedge.

And there he used to spend his thoughtful hours, meditating on the goodness of God, or engaging the passing traveler or neighbor in religious conversation.

Every position has its privileges and opportunities, so sometimes Father Cottle put a tract into the hand of the passer-by, and dropped a word of warning or a "God bless you" in his ear.

There he sits—the perfect picture of contentment and peace. He wears a calm, steady, satisfied look, that seems to say—

"How happy is my pilgrim lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly grief or fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
My soul disdains on earth to dwell;
I only sojourn here."

Affliction never comes without benefit; and God permits afflictions to come upon his own for a wise end.

The accident to Father Cottle compelled him to forego many comforts of life, and to pass years of poverty and pain, comparatively alone in the cottage.

Yet it was a discipline that enriched him forever.

The poor in earthly treasure became rich in grace.

The frail in body became strong and healthy in spirit.

Father Cottle used to say: "We can only know some things by suffering others, and many of God's best blessings come to us through sad pains, and when we are in a state of earthly want."

So it is as a rule, for the very steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

Our victory is to rest in this, as in the love and confidence of a friend.

This is the Christian's bed of down, though it seems at first sight made of thorns and nettles.

Father Cottle enjoys the victory, for he rests in God and takes his afflictions, not as judgments, but as lessons, teaching him the great goodness of God in his seeming severity, and that blessings are not always carried to us in sunbeams.

Indeed, the dark clouds contain the deep fountains to water and enrich the thirsty earth; so the cloudy dispensations of our heavenly Father usually convey particular and lasting benefits.

A slight form is approaching, slowly, up the road.

A cheerful step that youth has, and a merry heart, as he swings his little tin bucket in one hand, and holds fast a nosegay in the other.

It is Ike returning from the mill, his day's work done.

The old man's eye kindles, and his arm is stretched out to embrace the jacketed stripling—his hope and love.

"What has kept thee so late this evening, Ikey—extra plate to pile?"

"Nay, father, I but stopped, here and there, to gather these blue-bells, and primroses, and daisies for thee. How sweet they are, and how they hide and grow beneath the hedge, as though they did not wish to be plucked, and kissed, and loved!"

"Aye, laddie, they teach us many lessons, and not the least is modesty. They are content to bloom beneath the rough, thorny hedge, and unfold their beauties and bestow their fragrance upon the little bee that searches for them. So should we live and grow, and bless and bring forth fruit, where God puts us. If under a great hedge that throws its jagged shadow beyond us as a barrier to the sunshine and a vail to men, well; if on the hillside, as with buttercups and daisies, where all can see us and pronounce upon us, pluck up or tread us down, *well;* in either case let us have a modest primrose

bearing, Ikey, and a primrose blessing, too, for all. But thy supper is waiting, laddie, and there is Susan in the door with impatience in her face."

As they enter the cottage, we may think a moment of good old Eli and the young Samuel, for surely the pictures have points of resemblance.

CHAPTER II.—EARLY DAYS CONTINUED.

IT is a comfortable reflection, to the poor at least, that "it is not all of life to live."

"The wolf" at the door, and in the cupboard, and in the stomach too, may put us to many shifts, and hedge us in many straits, but in heaven, surely, "lodgings are free, and the poor shall want neither victuals nor drink."

Being poor, and grievously afflicted as well, it was impossible for Father Cottle to indulge his family. Indeed, it required all the ingenuity and economy that Susan and he could employ to furnish plain bread to eat, and pay the monthly rent of the cottage.

Every day gave them cause for new sacrifices and sterner self-denial, and as Ike grew up to boyhood their anxiety increased. The world outside the humble cots of the poor knows little, and generally feels less. Friends they certainly had, but they were solely among those whose circumstances were little better than their own, and were therefore able to help the cottagers but slenderly.

The rich landowners and titled gentlemen dashed by in their splendid coaches, and simply glanced at the clean walks leading to the cottage, with never an inquiry after the moral or temporal wants of the inmates.

So Ike, in the wants and sorrows of his early days, learned how cold and unsympathizing the great, rich world is, when poverty lives in a cottage.

But he was not therefore encouraged to hate and abuse the world.

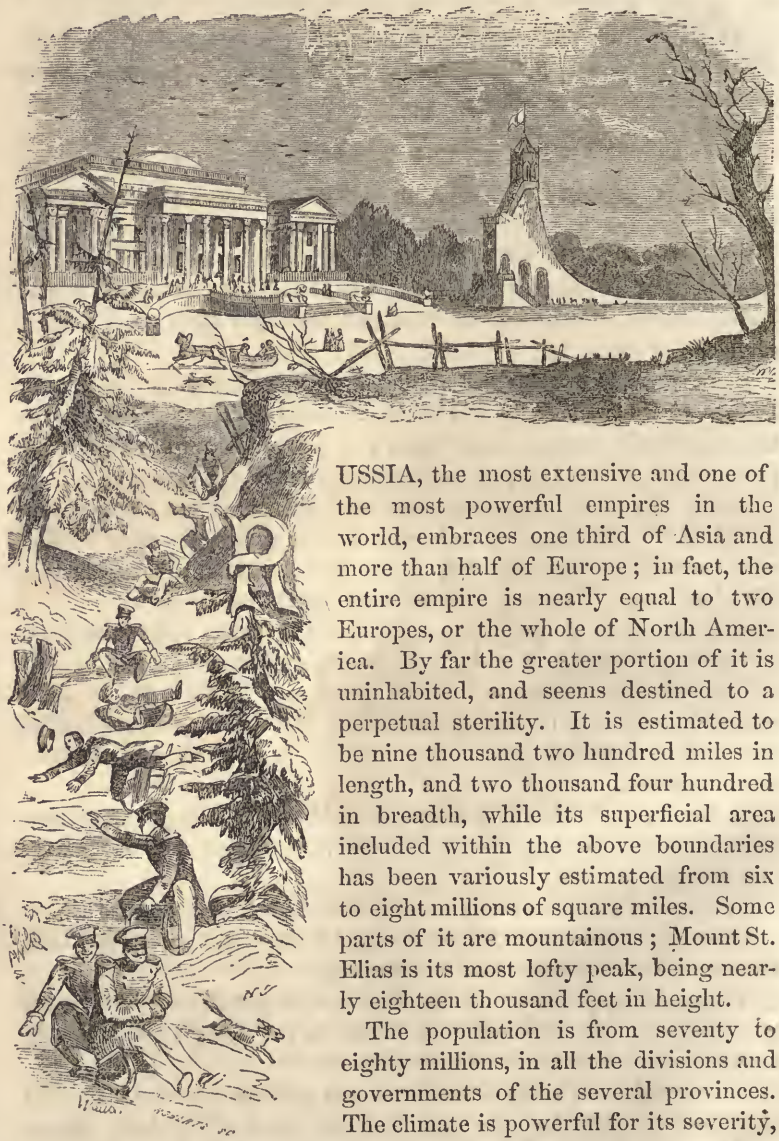
There were other lessons, dearer and better, that never left him, but molded and strengthened his character.

If the world puts no fire on the hearth, God kindles a warming one in our hearts. If the world puts no loaf in the pantry, our heavenly Father feeds the soul with heavenly food.

If the world sends no friend into our cottage to search for our need, and comfort the poor that cry, the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, to deliver them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUSSIA.



RUSSIA, the most extensive and one of the most powerful empires in the world, embraces one third of Asia and more than half of Europe; in fact, the entire empire is nearly equal to two Europes, or the whole of North America. By far the greater portion of it is uninhabited, and seems destined to a perpetual sterility. It is estimated to be nine thousand two hundred miles in length, and two thousand four hundred in breadth, while its superficial area included within the above boundaries has been variously estimated from six to eight millions of square miles. Some parts of it are mountainous; Mount St. Elias is its most lofty peak, being nearly eighteen thousand feet in height.

The population is from seventy to eighty millions, in all the divisions and governments of the several provinces. The climate is powerful for its severity, and the more northern sections especially are subject to the unwelcome visitation of the terrific storm-king,

"Who howls over Russia's desolate plains,
Where a death-cold silence ever reigns;
Until he comes with his trumpet breath,
To chant his anthem of fear and death."

"Coasting" would be a great institution here if it were well improved. Some of our city Merry boys would hardly know what to do with themselves if they had such "sliding downhill" as they have in Russia. The snow falls to a considerable depth, and the winters are long and severe. The winds drive the snow over the *steppes*, filling up the ravines and piling it an immense depth.

WINTER TRAVELING ON THE STEPPES—SLEDGES.

Traveling across the *steppes* is dangerous in the extreme. The Emperor Nicholas once was, in traveling in a sledge across one of these *steppes*, capsized in a steep ravine, and was taken up with a broken clavicle. To the more violent of these storms no traveler attempts to expose himself. The winter months are usually improved the most for traveling and transporting heavy goods from one place to another.

The winter is intensely cold, frequently surpassing the severest seasons known on the shores of the Baltic.

THE RAGGED BOY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"I WONDER how the rich boys feel,
Who have enough to eat and wear;
They never go without a meal,
Nor feel the pangs of want and care.

"I have not had a crust of bread
To eat since yesterday at noon;
I sometimes wish that I were dead,
For human hearts are cold as stone.

"My sister cried herself to sleep
Upon a bed of straw last night;
And when I think of her I weep,
Because she grows so thin and white.

"When I grow up to be a man,
I'll work my fingers to the bone,
And help the poor folks all I can,
As true as God sits on His throne."

I heard the ragged boy's complaint,
And took his hard, red hand in mine;
My words of hope revived the faint
Heart of the child like drops of wine.

I led him to the common-school,
And gave him bread as well as books;
He sat upon the humble stool,
And thanked me with his grateful looks.

I was his host, and he my guest,
Where soul assimilates with soul,
And both hearts beat within one breast,
As magnets tremble to the pole.

Day followed day, as wild-birds fly;
Along the air, from mortal sight,
Down the star stairway of the sky,
Came watchful messengers of light

To guide the boy through life's rough street;
Along the winding ways of fate,
No more he walks with naked feet,
But sits a ruler at the gate.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"Happy New Year" rings as Merrily and sounds as welcome as if it had not been repeated by millions of tongues for ages past on the return of each of the new-born years, and we look for its coming, and long for its Merry ringing sound quite as much as when in years gone by we sleeplessly waited for the first gray light of the New Year's morning, that we might be the first to make known its presence, and wish it full of joy to others. Here it is again, as new and happy as ever, at least so it seems to us. But we know not what good or ill it may bring, and so we hope for happiness, and wish the same for others. If good wishes could bring it, it would surely come. Much more, however, depends upon our actions than upon our "wishes." How much will we do all through the long year to make it truly happy to those around us? and yet how many ways there are in which we could be able to do something for the good of others! A kind word, a pleasant look, or some little deed of love scattered all along our every-day life, would bring much of sunshine and joy to those around us, and prove the sincerity of our wishes. Little things make up life. Each little boy and girl in their own circle and sphere in life has a mission to fulfill, and a life work to do which no one else can perform. You must do it, or it will remain undone. No one else can do it for you. Commence to-day. On this New Year's morning, as the happy wish goes round, and heart responds to heart and returns its kindly greeting, let us all commence *doing* something to make others happy.

We hope the MUSEUM will be the medium of many kind words and good thoughts, and all the Merrys be found at their posts at roll-call. We shall try and make the coming year more useful and interesting, more attractive and entertaining than any year in the past, and we ask as a favor of all our young friends that they will obtain at least one new subscriber to commence the year with us, and we will try and do each other good. This would enable us not only to carry out our present plans, but to perfect new ones for the benefit of the MUSEUM.

One word about the premiums to those who pay in advance for the present year. All will receive the map, whether old or new subscribers, who send their money in advance for the year. The money must in all cases be sent to us strictly in advance. The map will be of your own State, printed from copper-plate engraving expressly for our use, and shows the principal towns, villages, railroads, boundaries, etc. Every boy and girl in the land should have one. We intended to have sent the map in the January number, but as we go to press so early, in order to reach our most distant subscribers before New Year's, we have decided to send all together in the February number, and therefore all who send their money to us by the 20th of January shall receive the map in the next number. The money should reach us before the 20th, and we hope each one will remit their dollar and a half at once, with the names of all new subscribers they may obtain. Unless the money is sent before the 20th, we can not promise to send the map.

Aunt Sue is once more with us, and has entire control of the Puzzle Department. We know this announce-

ment will give great pleasure to all the Merry family, who recognize her as the "*Merry* Puzzler," and we call upon all old friends to rally round her banner and enter the lists for the monthly prize contests which will be offered.

While we thus rejoice that Aunt Sue takes her place again, and congratulate the Merrys upon her accession to the throne, we must not forget our kind and much valued friend Fleta Forrester, who has so satisfactorily filled the position and attended to the duties the past year. We regret that circumstances have compelled her to resign her place, but must assure her that her efforts to amuse and instruct have not been in vain or unappreciated, and they will never be forgotten. The hearty thanks of the entire Merry family are extended to her, and we hope to hear from her very often through the columns of the Chat.

Should any subscribers prefer the fine steel engraving of Aunt Sue, which was engraved expressly for the MUSEUM, instead of the map, which we offer for prompt payment, and if they will notify us of the same, we will send it in the next number of the MUSEUM. We have the steel engravings of Robert Merry, Aunt Sue, Hiram Hatchet, Uncle William, Uncle Frank, and Peter Parley, neatly bound together, and which will be sent to any address on the receipt of 25 cents. They were all engraved expressly for the MUSEUM, and are excellent likenesses of the editors.

We have a new story from Sophie May, which will appear in February; also interesting articles from other writers, and intend the coming year of the MUSEUM shall be superior to that of any previous one. *Aunt Sue's* Scrap-Bag will also be resumed in the February number.

The December number of the MUSEUM was sent out to subscribers without the title page and table of contents; we have it printed separate now, and can send it to those who desire to bind their numbers, or we will exchange a volume bound for the twelve numbers, by paying sixty cents, the price of binding.

ELM CITY, *Nov.* 26.

YE Merrys all, both great and small,
What for is this tremendous "*squall?*"
Such *little* boys as Jolly J.
Should be so careful what they say!
With eyes all dim, and face askew,
He stamps his foot and cries anew—
"Oh, Iva, *come!* oh, Iva, *do*,
This 'rickety pile' is waiting for you!"
Hist, hark!—Not the slightest noise do we hear
In the direction from which Jolly's Queen should appear.
"Blot out Miss Ellen," indeed!
Miss Ellen has rights which *you* can't impede.
"Blot out Miss Ellen," indeed!

There! I have given vent to my feelings, and feel better.

Tagheonic, I shall begin to think *you* are amiss. Look out how you talk!

Vincent, I am modest; won't you pen-and-ink first?

Short and sweet is "my policy;" so all ye new-comers, here is my hand; one hearty good shake, and I'm away.

Dear Uncle, don't "blot out"

FAN FROLIC.

Uncle will neither "blot out" Fan Frolic, nor allow Fan Frolic to be "blotted out"—she is always welcome. Please report to "Uncle" what Iva is about, and why she so mysteriously disappeared after the first sight—that is, if you can find out.

TROY, *Dec.*

MERRYS ALL:—I really was in hopes that one long year's absence would make you a "lovin' lot of critters"—but it's nothing but squabble, squabble all the time; and as you may as well "stop quarreling and go to fighting," behold W.A.R. has come again!

Verily things are somewhat discombobolated—five Queens and one Jolly Head *Scenter*, who *knows* all about right of succession, etc. Hardly know which of the five to choose—feel like the chap who got cross-eyed by sitting between two P. G.'s. Oh, dear! 'tis too much for me to decide, so propose we have an election, have the polls open for three months, and each Merry send in his or her preference for their darling representative of crinoline government.

To my friends of the past year who have favored me with their presence, letters, and photos, would say, "do so some more;" and to all new-comers, give me a chance to *scratch* if you want to see

W.A.R.

BROOKLYN, *Dec.* 10, 1866.

"Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life."

I suppose my friends Jolly Jingle, Juno, and all the tribe of Gail Hamiltonites and Longfellowites, will think me antiquated when I go away back to old Dr. Young for a quotation to help to tell how penitent I feel for delaying so long to write. They must bear in mind, however, that I am an old veteran in the Merry army—and haven't quite caught up to the new and young generation which has risen over the ashes of Oliver Onley, Willie H. Coleman, A. N., Winnie, and a host of others, long since departed. However, I admire both Gail and H. W., and they must admit me to their circle, and grant the privilege of saying a word occasionally.

I have been merely a looker-on for some time past. I thought the Convention last year had ended my career; but there is a charm (not to say Magnet) about the Merry circle which held fast to me and whirled me 'round month by month, until at last Lizzie E. N.'s letter, Uncle's call, and not a few pokings from conscience caught me, and here I am.

I suppose I ought not to tell tales out of school, but I've an idea my friend In the Corner will also present himself before you in "sackcloth and ashes" this month.

It is to be hoped that this example of ours will have a salutary effect, and find Sid, Pontiac, Tommy, and all the other absentees present *in the corner* next month, eating humble pie.

I was right glad to have Uncle Merry tell me that Aunt Sue was coming back to the Puzzle Department again; for I do not know what we should have done, now that Fleta has decided to leave. If the latter will only favor us with some of the brilliant chattings we used to delight in, we would have no occasion for Longfellows, or any other fellows, to write poetry for us.

There was a time, Cousin Jennie, when we gave our Merry friends who visited Gotham a genuine Merry reception; but *you* caught us all full of business. We were very glad you enjoyed your visit.

By the way, where is our friend Tennessean?" I suppose I ought be ashamed to speak at all, after the manner in which I neglected your last letter. Who would think that it was one year ago? How the time does fly! Why, Uncle, I begin to feel that if I do not hurry up and follow in our friend Leslie's footsteps, I shall be wandering off somewhere, and take to writing Reveries, *à la* Ik Marvel!

I suppose I must not be rash in this my annual visit, by staying too long, and so with a Happy New Year to all the old Cousins, and greetings to all the new ones, I remain, very Merryly, yours.

JASPER.

Here comes an "experiment" for the long winter evenings. Something new in the Chat, and we will all watch and "see" what follows.

EGGERTSVILLE, *Nov.* 10, 1866.

UNCLE MERRY:—My sister Anna has just taught me a most interesting little experiment; and I thought the Cousins would all be pleased with it. So, "for short," here you have it:

Take a common tin tunnel, of medium size (say six inches long). Immerse the wide end in a vessel of water, at the bottom of which a coin has been placed, the water being deep enough to admit the tunnel being entirely covered with it. Holding the tunnel by the spout, push it down slowly, until the water nearly covers the conical part.

Holding it thus steadily, bring the right eye close to the spout, and through it look down at the coin, and, admitting the light in the proper direction, observe which side of the coin is up. With a quick movement of the hand, now suddenly push the tunnel downward to the bottom. A most comical change in the appearance of the coin will be the effect, and although the effect on different observers will not be the same, yet all will *merrily* admit that the illusion is most perfect and pleasing.

It is better that a second person should hold and operate the tunnel, as the observer, if he has never tried the experiment, may not be able to hold the tunnel so steadily, and at the proper depth, and at the same time be ready at the proper moment to push it down suddenly, upon which the success of the experiment very much depends.

Aunt Sue, I know, would "see into it" at once, and she could soon teach all the Cousins the philosophy of it. And there is "Mustard," down in the "City

of Shad," who is a disciple of "Sans Souci;" I think he would make a "splurge," if he would "write to a young lady some time" and give his experience with this optical illusion. Try it. ELLA W.

Thank you, Ella, we will all try it, and appoint Aunt Sue to examine and report if she can "see into it."

No. 72 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—I come repenting in "sackcloth and ashes." Lizzie E. N. has given me a thrust with her steel that has aroused me. To think, that while "Eugene" has been sick "for ever so long," and "Hattie" worried, weary, and worn, I have been so selfish as to sit in my corner and enjoy myself with "a select few." But it must, and shall, not be. "This day, this hour, shall annihilate the power" of the greedy god. Ho! all ye ancient Merrys, answer to the roll-call! Here is one ready to welcome all new faces; Marigold, Rose Geranium, Dolly Winkle, Bertina, and others, consider me your friend, and yourselves initiated.

Le Magnet, did I offend? It was not my intention. Did you receive my explanation?—if so, please answer.

Sans Souci, it seems that you are a Gothamite. I am not so very far off. Can we not arrange it among Loyalty and ourselves?

I wonder what can be the matter with Black-Eyed Annie!

Kind remembrances to Rubie Linden, Cousin May, Minerva, Kitty Clover, and Prairie Rose, from yours at "the old stand," IN THE CORNER.

IN THE STORE, *Dec.* 10.

Jolly Jingle, in your last letter you said something about "When there's a lull." Merry, I pity you; for there can be no rest for you, unless when, "In a prison-cell you sit," said prison being the lower part of that "rickety pile," now so much despised, because can't get it. Here, you will have a "jumble" of Miss Ellen, Enoch Arden, Snow Bound, etc.

Sid, you can reserve your tears for the "next time," for I guess tears are scarce with such "brave generals." I thank you for your purpose, but "it aint one of your funerals!"

Jennie Enwood, welcome. I'll come, if you will give me something to eat.

I second the call of Lizzie E. N., or, rather, *third* it, as Uncle Robert has recommended it.

W. A. R., revive your ancient epistles, to the discomfort of J. J.

Whack! whew! Manipulator, spare HERO.

BLACK FOREST.

COUSINS ALL:—I come again to take a peep at you, and you may as well make up your minds to bear it, for I find your society so pleasant, that I intend to call often. There! isn't that a compliment?

I give Uncle Merry permission to give my address to any of the Cousins who desire it, and I sincerely hope the number will not be a small one.

Mamie, I am glad to see you back again, for though not long a member, I have been a very interested reader of the Chat, and have missed your pleasant letters for several months.

Harry Douglas, I agree with you perfectly, so let us be good friends.

Violet Forest, I should be most happy to find our encampment in or near your "forest," though I hardly think it is; at all events, let us be near neighbors in the Merry parlor.

Aunt Sue, I wish you would write oftener; I take great pleasure in reading your letters.

Uncles, Aunt, and Cousins, I bid you all good-bye, but you ask you not to forget this little, wild GIPSY GIRL.

Dec. 7, 1866.

UNCLE MERRY AND COUSINS ALL:—Once more do I make my appearance in the "Merry circle;" and although almost an entire stranger, allow me to hope that I am not entirely unwelcome.

Jennie Enwood, thanks for your kind invitation. Should I, at any time, chance to be in your vicinity, nothing would give me more pleasure than to pay you a cousinly visit.

Lizzie E. N., glad to know that I am not entirely forgotten.

Jolly Jingle, are you the "Gentleman for Nowhere." It seems so to me at least.

Shooting Star, did you take any part in the late "meteoric shower?"

Gipsy Girl, Marigold, and others, we welcome you to our circle.

But, as "brevity is the soul of wit," I must close by wishing you all "A merry Christmas and happy New Year."

METACOM.

FIR COTTAGE, *Nov.* 12, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS :—Will you not welcome me, a *new* Cousin, into the Merry parlor? I have staid outside and listened to the Chatterers quite long enough, and now I would enter the Merry circle and become better acquainted with you, for I love you all.

Harry C. H. Douglas, I feel as if I almost knew you, therefore do not imagine yourself forgotten.

Eula Lee, Pertine, Prairie Rose, Carrie of the Mountain, and all the Cousins who feel so disposed, write me; Uncle has my address.

Cousin Jennie, would that I knew you personally. Let us be friends. Please write me.

With much love for you all, your loving ANNIE F. MAY.

Here's our hand, Annie, for a right hearty shake. You *are* a real Cousin, and we give you a hearty welcome. You have guessed our disposition exactly. Come often and see for yourself.

ANTIGONISH, *Oct.* 29, 1866.

DEAR COUSINS :—I come again; I hope you will forgive me if I ask for a little corner, side of Gipsy Girl.

I hope you will come and see me; I live as far as Nova Scotia, and in the eastern part of it.

Saucy Nell, I should like to see you.

Be so good, Uncle Merry, as to introduce me to Rubie Linden, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Moss Rosebud, Clara, Metacom, and all the other Merry Cousins; but you may hope to have another chat with me. ORENA.

BABEL, *Dec.*, 1866.

DEAR MERRYS :—After a short silence, Loyalty comes once more to say "how de do?" I don't wish to get mixed up in the rows about supremacy, but to follow in the steps of my illustrious predecessor (A. J.). I'll inquire whether you wish me for "President or King." I think things are now in a "Jolly Jumble," and the above is the only *sovereign* remedy. In urging my own claim, I can not even boast a descent from a "goose," but I think I can truly say that whoever I am descended from, the descent was great. I think my ancestors must have been "Frinch," for I speak the language so well that the natives can't understand me. In regard to my acquirements, I can sew on buttons and make clocks "git up and git," consequently I could regulate the manipulator.

Coz Sans Souci, if you'll answer my last letter, I'll tell you why Mustard has implicit confidence in you.

*Fidd*Lesticks, where in the world are you?

Three groans for Leslie. He has countenanced slavery, and like a heathen has sacrificed himself upon the altar. Who'd be a Benedick? I suppose L. heard of that maniac who said he could not see what his sister found to like in the society of young men, for he'd rather have one girl than twenty men. Alas! alas! ten thousand times alas!

Scissors! LOYALTY.

BROOKLYN, *Nov.* 9, 1866.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, COUSINS, AND ALL :—Will you admit me into your "Merry circle?" I would be very glad if you would. I would like all my Cousins to write to me.

Fairy, I should judge by your letters that you are a new-comer too. The next time I write I will send you a puzzle, but I have written enough for the first time. Good-bye for the present.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Extracted Essences.

COY desires us to inform the Cousins that her address is Box 220, Brooklyn, and also to say to Pertine that she has not been in Guilford since 1864, and wishes to know if she knew Louisa M., of Clinton. Pertine will please report to Coy.

GLYANA, certainly, come in, and not stay out in the cold—we have a warm fire, lively times, and a MERRY circle. All are welcome, all are happy.

RODNEY A. MERCUR desires to know if Admiral will answer the letter he wrote to him some months ago.

VIOLET FOREST, please send your address, we have lost it, and have a letter for you.

SNOW-FLAKE comes all the way from Rockford, Ill., and is in quite a melting mood—is willing to take a little corner, have an introduction to Aunt Sue and the Cousins, accept photos, etc. You

are welcome, but would be much more so if there were enough of you together to make a sleighing party.

THE BROWNINGS; A Tale of the Great Rebellion, by J. S. Fuller. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York.

This is an interesting story for all lovers of the Union. It is a tale of a family residing in the Southern States—their sufferings and struggles and final escape to the Union lines. The book also contains a sketch of Lucy Lee; or, All Things for Christ. The book is well worthy a wide circulation.

THE BREWER'S FAMILY, by Mrs. Ellis, author of "Women of England." 325 pp. M. W. Dodd, New York.

This is a deeply interesting account of an extensive brewer who, finding that the appetite created by his beer led on step by step to stronger liquors, bringing ruin and desolation, changed his brewery into an industrial school, thereby giving employment and education to a large class who would otherwise have been carried down to ruin. We hope it will have a wide circulation.

THE HOME VINEYARD; Sketches of Mission Work. By Caroline E. Kelly; pp. 192. J. C. Garrigues, Philadelphia.

It is an interesting book of mission life and labor, illustrated with anecdote and story, presenting the discouragements and encouragements of this important and necessary work of Home Missions. It is a neat volume, as, in fact, are all the publications of this enterprising house. We commend it to all friends of Sunday-schools and missions.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.—A new edition of these Fables has just been published by Fowler and Wells. They are beautifully illustrated with new designs, which make the work exceedingly attractive. These plain and useful Fables can hardly be read without profit by any one. They should have a place in every library and household in the land. They have been read and admired for over two thousand years, and are destined to be read and admired for all time to come.

THE YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE BANNER.—This is a neat little paper published for the children of America by the National Temperance Society and Publication House. It presents the benefits of a life of total abstinence, and the necessity of the early education of children in the right direction. Price, 30 cents a year, single copies. $15 a hundred to one address. J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 172 William Street, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE MUSEUM FOR 1866.—The volume for last year is now bound and ready for delivery. It makes a beautiful present for the holidays. We will also exchange the 12 numbers of last year for the bound volume on the payment of 60 cents, in black cloth—65 cents in red.

HUMPHREY'S PARLOR CUE ALLEY.—F. B. Brooks & Brother, of Boston, publishers of a great variety of Games, have lately added a new and fascinating game, that of a "cue alley," for parlor amusement. It is entertaining for the home circle, and combines amusement with healthful exercise. See advertisement in last number of the MUSEUM.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

WELL, dear Merrys, how *are* you, and how have you *been?* Not that I haven't had my eye on you ever since I last said "good-bye;" but here I am again in the chair, and I want to shake hands with all of you, and wish you a happy New Year. So many of our dear old friends have gone to solve the great eternal puzzle, that I want all those who yet remain here, to rally round me! Don't be afraid of crowding; I *like* it—when the crowd is a Merry one. Do not

fear that our bright Fleta is going to leave us; she has only given me the helm while she trims the sails.

Now wake up!—be lively!—prizes given for solving puzzles as usual: a heart puzzle for the first prize; a gold pen for the second; and a gold pen in silver pencil-case for the third. Come, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, Aunt Marys and Uncle Johns, join in, and let us have a good time generally.

Yours as ever, AUNT SUE.

answers the greatest number of November Puzzles, and wins his *second prize*.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. You may talk of your famous magicians of old,
Your jugglers and conjuring men,
But, after their wonderful feats have been told,
I'll match them, aye, "beat them by ten."

I can make a horse talk; turn you into a dog;
Make the sun, moon, and stars all stand still;
Make you crawl like an adder or lie like a log;
Make rivulets travel up hill.

Without any wings I can teach you to fly;
Take you over the sea in a minute;
I can fill a balloon in the glance of an eye,
And send you off traveling in it.

I can poison you, kill you, and bring you to life;
Show you sights that no other e'er saw;
Permit you to marry another man's wife,
And all without breaking the law.

Now have I contrived your attention to fix?
Have I made you say, "What on earth is it?"
You know me right well, you've seen some of my tricks,
For I've given you many a visit.
A. S.

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

2. My sister —— went with me to visit my Aunt ——. *C. M. E.*
3. My cousin —— came to see my sister ——. *Alpha.*
4. I frightened some —— by saying —— to them. *F. W. C. C.*
5. He drove a —— into the ——. *Angie P.*
6. I wear both —— and ——. *M. E. W.*
7. A —— often talks ——. *H. A. D.*
8. Behead an animal and leave a bird. *Forestina.*
9. Behead a fish and leave a boy's nickname. *H. C.*
10. Behead a tool and leave the cause of a certain queen's death. *Golden Arrow.*
11. Behead a fruit and leave an article of kitchen furniture. *Osceola.*
12. Entire, I can not be equaled; change my head several times, and I am —1, an article of clothing; 2, what we all need; 3, an experiment; 4, a nuisance; and 5, a joke. *G.*
13. UO2$^{q}_{x}$UR PASS$_{50}^{l}$10000$^{m}_{n}$. *A. O.*
14. H air. (What kind of a thing is this?) *Hoosier Boy.*

ENIGMATICAL BOUQUET.

15. A lone man and one of his daily vexations.
16. A shepherd's chief treasure or bird congregations.
17. A bird and a part of another bird's foot.
18. What boys fight or play with—a winter pursuit. *S. F.*
19. I am composed of 7 letters:
Omit my 5, 6, 7 and leave a bond of union.
Omit my 4, 5, 7 and leave a girl's name.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 6, transpose and leave an apex.
Entire, I am cheering. *Belle.*
20. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 8, 15, 11, 7, 17, 3 was once my whole.
My 10, 12, 9, 13 is a liquid.
My 18, 6, 14, 16 is an article of clothing.
My 5, 2, 9, 1, 4 is heavy.
My whole is much relished by many. *Juvenis.*

21. I am composed of 8 letters:
My 1, 8, 8 is an auimal.
My 2, 3, 4 is an animal.
My 5, 6, 7 is an animal.
My whole may be found in the Puzzle Drawer.
Charles L. Cooper.

22. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 4, 7, 9 is a toy.
My 1, 14, 2, 5 is found in the hardware stores.
My 2, 5, 6, 12, 13, 5 is what we do in schools. [fruit.
My 6, 3, 13, 2, 15, 16 is a kind of
My 8, 10, 11, 17 grows in damp places.
My whole some scholars dislike to do. *Eddie.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of February*, 1867.

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to the December number will be in time if they reach AUNT SUE by the 6th of January.

Answers to Puzzles in Nov. No.

98. C=0, D=1, E=4, K=7, L=3, N=2, T=5.
99. One leaves the marks, the other marks the leaves.
100. Pilot Knob.
101. Catacomb.
102. Horace, roach.
103. Rusted; 1 dust, 2 rest, 3 red, etc.
104. William Shakspeare.
105. Faith, Hope, and Charity.
106. Whithersoever.
107. Cytherean.
108. Tichorrhine.
109. Appetites.
110. Disemboguement.
111. Despatches.
112. Composure.
113. Insurance.
114. Equestrians.
115. A quarrelsome disposition.
116. Severance (sever aunts).
117. Dipper.
118. Agile (age ill).
119. Subtilize (subtile eyes).
120. Commons (CO, MM on S).
121. 1, Saline; 2, Ogle; 3, Will; 4, Bond; 5, Pike; 6, Lee.
122. Twin, win, in, I.
123. Seraph, phrase, sharp, harp.
124. Trout, rout, out; rout, our.

Of the above 27 PUZZLES—

KEYSTONE answers all but 99, 101, 108, 111—23.

Blue-Bell answers all but 106, 107, 108, 110, 119—22.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 101, 106, 107, 108, 111, 118, 119—20.

Moss Rosebud answers all but 101, 102, 106, 107, 108, 110, 111, 119—19.

Allie Frank answers all but 101, 102, 106, 107, 108, 111, 119, 122—19.

Gilbert answers all but 99, 102, 108, 110, 111, 116, 118, 119—19.

Henry Shaw answers all but 101, 102, 106, 107, 108, 110, 116, 119, 120—18.

Albert Amerman answers 100, 103, 104, 105, 109, 115, 122, 123, 124—9.

Clara answers 100, 103, 104, 109, 115, 117, 121, 122—8.

R. C. L., Jr., answers 98, 100, 104, 121, 124—5.

Eddie E. Perkins answers 99, 100, 104, 105—4.

Notices to Correspondents.

Vincent, I was very glad to hear from you again, for I always remember the little chat we had together, with much pleasure.

Joe. E. (Murfreesboro), is it too late to thank you for your letter and photo?

Tennessean, how, and where are you?

Coy, I did "treasure it in my heart," and thank you sincerely for your loving words.

Louis and Eddie M., can't you leave those postage stamps long enough to guess the puzzles?

W. A. R., when I think how long ago you threatened to leave us, it pleases me greatly to find you yet with us. I always thought "civil war" a contradiction of terms till I knew you.

Rilla H., I shall expect to hear from you and "Miss Sexton."

Harlan, I have not heard from you for a long time.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Albert Amerman, Theresa, Clara G. Lindsey, Eddie E. Perkins, Minx, and R. C. L., Jr.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER VIII.—OLD CRUSO.

MATTIE was an easy child to entertain. Sometimes her little friends would come in to show her the last present, and then haste away to their other scenes of pleasure. However, if she could just sit quietly in that nice cushioned chair, and look about in the pleasant room, and watch the bright sunshine mingled with the shadows from the vine-leaves at the window, she felt it was joy enough.

But little Grace soon had her deeply engrossed in a housekeeping play. They divided the dolls and kittens between them, and had them all re-named after their several relations.

Then the cups and saucers were taken out and set on the little tea-tray. Mother gave them real sugar for the sugar bowl, and filled the cream pitcher from a cup of milk which she sat at a convenient dis-

tance so they could replenish it when they pleased. The bon-bons came into good use now. If Grace could eat but two herself, it was a great satisfaction that a big handful would not hurt Mattie.

"Will you take some of the biscuit, Miss Day?" said Grace, imitating her mother as well as she could.

"Yes, ma'am, if you please," lisped little Mattie, with quite a fine lady air, as she took off, very daintily, one of the tiny farinas.

Then followed a series of questions and answers just like old folks, and the little girls sipped their tea in spoons whose bowls were about the size of cherry stones. Mother gave them some nice little cubes of sponge-cake, and a little crystal jelly on two of her own larger sauce dishes; but they could not think of eating it with anything larger than the salt spoons. It would spoil the charm. Last but not least, when they had about exhausted their resources, mother set out a little pink-rimmed china bowl, which Grace knew very well, and in it were some of the finest red strawberries Mattie ever set her eyes on. Grace served them out, and did not fail to give her little guest the largest share. Such a feast poor Mattie never had before in all her little life.

When their tea party was over, then the two "best babies" must be dressed and undressed, their finest robes being all selected. The dresses for May and December were rather strangely combined—muslin frocks and beaver cloth coats, lace bonnets and fur capes, but such little girls were not supposed to know all about the fashions, and it was just as well.

Finally the dolls were set up against the wall in a very orderly way, and Grace generally gave over the white kitten to Mattie and took the black one herself. They settled back comfortably, each in her seat, contented to only rest. Just then papa chanced to come in, and he was quickly made a prisoner. He bore it very well, though.

"Please, papa, tell us a story," said Grace; "tell Mattie about old Cruso. He was the nicest old dog, Mattie."

"Well, Mattie," said papa, smiling, "Grace has heard it so many times, she does not care to hear it again. So we will have the story just to ourselves."

"I shall hear, though," said the laughing little girl raising her head a trifle on the cushion to make sure of it.

"All right," said papa. "Well, there was once a vessel away out at sea, which was wrecked in a severe storm. There were but six men on board, and a fine old dog named Robinson Cruso. They all got into a boat, but could get no provision in it before the vessel

went down. Just as they were pushing off, in sprang the dog, and as there was room enough, they suffered him to stay.

"Day after day they strained their eyes to see if there was not a sail in sight, or if they could not see land. But every day they saw the sun go down, and no hope yet. At last they had quite given up in despair, but they thought it would keep them alive a few days longer if they should kill the dog and eat his flesh. 'We will wait one day longer,' they said, 'and then we will kill old Cruso, if no help comes.' The next morning they were all lying about too exhausted to exert themselves, when the noble fellow began to whine piteously and try to arouse their attention. He had kept a faithful watch and had sighted land. It was near them, but the coast was very rocky and the breakers so high their little boat could never make a landing. They made a signal of distress, and it was seen from the shore. A long, stout rope was coiled and thrown toward them, but it fell far short. Now what do you suppose this noble dog did?—half-starved as he was! He sprang into the water and swam through the breakers, which seemed every minute as though they would drown him, until he caught the rope and swam back to his master with it. Then what joy filled all that company! The hope of saving their lives made them strong again. They made the rope fast to the boat, and the other end was fast to the shore. So, one after another, they all passed down along the rope, clinging fast to it with their hands, and so were saved."

"The dog, too?" asked Mattie, anxiously.

"Yes, indeed—they took good care to save him, and to see that all his wants were supplied for the rest of his life.

"He knew well enough when his story was told ever afterward, and would raise his head a little and keep a good look-out with one eye, to see what effect it had on the listener. Whenever any one said, 'What a good doggie!' he would rise up and shake his shaggy sides and put up one paw to shake hands over it, then gravely travel off to lay down again in his warm corner."

Having finished his story, papa kissed the cheeks of each of his listeners, and was gone before they could besiege him for another.

After they had commented on the story a little while, and mother had played and sung a few tunes for them, the eyelids began to drop a little; so mother added a pillow to Mattie's deep-cushioned chair, and blocked the rockers, so it made a very comfortable bed. Then she took up her work again and hummed a sweet little song, which was very soothing to the tired children. The bees hummed

drowsily in the flowers before the window, and now and then a humming-bird, looking like a gleam of ruby and emerald light, flashed in and out among the trumpet creepers. But little eyes did not observe them, and little ears were soon listening to dream-land music; mother ceased her humming, and with a satisfied glance at the little sleepers she left them to their own pleasant dreams.

There was a delicious cream tart by Frank's dinner-plate that day, which a loving mother had trusted to no Bridget to make. He knew that well enough the moment he saw those dainty initials of his name in pink sugar sand upon the top. He relished his favorite luxury as only hearty, hungry school-boys can, and thought to himself what a dear kind mother he had. There were two more little tarts cooling in the refrigerator for the two little sleepers on waking up.

THE DEMON OF FIRE.

In the dim misty twilight of Autumn's bright morning,
When Orion led the bright Star of the East,
Comes a dim distant roll without flash or a warning,
To herald the smoke-fiend whose strength is so vast.

In a dark threatening cloud floats a meteor glaring,
To light the dark demon when rushing along;
No trumpet to herald his madness, his daring,
But a short, hard, and wheezing cough for a song.

With the speed of the winds, with a breath of bright flame,
He rages, he trembles, and rushes along;
He shows us his power, but gives us his name
With one hideous yell when he changes his song.

'Tis this gigantic steed who is moving the masses,
And carrying burdens no mortal can bear;
And hurrying on all conditions and classes,
Without thought of the future, of trouble, or care.

Had some prophet of ages long, long in the past,
But left the prediction on tablets of fame,
'Tis likely the sage would have spoken his last,
But less to his glory, and more to his shame.

There comes the dark demon with raging and roaring,
With chest of thick iron, with ribs of bright steel;
With madness, with daring, and torch-light so flaring,
And past us he races with staggering reel. UNCLE TIM.

RHYMES FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. S. UPHAM.

COME, merry children, bright girls and brave boys,
Leave now your frolics, your plays, and your toys;
While, in the morn of life, silver bells chime,
This is true wisdom, employ well your time.

Bright, in the morning, we see the sun rise,
Gilding the tree-tops, illuming the skies,
Lighting all hearts and all homes with its rays,
Cheering our spirits and gladdening our days.

Bees are all busy, the long summer hours,
Sipping the nectar of rich blooming flowers,
Flitting and humming and seeking good cheer,
Gathering for winter the wealth of the year.

Beavers, the builders, ere blinding snow comes,
Rear on the river bank cosy warm homes;
Squirrels a store of good acorns and nuts
Snugly lay by in their queer little huts.

Instinct to these, to whom reason's denied,
Teaches, betimes, for their wants to provide.
Is there a boy or a girl who can choose
All the best morning of childhood to lose?

Moments are golden—and youth's joyful spring,
Blest by the growth patient study will bring,
Brightens the harvest which summer prepares,
Rich with the wheat that the ripe autumn bears;
Winter, undreaded, will come to increase
The harvest of wisdom, contentment, and peace.

THE GOLD NUGGET.

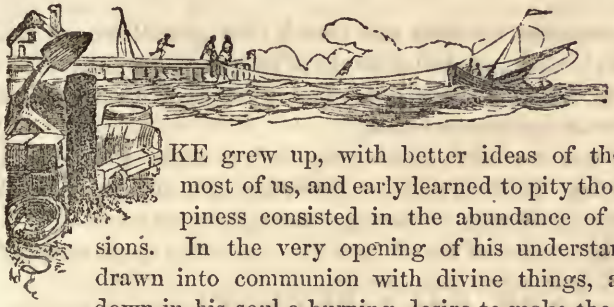
A POOR laboring man, digging away in the gold mines of Australia, stumbled one day on a fortune. It was a great nugget of gold weighing twenty-seven pounds, all clear, beautiful, solid metal. Ah, what a prize that was! How rich and happy he might be now all the rest of his days, and how comfortable he might make his poor family who were away off in England! What a beautiful cottage he could buy, and how nicely he could fit it up for them! Don't you think these thoughts ran through his mind, as he turned over and over his great nugget in his hands? I can not say; but his conduct afterward did not correspond with such thoughts very well. He proved that he was not the kind of man to be trusted with a fortune. The first thing he did with his new-found wealth was to get thoroughly drunk. The rest of the story is so plain it is hardly worth telling. Then followed all sorts of sinful, foolish indulgences, until his nugget began to melt away like a snow-ball before the fire. He bought a fast horse, and one night, while too much intoxicated to manage him, he was thrown to the ground, injuring himself for life. Very soon his gold was all gone, and he was a great deal poorer than he was before, for his health was ruined, his industrious habits all broken up, and his reputation had gone with them.

Money when not rightly used is a curse instead of a blessing. Do not fret and repine because God has not given it to you, for it might prove a snare to your soul and lead you into many temptations which you now are held back from. See that your principles are laid broad and deep upon the rock Christ Jesus, and then you are prepared for every change of fortune God sees fit to send.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]



IKE grew up, with better ideas of the world than most of us, and early learned to pity those whose happiness consisted in the abundance of their possessions. In the very opening of his understanding he felt drawn into communion with divine things, and felt deep down in his soul a burning desire to make the world better by making others happy. You must not think that Ike was an angel, or a saint! He was like most boys who will allow themselves to feel and think.

He had his faults, and little trials and troubles, just as others have, and often felt rising up within him the spirit of opposition and complaint.

Most of the boys in the neighborhood were in much better circumstances than he, and, as is often the case, were not so noble in their habits nor good in their hearts.

Because of his habitual seriousness, he became the butt of their ridicule and boyish jeers.

It was a pleasure for some of them to sneer at him, because of his thoughtful ways; and among such, he soon became known as "the saint."

Some, again, delighted to remind him of his humble home and pinching poverty.

One would know what his new "broad-cloth suit" cost; another, his "gaiter-boots;" a third, his "cap and tassel;" and still another would pretend to be anxious to know when he expected to move into his "new castle?"

Such jeers were far from being trifles to him. For the sneer about his "broad-cloth" was to ridicule his plain, patched duck or homespun; and the "gaiter boots" were a meagre covering for his tender feet; while the taunting reference to his "new castle" was a slur

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. Hicks, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

upon his very humble home. But Ike was master. At first, he was greatly worried, and often went home crying bitterly, but use hardened him, and he soon was able to smile at all their cruel sport, and entirely disarm the most of them by his persistent good temper and uniform kindness.

He was always first to enter the breach in a quarrel among the boys, and try by kind and gentle words to effect a reconciliation.

If one boy in the crowd was slighted or wronged, Ike was always the first to soothe and comfort him.

If a project was started to do a wrong—rob an orchard or a bird's nest—he was firm in his opposition, reasoning and entreating until the project was abandoned, or leaving immediately for home.

The great bitterness of his life was the increasing helplessness of his father, and their consequent poverty.

He felt, too, that the anxieties of his father and sister were for him.

They burned to procure for him the blessings of education, and bring him up to enlarged usefulness.

It was their joy to deny themselves for his sake, and Susan's needle almost flew when he occupied her thoughts, and Father Cottle's two-penny baskets of rushes and twigs seemed to multiply faster when Ike's needs were discussed.

Fully understanding these things, Ike felt his weakness to help. His ambition to learn and to be useful, thus realizing his father's hope, was only second to his painful desire to help their earthly circumstances. Sometimes he would feel strong to work, and drawing up his jacket-sleeve would speculate on the strength of his right arm. Every day he did not fail to measure his height, and notch his progress in the door-post.

Whole nights were spent in making plans instead of sleeping, and even in his dreams the anxiety to do something for his father was uppermost.

At last he fancied the time had come, and on a bright May morning he resolved on the great undertaking. Work he would, work he must, and he started to find it. "I'll go to the coal mine," thought Ike, "and ask for something to do."

CHAPTER III.—LOOKING FOR WORK.

IKE'S heart beat almost audibly as he approached the office of the master, but when he stood face to face with that all-powerful person, courage and hope fled, for Ike had never looked upon such a fierce

countenance before. The man seemed made to drive slaves to toil. He was large and brawny, with wild-looking eyes and bushy hair, and fists like hammers. His voice was coarse, and when he spoke he growled.

Men and women were working in the mines, and he ordered them about with oaths and threats that terrified poor Ike. He was as notorious for brutality as for blasphemy. These generally go together, and made Mr. Dobbs' character.

"What d'ye look for here, lad?" whispered a poor woman—dirty and weary—bearing a burden.

"Work," answered Ike.

"Go to prison, lad, to prison first," was her hurried answer, as she disappeared.

"I must try," thought Ike.

Approaching the master, Ike, cap in hand, and bowing very low, said, "Please, sir, I'm Ike Cottle, and have come to ask for work!"

Dobbs, suddenly turning a look on Ike that sent the cold chills to his very heart, growled out, "*Work* ye want, is it, ye ragged thief? a strap on yer back ye want more than work. Cut sticks, I say, and show yer face at the mine again, and I'll welt ye to death."

Ike trembled and wept, expecting every moment to be seized by this monster, and was greatly relieved when the human brute walked away.

"I told ye so, lad," whispered the woman, as Ike passed her on the railroad, hitched, like a horse, to a small car filled with coal.

The sight of the poor woman in leather traces and iron chains, dragging like a horse, and the rough master, completely turned him against work in a coal mine.

"Ah!" thought he, as he sauntered home, "work is harder to get than I thought for, and masters have no hearts. And that poor woman, dragging a car on a track from under the hill! and abused by the master, too. She had welts on her shoulder made by the hard straps, and her feet were cut and bruised, and she a woman!"

And Ike shuddered to think that his own sister Susan might yet be compelled to enter the fields and mines to get bread.

And that master! what a being!

Has he a home, a wife, and children?

Such were some of Ike's thoughts as he walked leisurely over the hills toward home. He could not sufficiently thank his merciful heavenly Father that his cottage home, though plain and poor, was bright and happy.

His first acquaintance with the world was a sad one, and impressed him altogether unfavorably, but he resolved to keep his failure a secret, and try again.

The whole world, thought he, is not ruled by the Dobbs, and all the honest poor are not compelled to drag out their wretched lives in chains and traces, driven and abused by brutal task-masters.

Things must be going wrong, and affairs are unhinged when mothers and daughters must turn horses, and submit to be kicked and cuffed.

Ike began to agitate reform, in his own heart at least, and proposed questions that have since disturbed the quiet of the world.

"I must do something for my father," was Ike's last thought that night, and the first next morning.

He resolved to try the farmers. He remembered to have seen little boys, and girls too, working in the hay-fields, or gleaning after the reapers, and though too early for the harvest, he thought to secure something to do.

To the farmers he went, and was met in every instance with kind-

ness and warm greeting. "Cum in the wheat time, lad—cum in the wheat time, and glean for thysel', lad," urged the quiet, busy wife on Daisy Farm, offering him a bowl of sweet milk.

But the immediate object of his visits among the good farmers was not obtained—they had no work for one so young and slender.

Ike retraced his steps homeward with a very heavy heart.

His disappointment was sore indeed, and almost crushed him. So he seated himself in the grass by the side of an old tree, and was soon lost in thought. As he sat and pondered, a bright thought entered his mind.

It occurred to him that he had once seen small boys and girls working in the tin mill, some of them no larger than himself. His resolve was made. He would go to the tin mill. This discovery made him very happy, and he feasted on it all that long evening, and dreamed of it all night.

He wondered why he had not thought of it before.

"I shall surely win," thought Ike, as he hastily dressed himself next morning, "for now I think of it, Mr. Lewis is a very kind man, they say, and gives a great deal of work to the poor."

It was quite a distance to the mill, but Ike was not long walking it. The ground seemed to fly beneath him, and the birds in the trees seemed to sing for his especial encouragement.

Mr. Lewis was alone in his private office, busily scanning a huge account book, when Ike entered, cap in hand, trembling with hope and fear.

In a moment, the book was laid aside, and, adjusting his spectacles, Mr. Lewis began to scan Ike.

The broad, benevolent face of the tin-master contrasted very favorably with that of the master of the colliery, and Ike felt at ease.

"Well, my little man, won't you sit down?" were Mr. Lewis' first words.

"Please, sir, I'm Ike Cottle; I live in the cottage on the hill, and please, sir, do you give work to boys?"

A smile played over Mr. Lewis' face as he slowly said—"Work for boys, eh? you do not mean for such little fellows as yourself, lad, eh?"

"Indeed, I do sir," answered Ike, "and I am quite strong, too, and it's for myself, sir, I'm asking work."

"Well, Ike, what kind of work do you want?"

"Please, sir, anything; anything at all, sir, so that I can"—Ike suddenly paused, and sobbingly added—"my father is a cripple, sir, and can't work at all."

Ike's head dropped on his breast, and for a few moments he wept as though his little heart was broken.

Mr. Lewis brushed a tear away too, as he gave Ike an admiring look, for he fancied he saw his own darling Tommy, penniless and ragged—turned out into the world to toil for his life—and the picture made his heart throb.

"I see, I see, my lad; it is noble in you to try to help your father, and I will see that you will have work and help too."

"You are very kind, sir, and I am very thankful, and will try to do well."

"The way of the world, the way of the world," murmured Mr. Lewis, evidently speaking to himself; "to be sure, to be sure, a noble lad, and must succeed."

Suddenly turning to Ike, who stood in a wondering attitude, Mr. Lewis told him to keep up courage and he would find the world much better than it seemed, and putting his hand on Ike's head bade him come to the mill Monday morning next at six o'clock.

These were mighty words to Ike, and lifted a heavy burden from his mind.

A sunbeam played in his heart all the way home, and his joy knew no bounds at the prospect of doing something for his father.

The cottage was soon reached, and the success of his effort was the family secret. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRAY THOUGHTS.

We seek that which we ne'er can win,
And love what can not last;
Our life is but a thought between
The future and the past.

We struggle through life's dreary years
With few glad visions blest;
And when our last best home appears,
We enter it—to rest!

Write your name, by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

NED'S NEW-YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

GRANDMA had gone out to take a sick neighbor a bowl of her famous savory broth, so little Ned was left alone. It was New Year's evening, and he had drawn up his little bench before the kitchen fire and looked at the pictures in a big book until he was tired. So he shut the book, and placing his elbows on his knees and his head upon his hands, seemed to be studying over the old tiles of the hearth. But like a great many older people on New Year's day, he was taking a general survey of himself mentally.

"Here I am," he thought, "a great boy eight years old, and can't read yet, staying to home from a free school because the boys laugh at my old clothes. Now, Ned Ingersoll, can you afford to make a dunce of yourself just because your jacket is rather out-grown and there is a patch on your trowsers? Oughtn't you to be thankful that it is a patch instead of a hole? If grandma's willing, I'll just

begin bright and early Monday morning and pitch in as hard as I can; I won't be a dunce if I can help it; I guess I've got money enough to buy a First Reader."

Ned left his seat and went to his drawer in the old-fashioned bureau. Then he took out a little round box and counted his pennies, which he had intended to save for quite a different purpose—though not half so useful a one.

To school Ned went, though he felt very foolish the first few days to be saying a-b ab, when boys of his size were in the Third Reader. Once or twice he thought he would give it up, when some rude, ill-bred lad called him "Old Patch," or "the new a, b, c darian;" but his good sense and determination got the better of it, so he persevered. And it was well he did. For, instead of growing up an ignorant, stupid lad, only fit for a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, he became an intelligent, industrious boy, and was early able to provide for himself, besides having something over to help his dear old grandmother.

When you give up doing what you know to be duty, for fear of being laughed at, you have gone a long way on the road to ruin.

It is a very good thing on New Year's day to look over our lives and ways and see if we can not mend them a little. There is no one so good that he can not find room for improvement. ETHEL.

CHILDREN'S FEARS.

"HUSH-SH! did you hear that noise?" whispered Dolly Dingle, pausing in the midst of one of her most *delightful* ghost stories, and burying her silly little head beneath the bed-clothes.

"Oh, nonsense!" returned Elsie; "you are always hearing *something*—don't be a goose; a stray mouse, may-be."

"No, it's not a mouse, either; haven't I got ears? listen, now!"

Yes, there certainly was a mouse, and Elsie heard it too, so she concluded to investigate a little.

The moonbeams stole softly in at the window, through the budding rose curtains, painting leaf pictures and bright patches on wall and carpet; but shadows lurked in the corners, and underneath the bed all was total darkness. Elsie listened a moment, and peering over could see nothing at first; at length a peep into the farthest corner revealed two balls of fire that glared at her fearfully. Without pausing for a second look, she followed Dolly's example, and disappeared under the quilt in a twinkling.

"Why, Dolly, there *is* something under there, as sure as you live, with great fiery eyes; what can it be?" gasped Elsie the brave.

"It must be the Evil One," said Dolly, who had just been reading the story of Doctor Faustus. "Let's say our prayers!"

So, like many that are older and wiser, they suddenly remembered, when danger was nigh, their dependence upon Divine aid, and hurriedly whispered "Our Father," laying great stress upon the "Deliver us from evil."

Half smothering themselves in their fright, they lay trembling and holding their breath to catch the faintest sound, expecting every moment to be caught up and carried off bodily. The perspiration started out in great drops on their foreheads; the suspense was awful. All at once there came a faint "mew" from the dark corner that sounded anything but demoniacal; and Elsie sprang up as if she had been shot.

"Oh, what a pair of simpletons! it's only the cat, after all."

"We might have known that; cats' eyes always look that way in the dark," replied Dolly, sagely, very wise after being enlightened.

Then there was a swift scampering of little feet, and smothered cries of Scat! until poor puss, quite bereft of her wits, went tearing down the staircase as if half the dogs in town were after her.

After some tittering and chattering, the girls crept quietly back to their old quarters again, and were soon in the land of forgetfulness.

I'm sure I don't know why they were so easily frightened, whether from a habit they had of telling bugbear stories before going to sleep, or because they had forgotten to ask a heavenly Father's protection.

But I think if they had asked God, believingly, to watch over and keep them from harm, and lain down with a perfect trust in his loving care, they never would have been so foolishly scared by a cat.

Did you ever think, dear children, how lovingly the angels are guarding you, and how needless are all your fears and cares? Remember, there is nothing you need fear save your own deceitful, sinful hearts, and always put your trust in God. EULA LEE.

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY MISS JEANNIE BURNS, 13 YEARS OLD.

TINY little snow-flakes,
In the air so high,
Are you little angels
Floating in the sky?
Robed so white and spotless,
Chaste and pure as love,
Are you little preachers
From the world above?

Whirling on the pavement,
Dancing in the street,
Melting in the faces
Of every one you meet;
Loading all the house-tops,
Painting all the trees—
Cunning little snow-flakes,
Little busy bees.

Gentle little snow-flakes,
Playing here and there,
Working, too, at midnight
On the cellar stair;
Watching Nellie as she sleeps,
And weaving her a shroud,
Kinder than the rich man,
Better than the proud.

Softly, little snow-flakes,
On her tender years,
Let your weeping crystals
Melt and fall in tears.
For little houseless Nellie
Has to her mother gone,
And father's left to curse and swear,
To drink and die—alone.

HARRY'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

WRITE something to amuse the little Merrys? To be sure we will. Grown folks are very well in their way, but we have not yet forgotten the time when we felt keenly that children had their own rights —not always respected, but none the less genuine. We are "grown folks" ourself, but there is a warm corner in our heart for the children, and what's more, there always will be. And so we are going to rummage in the recesses of our memory for a story, a genuine true story, that may be interesting to the Merry people.

Harry Corning lives in Connecticut, in a little wood-colored cottage under the rocks, with two crooked apple-trees in front, and an old well, with a tall sweep and an "iron-bound bucket," behind. He is a black-eyed little fellow, about twelve years old, brown as a berry, independent as General Grant, and not at all particular whether he wears his hat hindside before, or beforeside hind. Sometimes he goes to school; and sometimes he stays at home to help his mother: of the two, he very much prefers the latter state of things, for, to own the honest truth, he abominates the multiplication-table, and perpetually forgets whether the Black Sea is in Tartary or down among the Patagonians. Learning isn't Harry's strong point, but he's a fine fellow for all that, and knows when every berry in the woods ripens, and just where the brownest chestnuts grow, and the biggest hazelnuts hide away. Moreover, he can tell the note of every bird, the leaf and growth of every tree; and as for birds' nests, rabbit-paths, and squirrel-holes, Harry Corning is "posted" pretty thoroughly. So you can easily see that he is not a bad playfellow! He reads MERRY'S MUSEUM, and a good many other things besides; and as far as general information goes, our Harry isn't as stupid as many boys who can chatter through the rules of grammar and figure up endless "decimal fractions."

"I wish I knew of any way to earn a little money," said Harry one summer evening, as he was sitting on the door-step holding a skein of blue mixed yarn for his mother to wind, "oh, I *do* wish it so much!"

"What for?" said Mrs. Corning, who was a little pale widow, looking as if—which was the truth—she was fairly worked to death. Poor people don't always find it easy to make both ends meet, and Harry's mother was very poor.

"Because I don't want you to be making butter, and binding shoes, and selling blackberries all your life long, mother!"

"Wait till you've grown up, Harry," said the mother sagely, little dreaming what a wet blanket she was throwing over the boy's hopes! How endless the years between twelve and "grown-up-hood" seem to the young aspirant!

"No, I can't wait until I'm grown up," was Harry's inward determination; and while he was milking the two cows, and feeding the chickens, and bringing water from the spring, and splitting the kindlings for to-morrow morning's breakfast, he was turning over in his own mind all possible and impossible ways and means of making a fortune. All of them, however, finally tapered down into one method.

"I'll go down to Squire Robbins and ask him if he don't want a boy to help 'round the farm!" thought Harry. "I shall have plenty of time between supper and dark."

But Squire Robbins didn't want a boy; people never do want anything that you particularly desire them to want, if you've ever noticed the fact, little Merrys; and Harry set out on his homeward walk, down-hearted, and a little disposed to give up the fortune-making as a bad job, for the present at least! But as he came along by old Obadiah Forsyth's garden fence, he caught his foot in a pile of tangled green things that had been thrown over into the road.

"Take care!" said old Obadiah, with a voice like a raven; "folks haint no need to go 'long with their noses up in the air!"

"Good-evening, Mr. Forsyth," said Harry, politely; "why, these are strawberry plants! Did *you* throw them away?"

"Yes, I did!"

"What for?"

"'Cause I'd a plenty without 'em. I always trim my strawberry beds in August—they wouldn't bear no other ways!"

"But these will grow, won't they?"

"Grow? of course they will, if you plant 'em."

Harry took up a handful of the trailing green vines, and remembered the roasting July days he had scoured the upland meadows for wild strawberries. It would be nice to have a little strawberry bed of his own!

"Can I have them, Mr. Forsyth?"

"Yes, if you want 'em; they're Triomphes de Gand, or some such new-fangled French name; any way, I don't want no bigger berry, nor no better flavor."

So Harry thanked Mr. Forsyth, and trudged off home with both arms full of the plants with their long green suckers and white thread-like roots.

"Mercy upon us, Harry! what on earth have you got there?" was his mother's first question, as he threw them down in the little green door-yard.

"Some strawberry plants, mother, that Obadiah Forsyth gave me!"

"You won't make 'em grow!" said she, indifferently. (If fathers and mothers could only realize that it is just as easy to speak an encouraging word as a *dis*couraging one!)

Harry set out his plants the very next morning—seventy-seven of them—in a cosy little spot where a great gray rock kept off the east winds and reflected the sunshine, and tended and watered them diligently.

"Wood ashes make strawberries grow like the mischief," said old Obadiah one day; and after that Harry saved all the white fleecy-looking ashes from the kitchen fire, and carefully put them around the roots of his seventy-seven darlings.

"We'll have our own strawberries next year, mother," said Harry, triumphantly.

"It's time and work thrown away!" groaned Mrs. Corning; "but so long as it amuses you, I don't care!"

All Harry's leisure time was devoted to the strawberry bed, and when, next May, it blossomed into a sheet of snowy stars, he felt almost repaid.

"You'll get a pretty decent crop out o' that bed," said Obadiah, encouragingly. The number had nearly quadrupled, for Harry had reset all the runners, even as late as October, and every one seemed determined to do its scarlet best!

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Corning; "I never did see such a sight of berries—and such big ones, too! What are we going to do with 'em all?"

"Why, eat them, I suppose," said Harry, laughing.

"We'll have to set up nights to do it, then," retorted his mother.

But Squire Robbins drove up to the gate that self-same evening in his smart little buggy.

"I hear you're going to have a fine bed of strawberries this year, widow Corning; if there's any more than you want yourself, I'll give twenty-five cents a quart for all you'll let me have; Mrs. Robbins is going to keep a lot of city boarders!"

"It's Harry's bed, sir," said Mrs. Corning; and Harry came forward, feeling very much as if the little strawberry bed were actually going to make his fortune at last!

Sixty quarts Harry Corning sold off his strawberry patch that first season, and the money, fifteen dollars, was carefully deposited in the savings-bank for his own benefit. The next year the plants had greatly multiplied, and Harry sent the berries to a neighboring city, receiving forty cents a quart for one hundred and forty-five quarts! So Harry has now more than seventy dollars in the bank, earned by the labor of his own hands.

"I've *begun* to make my fortune!" said Harry, the last time we saw him.

And we have no doubt but that our little Yankee friend will finish the business, at this rate. Have you, readers? For will, and resolution, and honest industry, even in a boy twelve years old, are better than a gold mine.

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.

"WILL putting one's self in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal thus enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop-window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shopkeeper and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter finely indeed!

Take my word for it, it never did and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

The only good you will get out of this world is the good you do in it.

COOKING A GHOST.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

OVER the mantle-piece in the corner of Grandpa Gilson's kitchen the tall time-keeper declared it was eight o'clock, and it always told the truth. The chickens in the barn-yard had gone to roost long before; even the energetic, noisy cockerel had hidden his vain head under his wing because he could not keep his eyes open any longer.

It was Jennie's bed-time half an hour ago. Why was she not asleep under the patchwork quilt of which grandma felt so proud because Jennie had sewed the squares? What was grandma thinking of, to let her sit up so very late?

Then you didn't know that poor old Mr. Bell, who lives alone in the red house under the hill, had broken his arm, and that Grandma Gilson had gone to make him as comfortable as possible, and cheer him up a little?

Grandma, before she went away, had told Jennie she might fill two strings with apples, and then go to sleep on the rug, wrapped in the old cloak of black-and-red Rob Roy plaid.

"Now," Jennie had said to herself, "how nice 'twould be to surprise grandma by stringing that great wooden bowl full of apples my *own* self! I know just how she would open her eyes and say, 'Of all things! Is this some of my little *Janey's* work?' Dear grandma has such a sore finger, too! She will be so glad to have me help her. Oh, I hope I can keep awake!"

It was hard for her little fingers to push the darning-needle through the big quarters, for Miss Jennie had never yet learned to use a thimble very well; but she was quite a diligent little girl, and kept bravely at work, thinking all the while how pleased grandma would be. And that made her remember wretched Mr. Bell, until she looked as solemn, stringing those apples, as a little Catholic might in telling her beads.

But by-and-by her restless little mind began to wander to other things and back again. Where in the world were her city cousins,

John and Bertie, who had been running wild at Grandpa Gilson's for two months? They were always present when they were not needed; where were they now when Jennie wanted them, and was a little afraid to stay alone? Ugh! If anything should happen! Grandma would never have left her if she had thought of those boys staying away so long! Jennie began to feel abused, and to think of all the awful things she ever had known. What if a beggar-man, or a thief, or a wild Indian, or a—a—she didn't know what.

The truth was, she was growing sleepy, and no wonder, for by this time she had almost reached the bottom of the wooden apple-bowl. First she began to wink very fast, then her eyes would draw together in spite of everything, and at last little Jennie was soundly asleep, with her head on the table, and the needle sticking out straight in her hand.

The unsnuffed candle cast a gloomy light over the kitchen; the cat, feeling lonesome, jumped upon the table and curled down by Jennie's head. What would Grandma Gilson have said if she had caught Jennie and the kitty both napping?

Suddenly there came the most fearful howling from beneath the window!—a prolonged, unearthly sound, which aroused Jennie and made her blood run cold.

Frightened and bewildered, she looked up, and saw at the window the most hideous face that ever was known! It had a grinning mouth, and great glaring eyes which seemed fairly to blaze with wicked light! She pinched herself to make sure it was not a terrific dream.

She was almost crazed with fright. She covered her face with her apron and gave voice to her horror in one long, piercing shriek. Some one came in, but she heard no step; some one spoke, but she could not listen.

"It was only us," cried two childish voices, "only us, dear!" and Johnnie and Bertie sprang into the room.

"We did the hollering, you see! 'Twas only us, just we two! And this thing is nothing but a *jack-o'-lantern!*" they continued, holding up a hollow pumpkin with a candle inside.

But poor little Jennie seemed not to hear them, no matter how loud they spoke. She only clutched at her gingham apron more convulsively and shrieked louder than ever.

"Hush up, will you?" said Bertie, "we didn't mean any harm; we just did it for nonsense."

"Don't cry so," entreated John, now frightened in his turn,

"come, behave, Jennie, there's a good girl! See here! we won't do so any more, certain true, cut me in two, black and blue."

But neither Bertie's scoldings nor John's entreaties had any effect. It was not till dear Grandma Gilson came and took the poor trembling child in her arms that Jennie could be calmed in the least.

When after a long time grandma had soothed her to sleep, she came to the little boys, who were sitting very sober and long-faced in the large arm-chair. She looked very grave as she sat down by them, and laid her head on Johnnie's head.

"I am not going to scold you, boys," she said, "for I think you had no idea of the mischief you might cause. Oh, children, I knew a little boy once who lost his reason and became a perfect idiot from such a fright as this you have given Janie this evening!"

"Truly, grandma!" shuddered the boy, "yes, truly, I wouldn't ever try that trick again. It isn't safe!"

"You won't catch us in such a scrape again!" said Bertie, shaking his head, "I'd rather face a catamount, or have my hair pulled out with a pair of tweezers!"

"And ditto with me," responded Johnnie.

The first thing Jennie saw when she came down stairs next morning was the boys' jack-o'-lantern. Seen in sober daylight, it was anything but a frightful object, and she wondered it could have startled her so.

"I've been thinking," said Grandma Gilson, at the breakfast-table, "what I should do for the little girl who strung my apples so nicely last night. What say to a saucer-pie made of that jack-o'-lantern?"

"Oh, grandma, will you?" said Jennie, eagerly; "and one for Bertie and Johnnie, too, you know!"

"Yes, yes, darling; only you must cut the pumpkin for me, boys —you know I have a sore finger."

So the yellow, gleaming, horrid face called a jack-o'-lantern was stewed and mixed with cream, sugar, eggs, and spice. It came out of the oven in two golden pies done to a turn. Somewhere about tea-time there were three happy children in the summer-house playing "go visiting," and eating a delicious dish which they called "baked jack-o'-lantern." Levi, the "hired man," said it was the first time he ever heard of "cooking a ghost."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly, and pray against it. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

WHAT a nice time Mr. Woodpecker would have had with the ants mentioned by the San Antonio *Ledger*, which says: We have often heard from old settlers of the "honey ants" of Texas, but the account seeming so romantic, we have heretofore hardly been able to credit it; but as we now have a specimen before us, we can no longer have doubts on the subject. These ants are of medium size, between the large and the small red ants, and are of a reddish brown color. Appended to the rear of each one is a translucent sack or globe, filled with pure, clean honey, of the most delicious flavor. The sack varies in size on different ants, ranging between the sizes of a buck-shot and a common navy pistol ball. On this sack, at short intervals, are attached thin layers about the length and width of half a grain of rice, and of a dark color, evidently to strengthen it and keep it in shape. These interesting animals, when they crawl, draw their delicious load after them, and if the sack is opened, the honey runs out, and they set themselves to work to replenish it again. Whether they deposit this honey in their great general reservoir among the rocks, to draw from it as occasion may require, or hold and use it as individual property, we are not informed. Here is a curiosity that we believe has hitherto escaped the eye and pen of our celebrated naturalists.

PHONETIC PECULIARITY.—It is a curious peculiarity of sound that we have in English a large number of monosyllabic words ending in *sh*, all of which are expressive of some violent action or emotion. The following are a few of them: "brash, brush, crash, crush, dash, gash, gush, gnash, hash, lash, mash, push, quash, rush, rash, slash, squash, splash, thrash."

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—Socrates, at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age. Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

A BIRD PLAYING 'POSSUM.—A naturalist says: "Last summer, while in my park, I observed a green woodpecker alight on the ground some fifty paces before me, look around to see if he was observed, and then lie down and simulate death, by stretching himself motionless, and hanging his tongue out as far as possible. He had selected a place near an ant-hill. The ants, thinking him dead,

would cover his tongue to devour him. When it was black with ants he would swallow them and repeat the trick, until his maw could hold no more."

A CALL.—It is related that the clerk of a rural church in England recently made the following announcement to the congregation: "You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry, at four o'clock, to consider on the means of 'eating the church, and to digest other matters."

JAW BREAKERS.—In a poem by Hoffman, a German poet, the following huge word appears:

"Steuerverweigerungverfassungimassigberechtigt,"

meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes. We ourselves have heard of a gentleman, a member of the

"Marrionettenschauspielhaussengesellschaft,"

who was said to be an excellent performer on the

"Constantinapolitanischedudelsackpfeife."

—*Orange Co.* (*N. Y.*) *Standard.*

We knew the man. His name was

"Hans Swashenbockenoutspreckenchampensteinpitzfeindekeit."

They used to leave off the "Hans," so as to make it easier to call his name on parade.

SOME gentleman fresh from a Western tour, during a call at the White House, while Mr. Lincoln was President, referred in the course of conversation to a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name signifying "weeping water." Mr. Lincoln immediately responded, "As 'laughing water,' according to Longfellow, is 'Minnehaha,' this evidently should be 'Minneboohoo.'"

JONES says a person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up; for instance, a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

ALDERMAN BINNIS being called upon by a woman in great haste, and quite indignant at an expression used to her, addressed him thus: "Alderman, Mrs. Snooks, my next-door neighbor, called me a thief—can't I make her prove it?"

"Well," said the Alderman, after a moment's deliberation, "you can, but you had better not."

WHY do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

GOOD audience for an auctioneer—*buy* standers.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

LOOK out for a storm about these days." And here it is, everything all "snowed under," and even the sanctum inaccessible. For the last week the mails have all been delayed, to say nothing about the females, and so we have kept back the February number a few days to receive the money for the coming year which was sent in accordance with our terms, that we might be able to send the map in this number to all who were entitled to it. I hope all the Merry family will give special attention to the Puzzle Drawer this year, Aunt Sue having kindly consented to take charge of it. I wish to say right here, that she takes all this labor on her hands, attends to all the puzzle-letters, and carefully prepares the Drawer every month from a pure love for the cause and desire to aid in giving amusement and instruction to the Merry family. She has always steadily refused all compensation from our hands, except what our feeble thanks amounted to, and she deserves the thanks and gratitude of all our Merry circle.

A MERRY DOG in Iowa City destroyed the September number of the MUSEUM, and a little friend, in writing for another copy of the same, says:

That dog of ours is full of mischief; he has destroyed two grammars, "Comstock's Philosophy," and once got out "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary;" and of course MERRY'S MUSEUM was in that line; besides that, he has destroyed any number of hats, caps, bonnets, boots, shoes, etc.

BLUE LAKE, *Jan.* 4, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS ALL:—Will you welcome an eager listener into the Merry circle?

I have never until now dared to be anything more, although for several years my ears have been open to catch all the doings of the Merry Cousins.

In the Corner says: "Here is one ready to welcome all new faces"—I hope mine will not be excluded.

Annie F. May and Forget-me-not, save me a seat between you, so that I won't feel as if I was the only newcomer.

All the Cousins who feel disposed, please write to me—Uncle Merry has my address.

Hoping for a share in the fun, I am yours, lovingly, MYRRHA.

WOLCOTTVILLE, *Dec.* 17, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—Will you admit a new member to the Chat? for this reason, viz., I have tried for a long time to understand M. M. politics, but find nothing but a Jolly *Jumble* of them all. Will some intelligent Coz clear up the Jumble and clear out J. Jingle and *muchly* oblige me? My address is Box 103, Wolcottville, Conn.

Hatchet, spare this! COZ JNO.

ALLEGHENY CITY, *Jan.* 14, 1867.

"Who shall be queen?" seems to be the question now engaging the attention of the Merrys. Before the election proposed by W. A. R. comes off, it would be a great accommodation to many of us who know little or nothing of the persons nominated for the royal office, if the claims of each were presented by some one of their respective admirers. I would say here, that I shall be happy to be electioneered by any of the Cousins, between now and the election. See address in October.

Thank you, Daisy W., for your warm welcome. I shall take a seat here and feel at home, and we can exchange experiences in Yankee-land and "out West." I hardly know how I got the impression, but it seems to me you blossom somewhere in "little Rhody." I hail from the Buckeye State. However, we shan't quarrel about the size of our States.

Allow me, Uncle Merry, to correct the

impression that some have, that my signature is an *assumed* name, chosen because of any fancied mathematical talent. I make no pretensions whatever in that way (although I *did* completely master addition before I was nineteen years of age). I have rejoiced all my life in being the namesake of that ancient, swarthy, Egyptian genius, EUCLID.

"CITY OF SPINDLES," *Jan.* 1, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS:—Another year has passed, and I come once more to occupy my seat in the parlor. How pleasant it is to see so many of the old Cousins back in their places!

Fleta, I for one shall always be grateful to you for the amusement and instruction afforded us while you were in charge of the Drawer.

Daisy Wildwood, have I offended you? if so, I am very sorry; it was not intentional.

Moss Rosebud, how does that petition progress? Don't forget your promise.

Ella W., the effect produced by your experiment is affecting as well as pleasing (?). I know a person who, after trying it, left basin and tunnel with *wet eyes*.

In the Corner, I would like to correspond with you. VINCENT.

Happy New Year, Merrys! Where's Aunt Sue? Oh! what a crowd! but give way! I must and will see my darling Auntie! There, I've found you at last! Welcome, thrice welcome back to Merrydom! If I were a boy, I should throw up my cap and shout Hip, hip, hurrah! as the most satisfactory way of manifesting my delight at having you here again; as it is, my joy must find vent in words! for, dear Aunt Sue, I'm speechless with delight.

And have you heard the commotion that they have been raising about me? —yes, me! It's really embarrassing to have one's name brought forward in such a public manner! In their "delight to honor" me, they have suggested that I be placed upon some "rickety pile," there to pass in "unlettered ease" ('tis probably some old broken-down printing-press) the remainder of my Merry existence! Now, I decidedly veto any such arrangement! 'Tis not a part of "my policy" to be treated thus *cavalier*ly!

Thanks, most noble Hero, Sid, and Vincent, for your generous championship; yet those "too queenly honors" befit me not. "I'll be a star, a little star" twinkling ever so faintly in the Merry horizon rather than queen of the Merry universe! Stay these unseemly altercations as to who shall be greatest, and let there be peace. Yet while I talk of peace, W.A.R. comes!

Didst cry A-las-s, Loyalty? Truly there are many, but as you very justly remarked—"Scissors!" And the cry came up from Bedlam, A-lass for Loyalty!

No Ike Marvel-ous Reveries from you, Jasper! As Leslie has done, so will you go and do likewise! Didn't a little bird whisper it in my ear?

Vincent—ahem—I thank you for your most encouraging eulogy, but don't you know that I'm timid? I shrink from the world's garish form, and I cherish seclusion—don't you, Mr. Brown? that is, I mean to say, I must, consequently, for the above-stated reasons, refuse your very flattering proposal—nomination, I would say—as "Queen of the Fairy-Merry Band." In pity turn your eyes another way, I'm covered with confusion! You see, I could not wear the "blushing honors" bravely! You requested an exchange of cartes in the April number. Send yours to Uncle Merry, who will forward it, and you shall have mine in return.

Sigma, ditto.

Daisy Wildwood, why so long silent? and what of Jean? Am I quite forgotten? Was that Saucy heaving such a long-drawn sigh, did you say, Uncle? Yes, sir! I long for the good old days. Had I an enchanter's wand, how quickly would I summon my recreant comrades hither! But, with Loyalty, I am fain to cry, A-lass! A-lass! SAUCY NELL.

UNCLE HI:—As I want to compromise your cutting propensities, I'll address myself to you. In the first place, I'll tell you that if I do fall into the basket this time, I will certainly come again, and will be a great deal longer next time, so you had better beware.

Franc, where have you taken yourself?

The same to Sigma.

Juno, don't think that no one missed you, for I certainly did.

I should be happy to hear from Jasper, Sid, Sigma, Juno, Leslie, and all other Merrys who will write to me.

Flib, if your name is Flora S., I know something about you; write and send photo, and I will tell you something.

Jolly J., I should not think you was

"precious good" by some of your actions —I am glad to see that you show some signs of penitence, however. But the idea of blotting out Saucy Nell is so—well, there is not a word in the English language forcible enough to express how awful it is.

Evening Star, what is your address? I want to write to you.

With much love to Aunt Sue, and all the Cousins, from their Merry Coz,

LULIE C.

Thursday, Jan. 10, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—"How *are* you, and how have you been?" I have had you all in my thoughts a great deal, ever since I wrote my first letter (though I do not suppose one of you has noticed me enough to know when that time was).

Orena, certainly; I feel rather lonely, and shall be glad of company.

Bertina, what has become of you?—is your modest little voice afraid to be heard again? I hope not.

I wonder where Cricket is! she seems to have suddenly subsided.

I tried the experiment, but did not meet with success (that is, I suppose I did not), for the only change I could perceive in the coin was that it was much smaller. If Aunt Sue does "see into it," I wish she would tell us what the change is. But

"I can not make a longer call,
So fare ye well, dear Cousins all."

GIPSEY GIRL.

CIS comes again, and promises to be a better correspondent than last year—and makes the following requests:

Roguish Kate, what is the matter with you? Are you forgetful of Cis?

Coy and Pertina, do you think me a "gay deceiver?"

Le Magnet, have you forgotten me? and how is Nobody, by the way?

In the Corner, I have got on the water at last; not exactly on the "briny ocean," nor on a "raging canawl," but on the Father of Waters.

Yours, Merryly, CIS.

MOSSY DELL, *Dec.* 20, 1866.

DEAR MERRYS:—You have occupied the floor long enough, so give way for a little while to the representative from "Mossy Dell." I am accompanied by a new Cousin, whom I take great pleasure in introducing to you as "Viola Ripley," and hope you will welcome her cordially.

Jennie Enwood, I am afraid that if you wait for Sid to write, you will not receive a letter soon.

Sans Souci, what do you mean when you say that I "remember the Merrys, though gone from among them?" Explain yourself. I was not aware before that I had gone from among you.

Lizzie E. N., A. Van A., Rubie Linden, W. A. R., and Vincent, my *picter* man is not very punctual. Don't be impatient—you shall hear from me as soon as possible.

Daisy Wildwood, will you correspond? Bushels of love to Aunt Sue and all the Cousins. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all."

Merryly, your Cousin,

MOSS ROSEBUD.

Your new friend is welcome to a seat near the throne. If all would bring one new friend at the commencement of the new year, it would enable us to make many improvements in the MUSEUM, which we would be glad to make for the benefit of our readers.

FOREST GLEN, *Dec.* 22, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS ALL:—I desire very much to become a member of your Merry circle. Will you not admit me?

W. A. R., I have heard something concerning you; can you guess how? If you wish to know what it is, send a letter to me, which will be answered with all dispatch.

Rubie Linden, Cousin May, Harry C. H. Douglas, Sigma, Cis, Gipsey, and a host of others, are you willing to correspond? If so, direct to "Box 96, Columbia, Mo.," and remember, don't put any *nom de plume* on your envelope? Who bids for a photo? Going! going!—gone! "VIOLA RIPLEY."

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVEN.

Another year has beamed into existence. The midnight bell, as it mournfully chimed the departure of the Old Year, heralded joyfully the dawning of the New. Like a hoary-headed old man, Eighteen Sixty-six left us; and Eighteen Sixty-seven tripped in as a young, buoyant child, wearing a snowy crown glistening with hail-stones. Smiling and singing he approached, yet rubbing his red, half-frozen fingers. Ring, bells, ring! and give the new-comer a merry greeting. Sing, maidens! dance, chil-

dren! a glad welcome, as you clasp his gifts in your hands! Shout, friends! pray, all! for peace and prosperity during the twelve months' race.

Not far have we advanced on our new path. We but stand within the threshhold, trying to peer into the future, yet seeing "as through a glass darkly." Day by day our own life-experience will help us to unseal its hidden mysteries. "One by one" the moments and hours of the new year will come, yet giving us time to stamp them with patience, faith, and charity. COY.

Welcome, Coy, to our circle, once more. Your kind words come like sweet music, bringing joy and greeting for the new-born year. May the song linger in our hearts all through the year to come, and you be always with us to help us sing the Merry strain.

CENTRAL OHIO, *Dec.* 26, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Don't you sometimes get almost out of patience with your numerous nephews and nieces? Every one wishes to be heard, and seems to forget that Uncle don't like so much clamor and confusion. But we will try to be more peaceful, and will cluster quietl around your chair, and bestow upon you our highest encomiums for the delightful entertainment which you monthly spread before us. We can't give up the good old MUSEUM, which time has endeared to so many of us. So once again, at the opening of the new year, we flock around your standard with our one-fifties, and shout, "Long live UNCLE MERRY!" May Heaven's choicest blessings — health and happiness — be yours. May I now say a few words to the Cousins?

Gipsy Girl, if you're "wild," you suit me exactly. Can you *ride* as well as *run?* If so, we're *fast* friends immediately.

Roguish Kate, what *is* the game you're playing?

Mustard, haven't you been in the Chat before, under another name? Your style is greatly similar to one who figured therein when the Merry food was "peas and hominy," and it seems to me 'twas spiced with—Mustard.

Forest, the "affliction" of your presence was like a positive luxury; favor us again.

Daisy W., delighted to see you again.

Cousins, my portfolio is expansive. Will you not, Cousin Jenny, Coy, Vincent, or any other Cousin, contribute thereto? JENNIE ENWOOD.

It is not the clamor or confusion that troubles us, but that the nephews and nieces take so much space to make so little noise. The parlor is large, our hearts larger, and our "circle" has no end; but our space is limited, and *chatterers* must be short, or be cut shorter. Be careful how you stir up Mustard—he may make a noise.

Here comes our friend Lizzie, with her "vote" on the "Queen" question. It would be well for each applicant for the honors of the throne to present their claims in person, and then let the vote be taken.

UNCLE:—Please hear me a few moments—only to give my vote on the Queen question—according to W. A. R.'s proposition.

I think our various Queens are all unworthy of the honor conferred upon them, else why don't they claim their rights to the throne, and show some appreciation of the efforts of their knightly followers, who, in making their respective qualifications known, have used so many stirring appeals and rhetorical flourishes, while the favored candidates look on in silence?

Somebody—I forget who—has proposed a Merry Republic, with Uncle Merry for President, Aunt Sue for Vice-President, and the "sanctum," of course, as the center of affairs. For *this* government I cast my vote—hoping that a majority of our republican Merrys will do the same, rather than revive a monarchy on the ruins of Fleta's kingdom.

W. A. R., have you concluded not to "scatter" any more for the benefit of L. E. N.?

"IN THE LAND OF THE DACOTAHS,"
December, 1866.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—Here I am again, for the second time; but I can't stay but just a minute, for fear *some one* will "cut" me.

Metacom and Violet Forest, thanks for your kind welcome. Violet Forest, I wish you would write to me first, as I am rather bashful.

Taghconic, "never despair;" your letter shall receive an answer, "some day."

Uncle Merry, if you will send me your *c. de v.*, I will send you mine in return; but you must not expect that it will make much of a "show" in your Merry album. But I must fly, for the hatchet is coming. All letters addressed to "Minnehaha, Box 197, Batavia, N. Y.," will receive a hearty welcome from

MINNEHAHA.

Our Merry album has room for more, though we have twice been compelled to obtain a larger one; and as we desire to have all our Merry friends together, we send the *c. de v.*, and shall look for yours in return.

LINDEN FOREST, *Jan.* 8.

DEAR CHATTERERS: I have not appeared in these classic columns *very* lately, and now I want to write a nice long letter.

Prairie Rose, why don't you write?

Jasper, will you send me your address? You know mine, I believe, and I have a word for your private ear.

Sid, ditto.

Roguish Kate and Oddity and Blue-Bell, I want to know you. Do you want to know me?

Le Magnet, will you send me word if you wish to visit the sanctum any Saturday? and is Sallie sick?

Vincent, do not think I ignored your proposal to correspond; I have been told that I lose much in being obliged to decline it.

Fannie Frolic, you asked me, last June, how you should learn my address. Ask Uncle for it, and write. Ditto, Cricket and Etta.

W. A. R., I admire your scratching muchly. Was the ice good?

Moss Rosebud and Juno, is anything the matter?

Love to Orena, Annie F. May, and all the rest.

"Fare thee well, *but not* forever!"

RUBIE LINDEN.

We are grinding the manipulator anew, for some of the Cousins forget the rule. It will be used, if necessary.

CHERRY GROVE.

DEAR CHATTERS:—Let my voice once more be heard. When I came before, my missive was so short (so unlike me), that Uncle could not have the heart to clip it.

Roguish Kate and Oddity, do you recognize your Coy?

Jennie Enwood, will you correspond with me? Uncle has my address.

Cousin Phe, will you exchange cards with me? and I will judge you by your looks and see if I think you are as strong-minded as you pretended.

Adieu, Cousins, and remember

EM.

CRAYDOCKE, *Jan.*, 1867.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I would like *very* much to call you "Uncle," and become a member of the "Merry circle." Will you not smile kindly upon me and say I may?

Oh! ye Merry Cousins dear, I am pining in a solitary corner, hoping, wishing, longing for a few welcoming words. Who will speak to me?

Moss Rosebud, Coy, Mamie, Cis, Lizzie E. N., Kitty Clover, Blue-Bell, Em Morse, Jennie Enwood, Daisy Wildwood, and each and all of the Merry Cousins, will you not write to me? Please do: Any letters sent "*via*" Uncle Merry will reach me.

If some of you *don't* write, when next you hear my voice, it will contain the concentrated essence of a thousand woes.

But I have tarried too long for a newcomer, and methinks I see a vision of "Scissors" in the distance, which, in this case, does not "lend enchantment to the view."

Merryly, your new Cousin,

MISPAH.

We are glad to extend to you the hand of welcome. The letter was sent to the wrong address. Come often, and call us Uncle—we are used to it.

COLUMBIA, MO., *Jan.* 4, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—How much delighted I would be to become one of your merry and happy throng! My vivid imagination leads me to believe you are all as happy and gay as the days are long. I have often thought I would join you, but have neglected doing so. Will you accept me? Roguish Kate, Gipsy Girl, Eula Lee, Kitty Clover, Harry C. H. Douglas, Sans Souci, will you correspond? if so, direct to: Honeysuckle, Columbia, Boone County, Mo.

W. A. R., will you also correspond? Good-bye, dear Uncle and Cousins all.

Yours, respectfully,

HONEYSUCKLE.

Extracted Essences.

BOB WHITE desires to speak to the Cousins, and have a seat by the side of Snowball, Flib, and Daisy. All right. Take your seat and sing us a song.

MERMAID requests H. C. H. Douglas to send *c. de v.;* sympathizes with Marigold, and wishes Cricket to come back and chirp another song.

DOUBLE-YOU-SEE, your first and second prizes were duly sent when awarded; the second one was plainly directed to "416," etc., but Uncle Sam was kind enough to return it, with the information, "Not found." Whether the search was thoroughly made or not, we can not say, but we discharged our duty to the best of our knowledge and belief. We think we shall discharge "Uncle Sam;" but will send again, whichever way you may direct—at your own risk.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

answers the greatest number of the December Puzzles, and wins his (?) first (?) prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

23. Beautiful comes the summer sun
Over Alvarnon's height:
The forests shake off the somber dun
Which has folded them in all night;
And far and wide
The surging tide
Of my *first* rolls down the mountain side.

In yonder mighty solitude
Of trees and rocks and lakes,
Hath ever man aspiring stood
Where only silence wakes
Surrounding space?
There is a trace
Left in my *second* of his race.

Waves on waves! the mighty billow
Thundering o'er the trembling deep,
Seeking some rock-lifted pillow,
On my *whole* doth break its leap.
At dawn of day
The morning gray
Paints it unmoved amid the spray.
F. F.

ANAGRAMS.

24. She had a ——, *fine mien.* *Fred.*

25. *I! O! I can't rally a list* ——. *A. R. T.*

26. I would advise all young ladies to *shun* a *bad* ——. *Howard H. J.*

27. *See a nun, Sam,* acting as one of my ——. *Double-you-see.*

28. I am going to a certain —— *to can oil.* *Yarick.*

29. What does my heart love? *It loves* ——. *Cricket.*

30. What is the quickest way to transport a "bounty-jumper" to the field? *Gwys Gwyl.*

31. Entire, I am found at the south pole; add a letter (to my head), and I grow; change my head, and I am a peculiar kind of press; again, and we are a nuisance; once more, and see what has brought many a young man to ruin. *Juvenis.*

COUNTIES IN TEXAS.

32. A planet.
33. A knife.
34. A cake.
35. A berry.
36. A stone.
37. A pursuit.
38. A queen. *Olive.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

39. A man —— to me of a —— until I said to him "——," and we —— *Clementina*

ENIGMATICAL BOUQUET.

40. A carriage, and people close bound in a state.

41. A friar, and that which adorns his bald pate.

42. A lady, and that of which fortunes are made.

43. The first hours of day in splendor arrayed. *S. F.*

44. Why is MERRY'S MUSEUM like a tooth-brush? *Belle.*

45. Transpose a fish into part of a harness. *F. W. C. C.*

46. When are bells and oranges alike? *Guilielmus.*

47. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 12, 5, 6, 16 is an ornament.
My 2, 3, 4 is a kind of tree.
My 1, 2, 7, 9, 10 is a kind of vehicle.
My 13, 2, 14, 15 is an undesirable adjective.
My 11, 8 is a pronoun.
My whole is the name of a celebrated author. *Rob. C. L.*

48 I am composed of 12 letters:
My 1, 7, 8 describes a posture.
My 2, 10, 7 is an interjection.
My 5, 3, 4 is a metal.
My 1, 11, 4, 9 is a participle.
My 12, 10, 11, 2, 8 is a grain.
My 6, 7, 9 is a household article.
My whole is a Scripture name. *S. P. Tucke.*

I don't know where the following problem originated, but it was propounded to me last New Year's day, and I got so mixed up with rats, cats, and minutes before I solved it, that I want the Merrys to try it.

49. If it takes six cats six minutes to kill six rats, how many cats will it take to kill one hundred rats in fifty minutes? *A. S.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me by the 8th of March.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in Dec. No.

125. Ragamuffin.

126. Tuber, brute.

127. Charles, Rachel.

128. Strawberry time.

129. I exhort you. (Several have given "I see you" as the answer to this; which answering the requirements I credit as good.)

130. Kittatiny.

131. Patriot, traitor.

132. Corroborates (Co robber-ates).

133. Pear, reap, are.

134. Syntax.

135. London.

136. Brevity is the soul of wit.

137. Brakes, bakers.

138. Princeton, Bound Brook, Shrewsbury, Plainfield.

139. Hollyhock.

140. Platter, rattle.

141. Commodore.

142. Infangthef.

143. Exfoliative.

144. Grassation.

145. Constitution.

146. Rhinoceros.

147. Phrenological.

148. Innocents

149. Because he is a *negro-man* sir! (necromancer).

150. The old Scratch.

C. W. J. answers all but 127, 128, 134, 140, 142, 144, 147, 149, and 2 items of 138.

E. M. K. answers 125, 126, 127, 129, 133, 135, 136, 138, 141, 145.

Snowbird answers 125, 128, 129, 133, 135, 136, 139, 141.

R. M. B. answers 127, 129, 130, 133, 135, 136, 141.

R. C. L., Jr., answers 125, 127, 129, 130, 133, and 138—2.

Notices to Correspondents.

Gipsy Girl, if there is one thing I like better than another it is a "lively interest."

Remus, I am glad the gold pen reached you safely. Thanks for your kind wishes, which are heartily reciprocated.

Vincent, "Anagrams are not barred out," by any means; some of our puzzlers prefer them to any other kind of puzzle, and we like to please all parties.

Perseverance, glad to see you; the more the *Merry-er*.

E. M. K., ditto.

A. E. D., the same to you, and many of them.

C. W. J., please send your address to Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Gipsy Girl, Snowbird, E. M. K., Vincent, Perseverance, and Washingtonian.

THE HAPPY CHILDREN.

CHILDREN can always be happy and pleasant if they try hard enough to be. The difficulty generally is that they do not try. It is very easy to be always pleasant, if you will always strive hard enough to be pleasant. See the children in the picture, so happy that even the dog feels its influence, and laughs the best he can. Your greatest enemy will be a hasty temper, but fight hard against it. Resist it stoutly when it comes; a little word if spoken in anger may bring much unhappiness and sorrow; a spark will set a house on fire; a fit of passion may cause you to mourn all your days. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revenges knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER IV.—LIFE IN THE MILL.

R. LEWIS was as good as his word, and Monday morning witnessed the introduction of Ike to the mill, and his new associates. He is put to washing and piling tin plate, and works from six to six. His first impressions were dreadful. His companions were swearers, brawlers, and drunkards, and he was compelled to listen to the most horrid oaths, and to witness constant broils. His wages were small to begin with, being but four shillings a week.

At first he felt like running away, to get beyond reach of the blasphemies of his fellow-workmen, but the thought of his father kept him in his place. After a few days he began to be familiar with his work, and to know the names of some of the men and boys employed in the mill. Ike was closely observed by all, and on the part of some with evil eyes.

"Would he pay his footing?" was passed from mouth to mouth among the boys, until it was shouted from side to side of the packing-house, so that Ike could not help hearing.

"What do you mean by footing?" asked Ike of a swaggering fellow who occasionally loitered near his stand, smoking his black pipe, and swearing long oaths.

"Don't know what footin' is, eh?" shouted Tom Jones; "but we'll learn yer, Cottle, when Saturday comes."

"A jug of ale, lad, and a pack of tobacco, with pipes to match, and a jolly spree," were the enlightening and ominous words of Tom.

"Well, there can be no footing from me, then," replied Ike, "for I neither smoke nor drink, and am opposed to sprees, as you call them."

"A ducking, then, my hearty, in the mill-pond, O!"

Tom Jones marched off with this, humming as he went to a sort of tune—"a ducking, then, my hearty, in the mill-pond, O!"

This incident did not tend to make Ike comfortable in the mill.

*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

Tom noised abroad Ike's views of "footing," and greatly inflamed the boys against him. Some declared for instant action, for the purpose of trying his mettle. Others proposed to bide till Saturday, and give him a fair chance to pay for a spree. All determined that he should honor their custom, or be punished. Ike was unmoved, attended to his work, and spent his breath in prayer to God for himself and for them.

Before the week was out, Ike had made two or three friends, out of fifteen or twenty boys, great and small, and he began to speak earnestly to many of them against their vile habits.

When Saturday came, it was evident to all that Ike was not to be moved, and when they gathered about him, to compel him to sanction and pay for a general carousal with ale and tobacco, he silenced and shamed the majority of them by a manly declaration of his principles and habits.

"You may duck me in the mill-pond as often as you like, but I shall not yield to your demand," were Ike's firm words. "I came into the mill to earn a few shillings—not to squander in sin—but to help my poor, crippled father, and I must be allowed to do so. I can respect you no more by joining you in evil things, and surely, boys, you could not think any more of me were I to do so, after what I have told you."

The boys stood off; some laughed and jeered; some took up stones to pelt him, while others sauntered off, muttering threats and oaths.

The result was victory for Ike and a pleasant walk home, with his jacket pocket full of four shillings, the earnings of the week. Ike was proud that day!

"This is pay day, father," said he, as he crossed the cottage threshold; and opening the palm of his father's hand, covered it with four shining shillings. It was a melting moment. It seemed the beginning of a brighter life. The good father wept, and Susan wept, and Ike wept, but his tears were tears of happiness.

"I shall soon be able to earn enough to buy all the bread," said Ike, with uncommon emphasis, "and we can have a little cheese, too, Susan, can't we?"

Ike's hopes rose like castles in our dreams, and for a moment he fancied himself a man, with a steady arm to work, and a full purse to spend.

Many times during the evening did he walk to the old-fashioned dresser, and taking down the little cup from the top shelf in the corner, empty the silver into his hand and put it back again, for there

was music in the jingle. His actions were entirely pardonable, for we must remember that was the first money he had earned, and we can not wonder at his proud joy.

CHAPTER V.—EDUCATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BUT one shadow still lingered in the cottage. Instead of working in the mill, Ike should be going to the parish school.

His father looked into the future, and rightly foresaw that what was most needed in the rising generation was a liberal education. Ike's natural abilities were far above the ordinary standard, and his zeal for knowledge was equal to his ambition to help his father.

Constant work in the mill left him little time for reading and study, and this was the shadow that saddened his father's heart, and filled the cottage. But economy can be carried out as to the use of our time, as well as in the dollar-and-cent department of life. Ike was not to be outdone. His mind was strengthened by the pleasure of work and the independence it brought; so he assured his father, with a playful boast, that he could get his lessons all the better.

"You see, Susan, I am home at seven, all washed and clean, with my supper eaten. We don't go to bed before nine, or half-past, so I have two hours and a half to get my lessons in, and the work makes me strong to study, you know. Well, in the morning, from sunrise to half-past five, you can surely hear my lessons, and so I shall keep up."

Such was Ike's plan, and he carried it out, too, with astonishing success. His arithmetic and grammar, geography and writing were continued, slowly certainly, but surely. He found time, too, to read aloud to the family, in addition to the daily Scriptures, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a volume of sermons, and his weekly Sunday-school books.

The cottage was indeed a high school, and God's good providence was the master. It was the very place to foster and develop a noble character. Ike grew up, well defended in all points. The mind, by uncommon industry, kept pace with the body. While other boys were idling away spare hours, Ike was solving questions on his slate, or reading for the improvement of his mind and the pleasure of the family. In such places, and by such means, great men are made.

They do not generally grow up to greatness in palaces and wealth, but in obscurity and comparative poverty, where necessity must invent, and perseverance stand instead of opportunity. Let no one think that his chances for a useful and honorable career are small be-

cause he is not blessed with means and leisure. Envy not the rich and thoughtless. Strike out for yourself, and make the very best use of what you have. You do not want leisure, you want perseverance and pluck. You must begin. More characters are lost by neglecting the small opportunities, and failing to employ wisely the occasional hour, than are made by abundance of both.

The boy who will fold his arms and sigh for days of leisure, neglecting the precious *now*, will never make a deep mark in this world, at least for good. We must catch the moments as they fly, boys, and turn them to good account. It is a long work, too!

The acorn is not a great tree, though it has all the germs within its smooth shell. Slow growth is the rule. So with boys, so with all. We can not afford to lose a single moment of time. Every day will add to, or mar, our forming characters. Wait not for a favorable turn in the future; make your own future by making honest use of the present.

Never despair. Don't spend time in looking far ahead. The prospect may look gloomy to you, and weaken your efforts. You shall be just what you make yourself, by God's blessing. There is no model beyond your reach, if you persevere. This settled, go down to work, cheerfully, hopefully, determined to win. The way is clear. All difficulties will vanish as you approach. Remember, self-dependence must bring the victory. Others have gone the same way before you, and they assure you of this, and urge you forward.

"I will do something for my father" helped Ike to success, which enabled him also to say: "I will do something for myself."

Poverty is no bar to industry, and industry, persevered in, is the royal road to wealth and renown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLOUDS.—How beautiful are clouds, with their colors and shapes forever changing! Sometimes they appear to be in the shape of animals, trees, houses, and also in various other forms. Many times have I sat and watched them as they slowly or swiftly moved along. I have seen images of mountains, trees, palaces, animals, water, and other objects. How nice it would be, while thus gazing at the clouds some time, to see a beautiful angel fly down and speak kindly to you! The clouds look especially beautiful at sunset, changing from gold to crimson and purple. Nothing is more beautiful than a sunset on the water. We all have clouds in our lives, but we must break through them, and come out into the bright sunshine. SNOW FLAKE.

ROCKFORD, ILL., *Jan.*, 1867.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

THERE are no recollections which cluster so brightly around the past, as those which encircle the memory of my grandmother.

I know not how others may feel, but as human nature is nearly the same in all parts of the world, it is to be presumed that family affections are as nearly alike as our natures will admit with the education each one has received. My grandmother has been in her grave a long time, and yet there is a freshness about my memory of the good old times when we met around her table to partake of our annual Thanksgiving dinner, which promises to live for a long time yet to come.

I can see the same portly form, the same kind smile; the huge old clock slowly ticking our time in the corner of the room, and the familiar old house-cat purring away on the hearth-rug. Then, again, there was that good, portly form, the kind maternal smile that always welcomed us; the snowy whiteness of her table-cloth, the rich, deli-

cate flavor and yellow golden color of her butter, the perfect purity and sweetness of her honey, and the kindness with which she urged us to partake of her rich fare.

My grandfather was a perfect model of the old-fashioned Puritan gentleman and Christian, a deacon in the church; and in all church matters his opinion was equal to the laws of the Medes and Persians which never change, and in theology equal to the Apostle Paul—at least we thought so.

Should my grandfather ever omit or neglect his daily reading of the Bible or family prayer, we should have expected the sun to suddenly stop in its daily duties, or his shadow to fall back ten degrees on the old family sun-dial.

Then, again, our old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinners were something to be remembered as well as tasted. There was the huge chicken pie, the roast beef, baked pork and beans, the tart pies, mince pie, apple pie, and the famous pumpkin pie of Yankee-land. Well, as I have undertaken to tell the truth, I shall not omit the huge goblet of hot toddy, with a nutmeg grated and floating on the top of it, hot enough in all conscience, and strong enough to upset a platoon of us youngsters, had our good old grandmother neglected to come to our rescue with the kind admonition, "not to take too much of it, boys." As "all servile labor and vain recreation were forbidden by law" (our good old Governor used to say so in his proclamation, whether the law said so or not), we watched impatiently for the sun to set, that our play might commence, and then our grand council met. All the boys for miles gathered for a grand skating frolic, on some neighboring pond, if the ice was strong enough to bear up three or four dozen wild, harum-scarum boys like us, and if not, little cared we for a good ducking in the cold water, with the air ten or fifteen degrees colder.

And when our frolic was over, we were sure to meet with a warm reception in grandmother's room, and a generous supply of cider and apples, where were safely stored in her cellar—

"Sixteen barrels of cider,
Ripening all in a row.
Pure grew the stream with the stress
Of the lever and screw,
Till the last drops from the press
Were as bright as the dew.

Those are the Rhode Island Greenings,
Excellent apples for pies.

There are no mystical meanings
In fruit of that color and size.
They are too coarse and too juiceful—
They are too large and too useful."

But as I am getting poetical in quoting the writings of others, I must wind up my story lest I be accused of quoting the ideas of better writers than myself.

The world is getting along very fast; we live in a day of new things, or of old things made up into new—new men, new women, new follies, and new fashions; and I begin to suspect the next new move will be to have no grandmothers. Now, to stop such a ridiculous move, I propose that we—that is, the whole Merry family—go into committee of the whole, with the Hon. Robert Merry in the chair, and take a vote and make a law that shall never be changed, that as long as the world stands, the good old institution of having grandmothers shall stand good. So mote it be! UNCLE TIM.

ACROSTIC.

ROBED in ever-changeful garb,
O'er the land bleak winter reigns;
Barren the fields before us lie,
Even are hushed the warblers' strains.
Rovers through the busy street,
Turn toward home with hasty feet.

Mothers! weary homeless feet
Ever press each busy street;
Remember these, when in your home,
Round the cheerful fireside, come
Your own loved ones. N. E. L.

NOW.

RISE! for the day is passing;
And you lie dreaming on;
Others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has some part to play!
The past and the future are looking
In the place of the stern To-day.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.

BY JESSIE.

PERHAPS there is no animal which forms so great a pet as the domestic cat. What an air of comfort and cheerfulness she adds to the family sitting-room! Her gentle purring, which shows her complete satisfaction and enjoyment, seems to reproach us for discontent in her presence; and her quiet repose on the hearth-rug, as she takes her "cat-naps," seems to quiet even the tumultuous nerves of the children, when noisy mirth suddenly gives place to silence, as they stoop to the rug to smooth, with gentle touch, her soft fur, while in affectionate tone they say, "Poor pussy!" Even grown-up people are sometimes very sure of their indebtedness to pussy's influence for a rest and soothing they are very often much in need of.

How grateful pussy is for the kindness shown her, and how she

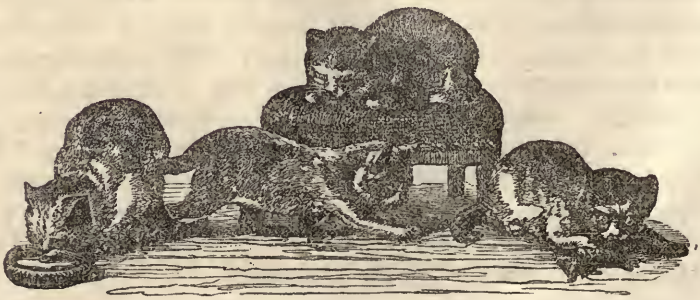
seems to enjoy being caressed! She never hesitates to leave her comfortable bed, and to relinquish her nap, to rub against you, and by her gentle approaches win a word of recognition, or pat from your hand. And if a good mouser, pussy is never content to enjoy her dinner until her little captive has been displayed, and her achievement duly recognized by the household.

Many anecdotes have been told of the sagacity and affection of the cat; but perhaps one or two, which are new, may not be uninteresting to the young readers of the MUSEUM.

A lady once told me of a cat, in her father's family, which needed no "cat-hole" nor help of hands to enable her to join the family circle, of which she evidently considered herself a member, and consequently took no offense when she found the door closed, and disdained to call or tap for admittance, but with a graceful spring would catch the handle and place her paw upon the thumb-latch, give the door a swing, and then with another graceful spring light upon the carpet and enter the room in her usual quiet, unobtrusive manner.

In our own family we once had a cat which, as usual, was a great pet, and whose "smartness" was carefully noted. One very warm summer day pussy had laid himself in the grass beneath my window. Having spilled a few drops of water upon my table, I took up a small scrap of paper and dried the table, and then dropped the wetted paper out of the window. Happening to watch it as it fluttered down, I saw it light close to the cat. He looked at it, then got up, and lay down so carefully as to have his cheek rest on the wet paper. After rubbing it thus a little while, he rose up, took the paper between his fore paws, and lay down again upon his back and rubbed his face, first on side and then on the other, and then his forehead, as nicely as a little child could have done. He looked as if he enjoyed the cool sponge-bath very much.

Poor pussy! he only lives now in our remembrance. But that is a place where a great many of the choicest pleasures are often stored.



HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER IX.—LETTING IN THE SUNSHINE.

"I NEVER sat in such an easy chair as this before," said Mattie, patting the arms of it. "Mine is just a hard, wooden one, with no sides. Mother puts the bed quilt in it when we get up in the morning; but it is the tiredest chair sometimes, Gracie, that ever you did see."

Grace gave her mother an earnest, appealing glance, which she understood just as plain as if she had said aloud, "Won't you please give her that old chair, mother?"

Mother nodded her head; and as she set out a little tray with their late dinner upon it, she said:

"You may have that chair if you like, Mattie; I will send it around to your house to-night."

It seemed too good news to be true. "Then mother could rest herself in it sometimes when she is through her washing," she said, with sparkling eyes.

"The butterflies fold up at last
Their shining golden gowns;
The cattle, with their tinkling bells,
Come home across the downs;"

and even Mattie's long, bright day of pleasure came to an end. Frank drew her home just as the sun was setting, with a great basket of good things stowed away in the front of the little coach. Mother took her in her arms at the door, and kissed again and again her rosy cheeks, which were usually so pale.

"The blessing of the widow and the fatherless will be on you and your good parents forever," said the poor woman to Frank, as he stood with uncovered head in that poor little home while she took out the contents of the basket. Some boys would never have thought of taking off their hats. Frank had been taught "to respect the burden" wherever he met it, whether it were a burden of sorrow, or poverty, or suffering.

"I know that you will never come to want, you are all so kind to the poor. I am not a fortune-teller, Master Frank, but I have always found that God keeps his promise. 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord!' and that He never failed to pay back 'good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over.'"

The widow herself that day had been away on an errand of mercy to a still poorer old friend who lived a mile distant. She had spent half the forenoon in scrubbing and putting to rights her poor little cabin, which sickness had forced her to neglect. She had baked up provisions enough to last her several days, and had made everything so tidy and comfortable, that it had done the sick woman more good than medicine. Her little boy would not suffer now for food, and with what he could do, she felt she could get on nicely until she could get about once more.

Little Mattie lived over and over again the happy day at the Hawthorns', first, in telling it all to her mother, and after that, for days in thinking it over as she sat there in her comfortable chair. Grace's little brain was just as busy in devising various plans for her comfort; and as she grew strong and well once more, she began to carry her plans into execution.

Mother consented to her making over a full suit of her own outgrown clothing for the poor child, and the first work she did was to sew on buttons and tapes where they were needed on these garments. They gave her more pleasure even than to make a new velvet talma for her favorite, baby Arabella. There is no pleasure equal to that of doing good.

Frank, too, was fully enlisted. He brought his cabinet tools to bear on some of the crazy old furniture of the poor widow, and soon brought it to a more stable, upright condition.

"I shouldn't have been more pleased," said she, "if you had given me a new table. I have been afraid that poor old thing would fall down every time I set the dishes on it. I propped it up as well as I could, but it did not answer."

If there was anything Frank liked, it was a job which brought his glue-pot into service, and he found abundant use for it here. No one in comfortable circumstances can appreciate the real satisfaction it was to the good woman to have these little odds and ends put to rights. They would bring but a trifle at the auction-block; but they were beyond price to her, for they were all her store.

The widow had tried hard to afford the glass and the glazier's bill for repairing a small west window; but there were so many other things that *must* be bought whenever she earned a few shillings. She had been forced to have it boarded up, as it had been all winter.

"Now it would make it as cheerful again here if you had that window fixed," said Frank, regarding it with a professional eye.

"Indeed it would," said the woman, "if I could only afford it.

Are you a glazier, too, Master Frank, with all the rest?" The widow had the highest respect for the boy's skill, and began to feel there was not much but that he was equal to. Frank was not so modest that her good opinion abashed him any, nor so conceited that it made him appear ridiculous. He liked to feel that he was of use in the world, as every right-minded boy does.

After a little home consultation, he decided to invest his spending money in the glass needed for the window, and with a little instruction from his father, he made a very successful piece of work of it.

Oh, how it brightened that little room to have the sunshine come pouring in through the spotless panes! Mrs. Hawthorn gave Grace a nice white curtain, with a deep fringe, to loop up over it, or to drop down, if the sunbeams should prove too bright and warm. But usually it was drawn back with the bright pink ribbon which Grace had fastened to a knob Frank had fitted on the casement.

This was Mattie's window now. Here her easy chair was placed, with a little stand before it, on which were her few treasures. "It seemed almost like moving to a new house," she said, with the brightest of smiles on her beaming face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT IS GREAT TO BE GOOD.

ONE day Charlie's mamma complained that a mouse
Had taken his lodgings somewhere in her house,
Had been to her cupboard, and thievishly fed
Upon the sweet loaves of her newly-baked bread.
Said Charlie, "Dear mamma, I'll set for the thief
My little box-trap, and will bring him to grief;
When the morning shall dawn, he shall settle your bill
For invading your pantry and taking his fill."
The morning had dawned, and Charlie's first thought
Was, "My trap! O my trap!! Is the little rogue caught?"
Then on with his clothing, he rushed through the house,
And found in his box-trap the prisoner-mouse.
The trap was removed to the large sitting-room
And opened; while Charlie, with stick of a broom,
Began such an earnest and desperate chase
With the poor little mouse, who kept up the race;
First into this corner, and then into that;
Then under the sofa, then under the mat;

Then round the room fiercely he kept up the strife,
Now jumping, now dodging, now running for life;
When all of a sudden he wheeled right about,
With courage so calm, so noble and stout,
And standing erect on his little hind feet,
Said, "Charlie, you will not so cruelly treat
A poor little mouse whose hunger had led
Him to take for his supper a piece of your bread,
For He who hath made us and given us life,
Hath taught us 'tis wicked to have any strife;
To me he gave hunger, to you a supply,
And you are my merchant—I just came to buy;
Besides, I'm an orphan, I live all alone,
My house is all dark, my bed is a stone;
My father was drowned in the dairyman's vat,
My mother was killed by a cruel old cat,
And I am now striving to be a good mouse,
Down in the dark cellar that's under your house;
O pity me, Charlie, to me be a friend,
And our great Creator will not fail to send
A bevy of blessings down into your heart,
For the kindness you show me in taking my part."
The Charlie boy listened; then in silence he stood
And said to himself, "It is great to be good."
A tear gathered full in his pitying eye
As he said to the mouse, "You shall not surely die."
He opened the door, the mouse scampered away,
And Charlie went happier out to his play.

F. A. S.

CONCERNING PINS.—Fifteen million pins are said to be daily called for in England, in which 2,727 pounds of brass wire are consumed. Some idea of the consumption of brass wire in the manufacture of pins may be gathered from the fact, that one firm in Birmingham consumes one hundred and fifty tons per annum, or 336,000 pounds. The question, "What becomes of all the pins?" has never been satisfactorily answered. Some philosopher suggests that they fall to the earth and become *terra*-pins.

EXPANSION OF WATER.—The violence of the expansion of water when freezing is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such a thickness as to require a force of 28,000 pounds to produce a like effect.

WOUNDED.

Poor little fluttering robin!
Oh, see its broken wing!
All hushed its mellow warble—
Who could do such a thing?

Now softly, robin redbreast—
My opened hands don't fear;
I'll lift you very gently—
I will, my pretty dear.

I'll give you crumbs; and shelter
From rain and burning sun;
I'll heal your wounded pinion,
You panting, helpless one.

Within my cage protected,
You shall get sound and well;
For every day shall tend you
My loving sister Nell.

Come, innocent, sweet warbler—
Oh, what a cruel wrong
To assault these tender creatures—
To still the gushing song!

L. E.

STORY OF A TEA-LEAF.

SPRING came, and early one bright morning I waked from my winter's sleep and peeped out from my shining little cell in the very heart of a great tea-garden. Up and down, as far as I could see, were long, straight rows of tea-plants, and many laborers with sharp-pointed hats were busy at work among them. No effort was spared to make the most of each little shrub. Fertilizers were sifted or poured about the roots, and every sign of a weed was nipped the minute it dared to show its head.

A few warm, sunny days opened a thousand little leaflets besides myself, and just as we were beginning to rejoice in our new-found life, along came Row Clow, with his braided queue down his back, and stripped off the small, green, tender leaves. By mere good luck I chanced to be spared; all the rest went to make the grand "imperial tea," which only the Emperor and his richest nobles can afford to drink. No doubt it is a very fine thing to have your health sipped from imperial china by the lips of nobles, but I was by no means loth to enjoy the bright sunshine and pleasant dews a few months longer. When the second gathering came off in the spring, I quaked with terror as I saw so many of my gay companions whisked off from their parent shrubs and consigned to the gatherer's basket. No more confidential whispers with them in the pleasant evening hours, when the breezes swept softly by us. Again I was passed by and left to grow to the full size. Of course my nature was much embittered by witnessing the cruel fate of so many of my associates, but it was thought I would make good enough tea for poor folks at home, and for our poor foreign cousins, who would not know the grand imperial if they tasted it. About midsummer, all that remained of us were bustled off to the great factory, there to undergo a series of tortures too shocking almost to write. After being duly assorted according to one's sizes, the smallest being considered the best, we were thrown on to a hot iron or copper plate. Of course we writhed and crackled, but the unfeeling operator only stirred us about with his hands until we were thoroughly shriveled. Then we were thrown out on to mats, and another equally hardened individual began the curling process, rolling us up as hard as fingers could pinch us. Then another roasting process and another curling between the palms of the hand, and so on, until all the kindly

juices were well dried out of us. After various packings and repackings, during which I received much rough usage, I was finally rejoiced to find myself peacefully at rest in a well-lined chest, and enjoying the pleasures of a long sea voyage. But the longest journey has its end, and I at last reached the port to which I had been consigned. After passing through various hands, I was promoted at last to the tea-caddy of a beautiful young mistress, whom I thought it would be a delight to serve to the best of my ability. So I never winced when she poured the boiling water over me, but willingly afforded her my sweetest juices and most fragrant breath. I was well repaid by hearing her say, "That new tea has charmed away my headache." So even a little tea-leaf can be of some use, I thought, if it has a desire to be.

Of course I felt curious to know what would now become of me; though the harsh treatment I had so often received had considerably blunted my sensibilities, I was not a little pleased, however, to see that I was carefully saved with a handful of my companions, and when Friday morning came, I was sprinkled over the carpet of my master's study to help cleanse it. When Bridget's broom began to fly, I managed to flutter down into a little chink in the lower book-shelf, where pencil and paper being at my command, I proceeded to write this brief sketch of my eventful life. House-cleaning day brought it and me to light; and now I am taking my ease at the foot of my mistress' favorite rose-tree, where I trust I may end my days in peace.

A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

And now the day is ending,
With all its toil and care;
My heart to heaven ascending,
Shall offer praise and prayer.

The Lord is ever mindful
Of those who seek his face,
And children, weak and sinful,
May feel His saving grace.

A small lie, if it is actually a lie, condemns a man as much as a big and black falsehood. If a man will deliberately cheat to the amount of a single cent, give him an opportunity, and he would cheat to any amount.

THE MINT.

I HAVE always had a curiosity to see new places and new things, and to know what is going on in the world; so when I visit a strange city, I begin to look about to find out what objects of special interest it contains; and I have thought that some description of things that came under my observation might enlist the interest of my young friends.

The other day I paid a visit to the Mint in the city of Philadelphia. Perhaps you don't know what the Mint is! Well, I will tell you. It is a place where money is coined—that is, where gold and silver are made into proper shape and stamped ready for circulation. Each country has to provide for a national currency, and this is usually done by means of a national mint. The Mint establishment of the United States consists of a principal Mint at Philadelphia, founded by act of Congress in the year 1792, and five branches located in different parts of the country. It is the Mint at Philadelphia that I intend to describe. It is a very large, fire-proof building, made of stone and iron. The walls and the floors are constructed of solid stone, and iron is used in the place of wood for the interior parts.

But the process of making money is more interesting than the building. You must know that gold and silver and copper have to undergo a great many changes before they are fit to be made into money at all. Gold and silver are found only in very small pieces or particles, and then in connection with other substances. They must be separated from these substances; but they are still impure, and must be cast into a furnace of intense heat, where they are melted and purged of the dross. When sufficiently purified, the molten mass is cooled and made into long bars. These bars undergo a flattening process by means of passing them through machinery that is constructed with immense rollers and set in motion by steam. A modern wringing machine gives a very good idea of the manner in which these rollers work. The gold and silver and copper bars are thus pressed through machinery until they are thin enough to be made into money; then they are passed through another kind of machinery that cuts out circular pieces the size of a dollar, half-dollar, dime, cent, or whatever coin is desired. What is left of the bars after these pieces are taken out is again melted and goes through a similar process of cutting, so that nothing is lost. I think the Mint is a very good place to learn lessons of economy: all the little particles and filings of the precious metals are preserved with the greatest

care. In some of the rooms where there is the greatest waste, the stone floors have an open-work covering of iron, which allows the particles to sift through. Then, after a time, this covering is removed, the floor is swept, and all the particles of gold or silver are collected and melted and made again into coin. Gold and silver also become absorbed in the pots in which they are melted; but the pots are purged, and so much is saved that would otherwise be lost.

All the workmen are obliged to change their garments each day when their work is done, so that nothing can be taken from the Mint. There are a good many women employed in the Mint, and they perform the lighter work. They sit at the machines where the gold and silver and copper pieces receive the stamp—or where the die is cast. The metal stamp that gives the impression is called a *die*. Click, click, click it goes up and down, gives the impress as quick as you could wink, when the coins drop into a box, where they are all inspected, and any that are defective are thrown aside to be made over again. After the die is cast, the coins are polished. This is done by machinery also; and very curious it is to see the dull-looking coins going in at one end of a piece of machinery and coming out at the other bright and shining. After the polishing, the coins are counted by an ingenious little arrangement called a counting-board. It is arranged with little cells just the size of the coin to be counted. The money is shoveled on this board, shaken down, the surplus thrown into a kind of tray underneath; and when all the cells are just filled, and no more, they know the amount of money it contains in a very few minutes, when it would take a long time to count it piece by piece. The money is weighed, to ascertain whether it contains the requisite amount of gold or silver. The gold pieces are weighed in a very delicate balance; and if the piece weigh more than is required, the edge is filed off; if it does not weigh enough, it is rejected and made over. After the coins have passed through the entire process and are proven perfect, they are tied up in little bags, and these bags must contain a certain weight. There is one room in the Mint which contains a very large collection of curious coins gathered from all countries from the time of Julius Cæsar down to the present time. There are also a great many prize medals that have been awarded to generals and officers in the army and navy for brave and gallant conduct. There are many other things of interest that I can not now describe; but I would advise my little friends to visit the Mint at Philadelphia whenever they may have an opportunity, and see for themselves.

PEARL PEVERIL.

SHADOW PICTURES.

ANY of you can make them. Try it on the wall in the evening. You can not only make them like the above in the engraving, but many other pictures of different shapes and sizes. Amusement of this kind is much better than that obtained away from home, and among evil companions.

We love to see the children all gathered around the home fireside when evening comes, preparing the lesson for the coming day, or reading some useful and instructive book; and when the lesson is prepared, then some pleasing game to amuse and interest finds its appropriate place. True enjoyment comes from the home where each one strives to make the others happy.

IT is better to be the founder of a great name than its unworthy survivor.

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—No. I.

SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND is a republic, consisting of twenty-two cantons or states. It has an area of fifteen thousand two hundred and sixty-one (15,261) square miles, and its population is over two millions (2,000,000). The climate is cold on the mountains, temperate on the plains, and hot in the valleys. Berne is the capital city.

Switzerland is famous for its romantic scenery; the lakes are small but very beautiful, and the scenery among the Alps is on the grandest scale. It is also noted for the manufacture of watches and jewelry. The German language is spoken by most of the inhabitants; the Italian language in the cantons adjoining Italy, and the French in those adjoining France. The Swiss are remarkable for their love of country, and are distinguished for their bravery, patriotism, and love of freedom; they have a great reverence for ancient customs and institutions, and are characterized by great simplicity of manners, by an open and honest frankness, by hospitality, honesty, and all the virtues of private life. They are also very industrious, and have spread fertility and beauty over places where it seemed to have been the design of nature to be left to everlasting barrenness. They are not particularly fond of dress; they have little round hats; coats and waistcoats of a kind of coarse black cloth. The women wear short jackets, with a profusion of buttons.

It was a remark of Bakewell that, "On entering the mountain villages, nothing can exceed the dirtiness and want of comfort which they represent, except the cabins of the Irish." Other writers vary from this. Aspin says that "the cleanliness of the people, and of their houses, is peculiarly striking; and altogether their manners and customs afford strong points of contrast with those nations which labor under the oppression of despotism and tyranny. The modest cottage," he adds, "can not fail to impress upon the observer a pleasing conviction of the peasant's happiness."

The chief subsistence of the Swiss is derived from their flocks and herds.

There exists a custom, in the mountainous districts of Berne, for families which are related, to unite together in making a common cheese, on which are carved the names of those who are soon to be married. This cheese often serves for the marriage of their descendants. Geneva is distinguished for its schools. The only university in Switzerland is at Basle.

DOG BARRY.

THERE is in the museum of Berne an object which attracts universal attention from visitors. It is only the skin of a rough, hairy dog, stuffed and set up so as to look as natural as life. But that dog had a history. His home was the convent of St. Bernard, away on an Alpine summit. There in pleasant weather he was wont to roll about and play in the porch with his fellows as jolly as any dog. But when the storm came on and the rough weather set in, Barry nerved himself up for the serious business of life; with a little casket of meat and drink tied under his neck, and a warm blanket strapped on his back, he set out in search of lost travelers in those fearful passes. Never a fall of snow so heavy or a fog so thick but Barry could find his way, and his keen scent could discover a traveler at a great distance. If they were not too benumbed to walk, the noble fellow refreshed them with the food he brought, and gladly parted with his warm cloak, and then went bounding joyfully onward to show them the way. If they were fast sinking into unconsciousness, he would warm them with his breath and tongue, pull at their clothes; and if all his efforts to arouse them failed, he would dash off for other help. Forty poor wanderers owed their lives to noble Barry. Surely he had earned a warm, comfortable home in the valley when his age of service was over, and this honorable niche in the museum when his short life was over. There he stands with his bottle and collar about his neck, as if ready to start on his old mission.

Some people live all through a long life and never accomplish as much good as this dog did. There are poor lost wanderers on every side of us—can not you save some? Will you not at least be willing to try as hard as noble Barry did? The good Temperance cause has saved thousands; will you not take the right hold of this work with all the might of your child-hands, and see if you can not save at least one? If every child would bring just one into this army, how old King Alcohol would shake on his throne! If you succeed in winning one sinner from the evil way, I am not a bit afraid that you will stop at that; your success will encourage you to go on in the good work away down to the end of life, I trust. You will never regret having entered under this banner.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

ABOUT THE LOBSTER.—Who does not like the flesh of the lobster? Even the child knows the nursery riddle, "Black in the kitchen, red on the table." Without any warmth in their bodies, or even without red blood circulating through their veins, they are wonderfully voracious. They even devour each other, and may be said to eat themselves; for changing their shell and stomach every year, these remains are generally the first morsel to glut their new system. They are always in harness, heavily armed to the teeth; seven-jointed is the cunningly forged mail of their back. Beneath this protecting roof move four, yes, eight scrawling feet, four on each side, pushing forward the unwieldy war-engine, like the Roman legion under the shelter of the battering ram. The two great claws are the lobster's instruments of provision and defense, and by opening like a pair of scissors, they have great strength, and take a firm hold. Between the two claws lies the animal's head, very small, with eyes like two black horny specks on each side, and these it can advance out of the socket or draw in at pleasure. The mouth, like that of insects, opens lengthwise of the body, not crosswise, as with man and higher races of animals. It has two teeth for its food, but three more in the stomach. Before the pointed nose, the long wire-like feelers or horns are stretched out, that seem to aid the dimness of its sight. The tail, or jointed instrument, is its great locomotive, by which it is raised and propelled through the water. Beneath this we see lodged the spawn in great abundance. When the young lobsters leave the parent, they seek refuge in small clefts of the rocks or crevices at the bottom of the sea. In a few weeks they grow much larger, and change their shell for lobsterhood. In general, this is done once a year, and is a painful operation. For some days before this change, the animal discontinues its usual strength and vigor, lying torpid and motionless; but just before casting its shell striking its claws against each other, every limb seems to tremble. Then the body swells in an unusual manner, and the shell begins to divide—it seems turned inside out, the stomach coming away with its shell. In like manner the claws are disengaged, the lobster casting them off much as you or I would kick off a boot too big for us. For several hours it now continues enfeebled and motionless, but in two days the new skin becomes hardened, and within forty-eight hours the shell is perfectly formed and hard, like the one just cast off. The lobster has increased more than a third in its size, and like a boy that has

outgrown his pants, it seems wonderful how the old shell could contain so great an animal as fills the new. Below, in his native element, he reaches the age of twice ten years, and loses a foot or claws without feeling his loss, for he very well knows that they will grow again. At certain seasons lobsters never meet each other without a fight, and when a leg or even a claw is lost, the victor carries it off, while the vanquished retires for a thorough repair of his injured anatomy. This is quickly accomplished, for in three weeks the new limb is nearly as large and powerful as the old one. When hunting, the lobsters resort to stratagem, if his strength be insufficient. In vain the oyster closes the door against his grasping, vice-like claw, for soon as the unsuspecting muscle opens its house, in he pops a stone, and the breach made, that oyster must surrender! The lobster has his rocky home at a depth of from six to twelve fathoms, and the propagation of his race is continued on in marvelous numbers. More than twelve thousand eggs have been counted in a single female. When he reaches the light he is inactive, but in his own realm he dashes with rapid speed over chasms and rocky table-lands of the ocean. A motion of the tail is sufficient to hurl him down more than fifty feet deep, and thus escape the swiftest pursuit. So sure is this leap, that he never misses the entrance of his cavern, even in the most precipitous flight, although, too, it merely offers space enough to admit his body.

THE PLEASURES OF INSECTS.—Insects most generally lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censer! Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of a summer's air, and nothing to do when you wake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop and fall to and eat your bed-clothes.

WHY is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it's a *scenter*.

WHY is blindman's buff like sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

WHAT are the features of a cannon? Cannon's mouth, canon-ize, and cannon-eers.

WHAT is the key-note to good-breeding? B natural.

WHAT should a man do when his boots leak? Take to his pumps, of course.

A LION IN HIS OLD AGE.—When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, and his talons, teeth, and mind are perfect, and he grows no more. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity, his fangs and talons show no signs of decay; but after that he gradually becomes feeble, his teeth fail him, and he grows "cubbish." He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he is overmatched even by the peaceful ox, so he prowls around the cattle crawls, and snatches a lamb or a kid just as he did when he set out with his parents, nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating any offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field-mouse; so he starves and dies, or is fallen on and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas; or, discovered unable to move, beneath a tree, is knocked on the head by some wandering hunter.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—Take a piece of pasteboard about five inches square, roll it into a tube with one end just large enough to fit around the eye, and the other end rather smaller; hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand (do not grasp it with the whole hand), put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube, be sure and keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book, and objects seen as if through the hole instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube and the left eye the book, and the two appearances are so confounded together that they can not be separated; the left hand can be held against the tube instead of the book, and the hole will seem to be seen through the hand.

WIGGINS was one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed lying in the gutter. Wiggins paused—gazed intently at the dead animal, and at last said: "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck, where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

THE geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be quartz.

SILENCE is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SO many of the old Chatterers are returning to the Merry circle, and new friends also gathering from near and from far, some with short and some with long stories, that we can hardly find time or room to say a word. We are glad to see you all, and extend a cordial welcome. The manipulator lived through the snow banks, and the March winds only serve to sharpen its edge and preserve its temper. They do not always have the same effect upon boys and girls. Temper is usually the easiest thing to lose and the hardest to find. Learn a lesson here, and preserve a merry heart and an even temper. Here is a new-comer, with words of love and songs of cheer :

UP TOWN, *Feb.*

I like the freshness and sparkle of this bright, Merry circle; and as the latch-string always hangs outside the door, there is no withstanding the temptation to peep in.

May I bring our little pet Gracie? a round, rosy-faced little four-year-old, all smiles and sunshine. You should see her—words can not paint the meek, gentle blue eye and love-harboring dimples.

One day I said to her, "Don't do so, Gracie, you'll get sick and die, and then we shan't have any little Gracie."

"Well," she replied, in her thoughtful, deliberate way, "if I do, God can make another Gracie."

Dear, patient, loving, little sunbeam! but few such ever stray earthward to gladden life's rugged way.

A new-comer, dear Annie May, says, "write to me." How I'd like to. Wouldn't I like to take "every mother's child of you" by the hand? There's always room in our Merry hearts and homes for one more, if our family is like the old woman's in the shoe.

So come, come every one,
With words of love we'll greet you,
With a smile and tear, and songs of cheer
Our Merry band will meet you.

Now, dear friends, all adieu.

EULA LEE.

A cordial welcome from all the Merrys for our friend Eula Lee. Our circle is open to all who will walk in and make themselves at home. Little pets are always welcome. Gather them in.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, *Jan.* 30, 1867.

Oh, chatterboxes! Lest you should think that J. Jingle had taken a vow of silence—which would be false as well as extremely absurd—I will write an interesting (?) document to prove that I still live. It's a fact; though youv'e all tried to annihilate me with divers "fell strokes." Nevertheless, battered and bruised and otherwise maltreated, like a bad penny, I've come to light again.

And I mean to "fight it out on this line." As Iva MacGregor doesn't choose to appear, I shall take the "rickety pile" myself, always provided that I can get it; and, as there's no one else to praise, I shall "sound my own trumpet." Behold your sovereign! a delightful compound of statesman, orator, poet, and "chief cook." You know "possession is nine points of the law," and I mean to "hang on" till I'm forced to do otherwise.

By the way, isn't "Sober Ellen's" last "brilliant flash" of silence rather lengthy? What if she, à la I. MacGregor, had left "these parts," and responded not to all the "squarking" made by her supporters, who slightly objected to the blotting system? It's an undeniable fact that I, Jolly Jingle, am *here*.

Juno, box my ears if—you can! Honestly, did I ever give you reason to think that I wore long dresses and a waterfall? Can't one like poetry and still be of the male persuasion? When I don the "round and top of sovereignty," I mean to hold high carnival; there shall be "music in the air," and "legends strange and vague" of "linked sweetness long drawn out," and now and then some "simple and heartfelt lay." All of which will be "tooly looral." King Arthur's Round Table will be nothing to it!

If there's a man, woman, or child who'll lend a helping hand this way,

let him or her speak now, or else forever hold his or her peace.

Yours, on the "pile," JOLLY JINGLE.

Jolly, you are a "chip of the old block," a regular brick from the "rickety pile" itself, but we decidedly object to having a "bad penny" in the sanctum; all we have thus far are as bright and good as ever a genuine article could be; all we have to say now is to be careful. "Dartmouth" is not able to bear all things, and you must not make too much of a spread in your new position.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 24, 1867.

Two nations once went to war about an old bucket. It is a pity, though, if we, civilized (or so supposed to be), must look to the twelfth century for a precedent. Neither rickety pile or bucket is good for ought but fuel.

When we all die, "our ashes shall be equal to kings, our accounts easier, and our pains for our crimes less." So, Cousin Loyalty, mend the times as you will, but meddle not with manipulator or crown. I have written to you, directing to N. H.

"Arrange" what, In the Corner? Gotham? Oh, of course, you'll be on change.

Loyalty, keep the clock going—and I ——?

We loved the old year, and Fleta, and bade both adieu with regret; in the new, may we have a happy time with Aunt Sue.

Cousin Jennie, as we missed a personal acquaintance, may we not have a *letter*-al one?

Coy, have you been taking *bella donna* again, or *offense?* SANS SOUCI.

Will the Cousins please remember that letters directed to Orange, N. J., do not reach me?

DEAR ONES ALL:—I have been still for some time, but I ain't going to do so any more. How do you like my looks? those of you who witnessed my grand display; and then for Metacom to ask if I *took part*—to be sure I did; didn't you hear of the man who was struck? Metacom, if you be a girl, I should like to correspond and ex. photos. Uncle has my address; but if you be not a girl, why, it is another thing.

I am not bloodthirsty, but, W. A. R., I really want to see you; so if you want to gaze on your flying relative, improve the opportunity.

Aunt Sue, I am so glad you have come back.

But you are all getting sleepy watching a wandering SHOOTING STAR.

Jan. 20, 1867.

UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—A happy New Year to you all! What a snow-storm, with various repetitions of the same, we have had! Splendid times for lovers of sleigh-rides, and sleigh-rides of lovers.

Cis, what shall I do? I don't know your address.

Metacom, Gipsy Girl, how do you do? Answer by mail.

Roguish Kate and Oddity, I like you—do you like me? There! what if there are whiskers on your faces!

May Clayton, where are you? married, mad, or murdered?

Welcome, Aunt Sue. COY.

DEAR MERRYS:—I did not know whether I was in or not till I read the letter from "In the Corner." Now I am in, I want to sit down. I'd like to sit by Fairy, and pretty near Mamie.

Gipsy Girl, expect a letter.

Violet Forest, I would like to have you write to me, and any others.

Good-bye, I am a little afraid at first.

Lovingly, DOLLY WIN.

KEESEVILLE, *Feb.* 7, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE:—I wish to correct an error made by your printer (or his evil genius) in the Feb. mag. For the word *form* in the fourth line of remarks to Vincent, 59th page, please read *frown*. Also remarks to Aunt Sue, 11th line, 58th page, should read thus: "For dear Aunt Sue——! I'm speechless with delight." From lack of breath to proceed—you understand! That's all!

SAUCY NELL.

MID-OCEAN.

DEAR PEOPLE:—Do you remember, a long time ago, that a tiny thing appeared in your midst, who had dug herself out from the sea to come to you? One single, solitary message dropped down to me, and then everybody forgot me. I come again now, hoping to be received.

Uncle, may I sit by Fairy?

Allie Frank and Blue-Bell, do deign to say a word to a poor little PEARL.

Jan. 26, 1867.

DEAR COUSINS :—I am here with you once again, to give you all a pleasant greeting, and a welcome to all newcomers.

Annie F. May, you are especially welcome! Are you not willing to not only "almost" but quite know me, and to exchange "photograms?"

Coy, I am waiting very (im) patiently for a letter from you. Shall I have to wait in vain?

W. A. R., that suggestion of yours is really quite an idea! But before we vote, we would state, even at the risk of being considered ignorant, that we would like to know how many and who are the candidates for the "*rickety pile.*"

Ella W., you really deserve to receive a unanimous expression of gratitude from all the Merry circle for that experiment. You shall at least receive the thanks of this Cousin.

HARRY C. H. DOUGLAS.

UNCLE MERRY :—Hear Sid the Ferocious speak!

Shall I consider myself defeated, Merry Cousins, by Saucy Nell's refusal to sway the "rod of empire?"

Shall I consider myself an "unreconstructed rebel," without a pardon, and seek the "sequestered glens in sylvan shades," and become a "lone, lorn" Wanderer on the earth, chasing the "dears" in moccasined feet, and pursuing the shadow of a reprieve

"———o'er dizzy heights,
In pathless forests, dark with shade of night?"

Shall I suffer voluntary banishment, and repent of my long letters in my hermitage?

Or, shall I and you, Mr. Brown, wander off "hand in hand" into the "dark green woods," and let the red-breasts sing the requiem of two more "Babes in the Woods," and cover them up with a bed-quilt of leaves as tenderly and as kindly as of yore?

Or, shall I extol the prowess of Queen Nell's enemies,

"In countless songs immortal,"

after the style of Hiawatha, diving deep into the mysteries and miseries of iambic, hexameter, trochaic, and labyrinthian verse? Shall I—

But no! I will not pester my poor noddle with abstract questions which Jolly Jingle will strive to disprove.

And Merrys all, I call you to witness, that whether my political offenses are forgiven or not, I can forgive my foes. I can whittle away my lance, promise to dance no more W.A.R. dances, and will bury the hatchet (oh, *what* a monster (!) what an *undertaking* (!)), and be perpetually peacefully inclined.

So, I will flaunt the olive branch in the eyes of those whom I have threatened with extirpation.

If you, Jasper, Flib, or any of the Merry circle, see an individual with a complacent countenance tearing through fields of snow and ice, and bearing no visible marks of a victory, "yet shouting "Excelsior," make up your minds it is——not me.

Remember, Merry Cousins, one of the twin "Foundlings in the Woods."

SID.

The hatchet has the advantage of you, and is revenged.

BROOKLYN, *Jan.*

Happy New Year, Merrys. It seems an age, not cab(b)age nor cart(e)age, but a very long time since last I met with you all—how do you do? Come, speak, don't look so astonished; we are *all* here again, new and old, and Aunt Sue too—how grand!!

Fan Frolic, you are *Miss*-taken! When is that "match" to come off?

"Lizzie E. N.," come to Gotham again.

Delia, do de(a)l out a letter to me.

Violet Forest, I wrote last to you.

Uncle, will the long war never cease? Why not have a sealed vote from every Merry sent to the "sanctum," denoting the wish of each for King, Queen, or President, with the choice of candidate?

TAGHCONIC.

RICHMOND, VA., *Jan.* 29, 1867.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, COUSINS, AND ALL :—Please let me come into the "charmed circle," too. Have I not listened to the Merry voices inside long enough to step in and take a seat in some quiet corner? For a year I have lived in "Virginny," but I brought all my "Yankee notions" with me from the old Empire State, and keep them, too. I have been a reader of the Chat for many years, and love all the chatters—can't tell who I love best. Good-bye for the present.

"SASIE."

UPPER ALTON, *Jan.* 17.

DEAR COUSINS ALL :—I have been a reader of your dear MERRY'S MUSEUM for years. I have a *very* dear friend who supplies me with your dear magazine, while I supply her with the *Young Folks*. How we love the Chat!

Blue-Eyes, will you exchange? Ditto *all* the Cousins. Yours Merryly,

PET AND BIRDIE.

Jan. 21.

DEAR COUSINS :— I find, with Kitty Clover, that to be out of sight is to be out of mind with this circle. It's too bad that we haven't a better reputation!

Mamie, in a letter to the Chat, that went dear knows where (Uncle knows!!) last fall, I expressed my regrets that we couldn't correspond. I am very sorry. I would propose to exchange *cartes*, but unfortunately I haven't any of those things at present.

Prairie Rose, what is the matter?

Cousins, isn't it nice to have Jolly Jingle out of the way, and Jasper, In the Corner, W. A. R., and Mamie back again? COUSIN MARY.

Jan. 12.

DEAR MERRYS :—It is some time since I have seen you, and now I would like to say a few words.

Violet Forest, I wrote to you some time ago, but have received no answer yet, although I am in daily expectation of one.

Fan Frolic, I would like to make your acquaintance—please write.

Orena, Jennie Enwood, Lulie C., Gipsy Girl, and Vincent, please write.

Violet Forest, please write, even if you don't get my letter, for I certainly wrote to you. VERBENA.

TEMPERANCE CHIMES. — The National Temperance Society and Publication House have just issued a new Temperence song-book of 128 pages, containing about 150 hymns and tunes, making a neat and attractive book of the same size and shape as the Golden Chain or Shower.

The book is edited by Wm. B. Bradbury and J. N. Stearns, and is adapted to all Temperance organizations and meetings, Bands of Hope, the home circle, etc. Many of the words have been written expressly for the work, and it makes the best Temperance song-book ever published. We cheerfully commend it to all friends of Temperance and good singing. Price 30 cents in paper, 35 cents in board covers. J. N. Stearns, publishing agent, 172 William Street, New York.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

answers all the January Puzzles, and wins his (?) first prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

50. A man starts to walk a certain distance, but "catches a ride" the first part of his journey. How does it follow that having gone the whole distance he finds himself where he first started from?

F. F.

51. How might the act of pricking a person who is half asleep, with a fish-hook, be expressed by the name of an island? *Kruna.*

52. My first, my second, and my whole
Are useful in the dark;
Now prithee tell my name at once—
No need of more remark.

Juvenis.

53. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 1, 8, 11, 16 is to lessen.
My 3, 2, 15, 18, 4 is an opinion.
My 1, 5, 9, 10, 7 is an Indian shrub.
My 17, 13, 6, 7, 16, 9 is a rascal.
My 19, 13, 3, 12 is hasty.
My 4, 10, 14 is a number.
My whole is a maxim. *U.*

54. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 3, 5, 6, 4 is to go down.
My 9, 8, 7 is a cup.
My 1, 2, 9 is a liquor.
My whole is a river in the United States. *Henry Shaw.*

55. I am a word of five letters: in me may be found (1) a plant; (2) to possess; (3) an animal; (4) a piece; (5) to join; (6) harness; (7) to consume; (8) to rack; (9) devoured; (10) moisture; (11) a way; (12) anger; (13) a note; (14) a degree; (15) a weed; (16) an organ, (17) the product of a tree; (18) and maturity. *E. C. W.*

ENIGMATICAL BOUQUET.

56. Hard cream, and a vessel for coffee or tea.
57. A rabbit, and that which will cause him to flee.
58. A mild homely brute, and a part of her face.
59. A fair Roman goddess equipped for the race. *S. F.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed.

60. Thou —— the —— with the —— of gold: behold the ——! *Bittersweet.*
61. A —— often talks ——. *H. A. D.*
62. The —— was feeding near the ——. *Metacom.*
63. The frightful —— sucked the ——.
64. The —— condescended to eat ——. *H. A. D.*
65. U0TT0. *Sigma.*
66. When are bees and criminals alike? *Fred.*
67. Entire, I am a bird; cut me in two, and first you have what I have not, and second, I have what you have not. *C. F. W.*

ANAGRAMS.

68. I prate on, sir.
69. Dear seen. *Fred.*
70. I rebel! no physic in Tim. *Sigma.*
71. Ah! Polly H. do cry; I can! *Double-you-see.*
72. A H W T U O D
T W T H G I N
I A T D A R I
S Y H R E E F
A A I S T H L
Y N D Y O U L

The following question may be new to some of you; it is not so simple as it looks.

73. A blind beggar had a brother, and that brother died and was buried. What relation was the blind beggar to the man who died and was buried. *A. S.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of April.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞ *Business* questions connected with the magazine, if sent to "Box 111" instead of to 172 William Street, New York, will be *punctually* NEGLECTED.

Answers to Puzzles in Jan. No.

1. Dreams.
2. Celia, Alice.
3. Cornelia, Caroline (besides these, have been credited Mary, Myra, Esther, Hester, Ann, Nan, May, Amy and others).
4. Cats, 'scat.
5. Dray, yard.
6. Shoe, hose.
7. "Chum much" has been given as the answer to this, and credited as good, but as it is not the original word, I give the puzzle again this month (No. 61).
8. Beagle, eagle.
9. Pike, Ike.
10. Rasp, asp.
11. Orange, range.
12. Best, vest, rest, test, pest, jest.
13. You ought to govern your passionate emotion.
14. A chair (H. air).
15. Bachelor's buttons.
16. Phlox.
17. Larkspur.
18. Snowball.
19. Cordial.
20. Very hot batter cakes.
21. Anagrams.
22. Write compositions.

Of the above 22 PUZZLES—
CLEM answers all—22.
Genevieve answers all but 20—21.
Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 20—21.
Allie Frank answers all but 20—21.
Rubie Linden answers all but 20—21.

Lennie answers all but 20, 21—20.
F. R. S. answers all but 1, 20—20.
Ora Webster answers all but 6, 8—20.
Belle answers all but 1, 8, 20—19.
Snowbird answers all but 1, 7, 20—19.
C. W. J. answers all but 2, 7, 20—19.
Keystone answers all but 6, 7, 20—19.
Hero answers all but 1, 8, 20—19.
Metacom answers all but 1, 7, 20—19.
Shooting Star answers all but 1, 7, 8, 20—18.
Julian A. P. answers all but 1, 7, 10, 20—18.
Susie answers all but 1, 7, 10, 20—18.
Minnehaha answers all but 3, 5, 7, 20, 21—17
Robbie Eddomes answers all but 2, 3, 5, 7, 20—17.
Cricket answers all but 6. 7, 8, 12, 19, 20—16.
Dewdrop answers all but 5, 7, 14, 17, 20, 21—15.
Snowball answers all but 1, 3, 7, 14, 19, 20—16.
Georgius answers all but 1, 10, 15, 19, 20, 22—16.
M. J. R. answers all but 1, 5, 7, 8, 10, 19, 20—15.
Snowdrop answers all but 6, 7, 8, 12, 16, 19, 20—15.
Gipsy Girl answers all but 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 13, 19, 20—14.
Black-Eyed Annie answers all but 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 18, 19, 20—12.
W. P. S. answers all but 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20—11.
Amanda Tait answers 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 21, 22—7.
Washingtonian answers 1, 10, 11, 15, 16, 17, 18—7.
R. C. L., Jr., answers 5, 9, 11, 12, 18, 21, 22—7.
Perseverance answers 11, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22—6.
Effie answers 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, 14—6.
Zigzag answers 9, 11, 21, 22—4.
Willie A. Bishop answers 10, 11—2.

Notices to Correspondents.

Metacom, that's right, don't leave us.

Hero, I question whether I am the one to be "congratulated."

Dewdrop, a pretty good "first attempt!"

W. A. R., thanks for your kind greeting. Next time I get snow-bound at Troy, *see* if I don't find that house!

Shooting Star, has your "mind" come home yet? If you had as much snow in Iowa as we had in New York, it was bad weather for it to be "wandering" in.

Keystone, had I found "sacque" in an English dictionary, I should have credited you with answering No. 6. Did you receive your prizes safely?

Double-you-see, your prizes were sent to the address given—have you received them?

Rubie Linden, I'm glad you're "glad."

Pearl, your letter was a perfect little gem; I only wish that some with half your merit had a quarter of your modesty.

Max, if you should try on the above "cap," you'd find that it fitted you beautifully. Don't forget that there are a great many puzzles waiting to get into the MUSEUM that take precedence of yours, both as regards time and merit.

Roguish Kate, many thanks for your hearty letter, but my modesty wouldn't allow me to appropriate all the praise.

Lennie, you did indeed "do well for the first time."

F. R. S., your initials are very suggestive to an Englishwoman. You *are* a "Fellow of the Royal Society" when you belong to the *Merrys*, are you not?

Clem (Pittsburg), please send your full address. Haven't I seen your handwriting before?

Ora Webster, only you and *Clem* answered No. 20.

Gipsy Girl, I thought I "saw into it" without looking; any way, I didn't "push!"

Saucy Nell, *Lulie C.*, and *Moss Rosebud*, considered yourselves kissed.

Effie, did you write that letter your own little self?

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Roguish Kate and Oddity, Bob White, Jay, Belle, Zigzag, Willie H. Bishop, Genevieve, Shooting Star, Allie Frank, and Mermaid.

SPELLBOUND.

"WILLIE! Willie!" There was a loud call for Willie everywhere, indoors and out. But he was not to be found in his old haunts; and Maggie, the maid, had trotted up and down, here and there, until she was quite out of breath, and temper too; and mamma began to look anxious.

It was not like Willie to steal away slily, for he was an obedient though a wide-awake boy.

"He must be about the place somewhere," mamma said. So Maggie started out once more; and going to a shaded part of the grounds, espied him at last seated in a great rustic garden chair, quite lost in a new book Uncle James had given him. So still was he, that a squirrel had crept down on a neighboring branch, and was eying him askance, as if he would say, "What's to pay now? Willie is caught napping!" Then the birds sang, and the leaves rustled, and the grasshoppers were holding a regular jubilee just at his feet; but he was deaf to everything.

"Faix, an' it's a fine hunt you're afther givin' me, this busy mornin', Masther Willie," exclaimed the irate Maggie, "and coompany at the house too, and your mother in such a way about yees."

Willie looked up in surprise; "Why, I've been here all the time

—easy enough finding me, I'm sure! But this is the jolliest book, Maggie—full of pictures and stories and puzzles. Oh, it's ever so nice! I'd rather stay here and read, than see all the company you can scare up."

"*I'm* not scarin' anybody; it's yerself that's doin' that same, shure, and your Aunt Annie and Cousin Charlie afther comin' too."

"Whew! is that so?—come on, then!" and Willie was himself again, and off like a kite.

Mrs. Grant saw him coming up the walk, book in hand, and understood in a moment how matters stood.

"There! if it isn't that bound copy of the Museum that's bewitched the child," she said, laughing heartily; "no wonder he was deaf."

In he came, his face all aglow, his frank, kindly ways winning all hearts; in fact, just the sort of boy one fancies our Merry band composed of.

Eula Lee.

A TRUE STORY.

BY M. A. L.

I wish to write for the Merrys
Some little story in rhyme,
And know, if I wish to please them,
Truth must adorn every line.

The world is so full of sorrow,
I know not how I can sing;
Even now, methinks the spring breezes
To my ears a wailing bring.

Shall I tell you of two little children*
Who were drowned on Thursday last week?
Only four—only two—pleasant ages!
Just learning love's language to speak.

The sweetest of all precious darlings
They seem to me even now;
They played and they prattled together,
Their sunny curls shading each brow;

* Drowned in a small brook in Torringford, Ct., February 14th, Wilbur Hewitt, aged 3 years and 7 months, and Lizzie, aged 2 years and 4 months, only children of Alstyne Bioge.

Together they strayed to the meadow,
And only a moment before
Their mother heard their sweet laughter,
Beside her own open door.

Oh, pretty and sparkling brooklet!
Thither their little feet sped.
Oh, treacherous banks with frost breaking!
There found they a watery bed.

Icy cold—icy cold—oh, poor mother!
Whose eyes were the first to see;
What can be said for her comfort—
What comfort her misery?

"In death they were not divided;"
They lie now with clasped hands.
Together their spirits in heaven
Have joined with the angel bands.

I can not tell of the sorrow
With which those fond parents mourn—
I can not describe the silence
That reigns in that desolate home!

But I remember with anguish,
I, too, once buried a child,
And feel to pity those weepers,
Weeping in agony wild.

Weeping, but not despairing,
Their *know* where their loved ones rest,—
In the holy home in heaven,
Together on Jesus' breast.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER VI.—LIFE IN THE MILL.

TIME and tide wait for no man," it has been said, but Ike was never behind time; and whether in the mill or at home, was constantly and profitably employed. Weeks and months pass away, but Ike changes not. His habits are the same, and his conduct is a constant rebuke to the evil-doers around him. They do not cease to make sport of him, and throw every obstacle in his way, but he pities them the more, and daily gains over them.

His straightforward goodness, his frankness, his readiness to turn a hand to help any one, his constant good temper, have softened the hearts of many and commanded the respect of all.

They don't swear quite so loud when he is near. The tone of conversation is lowered when he approaches. Boys appeal to him as a last resort, as a proper umpire in their squabbles, whose word ends the dispute, and whose condemnation is equal to a thrashing. The larger boys speak of him as a strange lad who is afraid of his father, while the smaller boys call him "Master Ike."

He treats all alike, and, when opportunity offers, cautions them against their evil doings. He has been several times seen to converse very earnestly with "old drunken Jenkins, the nobbler," and for two weeks at least the old man has acted "sober-like."

Everybody wonders. Ike wonders too, but prays as well.

Three weeks—four—five—six weeks pass away, and Jenkins is sober. He looks better—he even speaks without swearing. He talks with Ike every day, and every one notices that they shake hands every morning.

Jenkins is a strange old chap, and not one finds it in his heart to ask him what's the matter. He does not cuff his daughter, Ann, any more, when she brings his dinner at twelve o'clock. He smiles upon her, and lets her sit beside him on the bench before the fire while he eats. Stranger still, Ann has a new frock and new shoes, and looks

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

like another person. All this seems to please Jenkins. He looks on her dotingly, and even calls her "Nanny."

Jack Taff, the public-house keeper, at whose den most of Jenkins' money used to be spent, has been seen lately, three or four times, hankering about the mill, casting a bothered look at Jenkins, but keeping his distance. His last score has has been standing against him, and Jack Taff fears to lose so good a customer, hence his disposition to wait. But his anxiety the meantime is wearing his patience, and he tries hard to get a chance at Jenkins when he is alone.

It is remarked, too, that Jenkins drinks water for dinner, and does not go three or four times behind the nobbling fire, during a heat, to caress an old, black demijohn, the mute inspirer of his former sprees at the mill. But Taff must be paid.

"Ten shillings is ten shillings, even if spent for ale and tobacco. I have done with Jack Taff, though," said Jenkins to Ike one day; "but he must be paid."

"Give him a word of warning," suggested Ike.

"Warning, lad!—give Jack Taff a warning! If the dirty homes, and dirtier brats, and beastly fathers and mothers, and the rags and wretchedness of this tin-mill are no warning to Jack Taff, nothing old Jenkins could say would move him, laddie!"

The next time Taff entered the mill, looking anxiously about and eying nervously poor old Jenkins, an amusing scene occurred, that carries a moral lesson with it too.

Jack watched Jenkins, and Jenkins watched Jack.

There was a mutual distrust and abhorrence; yet Jack seemed to say, "Pay thy score," and Jenkins, "You have scored the last farthing."

Presently Jenkins was seen to take from his waistcoat pocket a small roll, heavy and compact, evidently packed with care. Seizing his opportunity, he cried out, "Oh, Jack Taff, you've scored the last against me and mine—you've taken the last crumb from old Jenkins' table, and the last farthing from his pocket. Take this, and wipe the name of Jenkins from your devil's black-board." With that, he threw the roll of silver, exactly ten shillings, at Taff's head, and turned to his work.

Taff, pale and frightened, caught the money, and left the mill amid the jeers and shouts of all hands.

It was a strange way to pay off old scores, but it had its influence on all who witnessed the scene. In an instant every one knew what had come over Jenkins.

Through Ike's persuasions he had signed the pledge.

"He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

Everybody wondered!

The whole neighborhood was stirred!

A great thing had happened! Old Jenkins became a great curiosity all at once, and men, women, and children looked at him, as he passed along, with strange expressions of surprise. Jenkins had nothing to say. Every one could see that he was a different man. Heretofore he was a drunken sot half the time, and kept his jug of ale always handy, but now it is clear that he is a cold-water man.

Heretofore, he used to go from the mill dirty and greasy, and as he passed Jack Taff's, stop to talk and drink; but now, after the day's work is done, he is seen to wash his face and arms in the "bosh," and comb his hair, and put on his tidy jacket, and with his bucket in his hand, and perhaps a charcoal "brand," walk straight home, never so much as looking toward Taff's.

He looks so much better, too.

He has a clean, clear eye, which was dull and blood-shotten before.

He even smiles sometimes, especially when "Nanny" comes with his dinner, or when Ike passes along.

He does not fly into a passion now, and throw down the "bar" with an oath, when he can not draw cinder from the fire. All these things are noted, and his changed ways cause no little gossip among his former boon companions.

Ike looks on quietly, and has great joy.

Mr. Lewis, even, has heard of the strange ways of old Jenkins, and watches him occasionally, as he passes through the works. But his attention is chiefly drawn to Ike—modest, unassuming, active, and faithful Ike.

"Too good for a tin-mill," murmurs Mr. Lewis to himself, as he turns away.

"A strange lad, to be sure, is that Ike Cottle, Mr. Roache."

"Aye, indeed, sir," is that gentleman's answer, as he touches his hat to Mr. Lewis.

CHAPTER VII.—HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

NEXT Saturday, Ike met with a great surprise. When he went to the clerk's desk to be paid, he couldn't help noticing the pleasant face of Mr. Roache, who gave him seven shillings instead of four. He

retired behind the office, and counted the money over and over again. He could not understand it.

"Surely," thought he, "some one else's wages is mixed up with mine, and I must have the mistake rectified."

He soon re-entered the office, and walking directly up to Mr. Roache, handed him back the money, quietly calling the clerk's attention to the mistake.

Mr. Roache took the money and audibly counted the seven shillings, and gave them back to Ike.

"No mistake, Cottle."

"Please, sir, there are seven shillings instead of four," said Ike, a good deal confused.

"That's right," said Mr. Roache, "I was ordered to give you seven, by Mr. Lewis."

Ike was almost stunned with joy. His wages had been increased. He fairly trembled with excitement, and the brightest visions chased each other through his mind.

Mr. Lewis, sitting in the back office, the door being open, overheard the conversation between his clerk and Ike, and was entirely pleased with Ike's noble manner. So he called him into his office.

"Well, Ike, my lad, you thought there was a mistake, did you?"

"Indeed I did, sir, for I never got seven shillings before."

"Don't you think you earn seven shillings a week, Ike?"

"As to that, sir, perhaps I do, from six to six, except Saturdays; but you were very kind to give me four."

"Well, never mind about that; I have increased your wages to seven shillings because I see you are a deserving lad, and I know about old Jenkins. But why did you return the money to Mr. Roache?"

The blood rushed to Ike's face as he warmly answered: "Please, Mr. Lewis, how could I take seven shillings instead of four?"

"But it was no mistake, lad, you were entitled to seven."

"But I didn't know that, sir; I was taken by great surprise, and couldn't help thinking there was a mistake."

"Do you think, supposing it to have been an oversight, that Mr. Roache would have found it out?"

"As to that, sir, I did not think, neither can I tell, but I did not want what was not mine by rights."

"Well, Ike, you have learned how to be honest; I am glad to see you so well acquainted with the commandments. Stick to your

principles, my lad; honest boys are the best boys, and make the best men. Now tell me about Jenkins."

Mr. Lewis was more and more pleased, as Ike artlessly told the story of the reformed drunkard. On parting, Mr. Lewis put into Ike's hand a small scrap of paper, saying, as he did so:

"Ike, my lad, I make you a little present for the good you have done, for being careful at your work, and for being honest."

On the way home he peeped at the mysterious paper, and, to his great joy, read as follows:

"MR. PHILLIPS, Clothier, 37 Chesterfield Street, N—p—t:

"Please furnish Ike Cottle, the bearer, with a tidy suit of clothes for Sunday wear, and charge to the account of

"Yours, etc.,

"T—e D—e Tin Works, "JAMES LEWIS."

"*July* 19, 1838."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I MUST GO HOME."

"I MUST go home—it rains!" cried a little boy one day as he paused in the midst of a game at base-ball.

"Go home? Fudge! It don't rain enough to melt salt, Willie," replied one of his playmates.

"Yes it does," responded Willie, throwing down the bat. I must go. My mother told me I must, if it rained."

"Never mind your mother," said Tom Owen. "You aint sugar—you won't melt. Stay and finish the game."

"I won't disobey my mother for any of you," replied Willie, planting his foot firmly on the ground and looking with a brave eye at his playmates.

The next moment Willie was running swiftly along the road toward his home. The boys shouted "Baby," "Milksop!" "Pretty little doll!" and other like names, after him; but he paid no attention to their jeers. He was doing his duty. His mother's smile and kiss more than healed the wounds made in his feelings by the idle words of his playmates. What do you think of him?

What do you think of his mocking companions? I think they deserved—well, what do you think they deserved?

IN good times we are better than ourselves; in bad times worse.

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—No. 2.

GERMANY.

GERMANY contains an area of ninety thousand (90,000) square miles, and its population is sixteen millions (16,000,000). In general, the Germans are a hardy and robust people, with light hair and blue eyes. The Hanoverians are represented as tall, fair, and well made. The women have fine complexions, fair hair, and many of them a delicacy of feature which it is said would rival the greatest beauties of other countries. The Saxon women are often with fair complexions, and a sprightly expression in their countenances. The Bavarian women are lively and graceful, but their charms are mostly personal, for mental cultivation is at a very low decline among them, and they are greatly devoted to pleasures and trifling pursuits.

Travelers say that the German houses excel in comfort any others in Europe. They have but few carpets on their floors, and their beds are very narrow and short. In the north of Germany, when a person is sick, a book is laid on the table in the hall, in which is recorded, morning and evening, the state of the patient; the friends who call to inquire after the health of the one who is sick gain all the intelligence they desire from this book, but seldom see any of the family.

Dancing is a favorite and common amusement. The waltz is a national dance, and originated in this country. Another favorite amusement in Germany is the chase; but this is confined to the royal family and nobility. Next to the Italians, the Germans are the most successful cultivators of music. Nearly every large city supports several bands of music, and in almost every town singing boys are maintained by the citizens, to sing at funerals and at public worship. The most celebrated German composers are Mozart and Beethoven. The Germans do not compare with other nations in painting and sculpture, but their literature is rich. In the north of Germany the means of education far surpasses every other country. In some of the states every child is obliged to attend school; and in Saxony there is hardly a peasant that can not read or write.

THE FUTURE PRESIDENT.

"SEE, there's Tom Lawson, digging into his old newspaper," said Bill Dickson, as he strolled down the street, with a stump of a cigar in his mouth, talking with two or three companions as worthless as himself. Thomas was sitting on the pleasant portico of his home, hastening to finish a newspaper article before the daylight faded.

"Now don't he look as if he was reading for a wager?" continued Bill, with a sneer. "Let's ask him how much his father pays him for sitting out there and looking so knowing. The old man sets up for the Legislature, you know, but my father says he'll know it when he gets there. Goes in for 'no license,' 'Maine laws,' and all them things, that take away all the poor man's rights and comforts. Hollo, Tom! can you tell us if the price of whisky has riz since the last accounts?"

Tom looked up with a little surprise, but he answered Bill good-naturedly:

"I can not inform you, as I never felt interest enough in it to look." Then he quietly left his seat, and walked into the house, finishing his reading by the sunset window.

Thomas was not a boy to parley with evil associates when he could help it.

The other lads lounged along down the street, laughing and jeering at poor stay-at-home Tom.

"Now I don't suppose that fellow ever dares to go out after dark —unless he is sent," said Dave West. "I wouldn't be tied up so, I can tell you. It's not many nights I am in before eleven, and mother has learned better than to make a fuss about it; I soon let her know that I was my own man." And the bold, bad boy rounded his sentence with a fearful oath. They presently halted before a low saloon, and after some quarreling over the few coppers they could muster among them, went in to get a drink.

You need not think Tom envied their liberty, as he observed the direction their steps had taken. At a suggestion from his mother, he promptly laid aside his paper, and walked out to cut up the kin-

dlings for morning. There was a manliness in his step, and an energy in the very swing of his arm, as he wielded his ax, quite different from the lounging, slovenly air of the boys who had just passed. Even chopping wood can indicate character. His work was not mere drudgery to him, for his mind was full of profitable thoughts and high hopes, suggested by what he had been reading. When the heart is light, the hands work willingly.

There is a boy living now who will be the future President of the United States. You will not find him lounging about the tavern steps, or in the liquor saloons, wasting all his precious school-days. That is not the kind of President we want.

You will very likely find our President, when the other duties of the day are over, eagerly reading the newspapers, and informing himself about the age and country in which he lives. He knows all about the Atlantic Telegraph and the Pacific Railroad, and can tell whether Grant and Sherman were on our side or not in the war. I hope, though, he does not read any bitter party newspapers, for no one was ever made wiser and better by them.

A good religious newspaper, which keeps up with the times, is one of the best educators for our little President. I do hope his father takes one. Let us pray, children, that God will send us a Christian President, and one who sets his face like a flint against wickedness in high places. Now, boys, who will be candidates? Who will fit himself by his intelligence and excellence for this high position? Make the most of all your powers, boys, and then you will be the best fitted for whatever sphere God sees fit to place you in. Daniel Webster once remarked, that he always noticed in school and college a marked difference between those who read the papers and those who did not. Other things being equal, the former always excelled the latter in composition, in debate, and in general intelligence.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

HE who lives without an object, at hap-hazard, as they say, has a dull life of it. In the moral life, to have enjoyment, we must have an aim, and reach it. Now, whatever is aim is limitation. Not only is there no virtue where there is no rule and law, but there is not even pleasure. The very plays of children have laws, and would not exist without them; these laws are always a restraint, and, nevertheless, the more strictly they are obeyed, the greater is the amusement.

CANNING PEACHES.

"WILL aunty give us a peach?" cried Herbert and Willie, as they came rushing into the piazza where Aunt Amy sat, paring peaches for canning.

"Do, pease," chimed in little Allie; "we are so tired of paying, and it's so cool and shady here. May we all have a peach, aunty?—just one."

"Give me that yellow peach, aunty—may I have it?" said Ned, as he selected one of the finest from the basket.

"Will you have it now, Ned, or wait until next winter, when the can is opened?" said Aunt Amy, with a quiet smile.

"I'll take it now; 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" was the quick reply as the coveted peach was appropriated.

"Oh, Ned! aunty didn't say you might have it," said honest little Allie.

"Well, she meant yes, if she didn't say it—I saw it in her eye."

"It would have been more polite, my boy, to wait until I gave you a peach. Now, Allie, as Ned has supplied himself, you shall choose one for the others, if you can tell me how many peaches it will take to give one apiece all 'round."

"Oh, that I can tell easy—one for Erby, and two for Willie, and thee for me, and that makes"—

"Seven," shouted Willie; "you are a capital hand to count."

"I didn't say seven, Willie Marsh, and you needn't laugh at me, for I dess I know—one for Erby, two for you, and thee for me makes only just thee—don't it, aunty?"

"But there are only two big peaches here," she said, as she held up one in each hand and looked sorrowfully in the basket.

"Well," said Will, "who shall have the two big ones?—give me one, won't you?"

"Yes I will, 'cause you gave me that big apple yesterday—and Erby dis oder big one, 'cause he is the biggest," she said, hesitatingly.

"Too bad there aint another like this for you," said Herby; "but never mind, you shall have a big bite of mine."

"Now let me select for you, Allie," said Aunt Amy, as she placed

in each hand a rosy rare-ripe. "You shall have two, because you were so generous as to give your brothers the largest."

"Oh, tank you, tank you, aunty. I'll div Erby half of dis one, 'cause he was going to give me part of his."

"If I was housekeeper," said Ned, whose peach had disappeared, and he sat scraping the stone, "I would have those peaches for tea, and not be troubled with canning them; they are lots better now than they will be after they are cooked. What's the use of always storing and saving, anyhow?"

"Not a very hard question, Master Ned. If there were no saving and storing, what would we do when winter comes?"

"Oh, we always have plenty to eat in winter; I think we fare better then than any other time."

"I think you are not far from right there, my boy; but how is it? What do we have on the table in the winter?"

"Oh, bread and meat and potatoes, of course—we have them the year round; but in winter come mince-pies, and pumpkin pies, and doughnuts and crullers."

"And roast turkey and cranberry sauce," called out Willie. "What grand times we have Thanksgiving and Christmas! I wish winter was here now!"

"But where do you get all these good things?"

"Why, ma and you and Bridget make them."

"But we can not make them without something to make them of. If the apples were not gathered and garnered in the fall, and the cranberries picked and taken care of, and the turkeys raised and fattened, and the pumpkins planted and gathered in the summer and autumn, our tables would miss their accustomed load on Thanksgiving-day and Christmas. Not even a loaf of bread nor a potato could be had without the patient planting in the spring and the industrious ingathering in the fall."

"I think my foolish question is answered, aunty. It is store and save—or starve; but I never thought much about it before. It seemed as if everything came out of the cellar or pantry, but I didn't think of the work to get them there."

"Yes, it takes work, and self-denial, too. Here, now, are these peaches that you would like for supper. We do not need them now, for we have plenty of fine apples and pears; but, next winter and spring, peaches will be a rarity; and I think I know more than one little boy that will be glad aunty canned the peaches."

"I shall, I know," said Will.

"I suppose I shall not be very sorry then; but just now I don't feel particularly glad over it," said Ned, as he turned a somersault over the railing.

"You must not think too much of present pleasure, my dear children, and too little of the future. The present is the time to prepare for the future, in summer for winter, in youth for age. Little boys and girls like you are in the spring-time of life, and now is the time for you to be studying and learning some good thing every day, storing it up in your minds, so that when you grow up you may be good and wise; but if you waste all your time in idleness and play while you are children, when you are grown up, your minds will be like empty cupboards."

"You mean, aunty, we ought to study our lessons well enough to remember them, don't you?" said Herby, in a thoughtful tone.

"Yes, Herby. If you will study your lessons, not as a dreaded task, because your teacher requires it, but because of the benefit to your own minds, you will find it much pleasanter work, as well as far more profitable."

"I'll remember, aunty, about the empty cupboards, and try to fill mine before I am a man," said Ned; "if I do have to study hard for it, I believe it will pay."

"Nothing else will pay like it, my dear boy. But I must leave you now; you can divide the remainder of the peaches in the basket among yourselves."

"Oh, thank you—thank you," rang out the full chorus of voices, as Aunt Amy with kettle and cans disappeared through the kitchen door.

"Hurrah! there are two apiece all 'round," shouted Will, who had seized the basket.

"Isn't Aunt Amy a dood aunty?" lisped little Allie.

"I believe I'll get my books right now, and study my lessons for to-morrow," said Ned, as he flung away his last peach stone.

"And so will I," said Herby.

Will, too, ran for his books, and Allie hunted up her primer; and soon the busy hum of conning lessons told that aunty's precepts were being carried into practice. OLIVE.

INSTEAD of complaining that the rose has thorns, I congratulate myself that the thorn is surmounted by roses, and that the bush bears flowers.

ASTRAKHAN, RUSSIA.

THIS city, the capital of the government by that name, is situated on an elevated island in the Volga, about thirty miles from the Caspian Sea. It was a fortified city, with embattled towers; but the walls are in a dilapidated condition, and many of the stones have been removed by the inhabitants. The houses are irregularly built, some of wood and some of stone. There are in all about 150 streets, 50 squares or public areas, eight market-places, and nine earthen bridges. There are several public buildings of note, including the cathedral, thirty churches, and fifteen mosques, many of them richly ornamented and gaudily furnished. From the towers of the cathedral a fine view of the city is obtained, with its broad streets and canals bordered by trees, the haven covered with ships, and of the broad, majestic Volga, with its beautiful green islands. The cathedral is in the form of a parallelogram, with four small gilt and painted cupolas on the roof, and a large one in the center, for the admission of light. Its walls inside are hung with coarsely painted pictures, set in costly frames.

The haven of Astrakhan is now so sanded as to leave only about six feet depth of water, so the large vessels have to land their cargoes on an island nearer the Caspian. The resident population is about fifty thousand.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER X.—THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

LITTLE Frank's cupboard was such a success, that he resolved to try his hand at another enterprise, on a somewhat larger scale. So, after planning it one night, until he fell asleep, and dreaming over it after that, he drew a "ground plan" of his project on paper, and submitted it to his mother for inspection. It was nothing less than a baby-house for his little sister, made out of a small dry-goods box. There were to be two stories to it, a parlor and kitchen down stairs, and two bed-rooms up stairs. The whole was to be papered beautifully on the inside, and mother was to have the privilege of putting down some little velvet carpets, and Frank would fit a nice oil-cloth on the kitchen. He had seen such an establishment once at a fair, and had taken close observation for his lttle sister's sake. Indeed, Frank was a famous boy for using his eyes wherever he was. Some grown-up people need yet to learn "the art of seeing," even when things are just before their faces.

Mother liked the plan, and thought it would be a beautiful birth-day gift for his little sister. She promised to help him all she could, when he came to furnishing it, and to add several nice little articles of furniture. Frank thought he could make the center-table, and mother promised a nice little cover for it. The house was to be made so that the whole front might be unhooked and taken down; then Grace could arrange her establishment to suit herself. Frank was not a boy to wait and doze over his projects. When once his mind was made up, he went ahead and executed his plans. In other words, "when he had anything to do he did it." An excellent motto for all boys, as well as girls.

So, when he had time to work unobserved, he planed away at his box, tucking all the parts into it again and setting it "wrong side outward" when he had done. Grace rummaged about in the attic as usual, from time to time, but never suspected the grand secret so near her. There stood the old box that had always been there as far as she knew, with its rough side toward her, looking as innocent as could be.

On the night before her birth-day little Grace went to bed early so she might wake with the sun and see what the fairies had brought her for a birth-day present. She knew very well who those fairies would be.

Frank peeped into her little bedroom adjoining mother's, not long after, to see if she was asleep. Having satisfied himself, he stole up into the garret, and soon came down with his arms full.

"Now, mother," he said, very eagerly, as he set it out on the stand.

Mother brought out a basket of treasures she had been collecting, and the work of house furnishing was begun in earnest.

"Very well done, indeed, my boy," said papa, as he looked at the neat little cottage with its four lace-covered windows and neatly finished doorway. Then the front was unhooked and set up against the wall, and mother took up a roll of remnants left in cutting the parlor carpet, and very soon fitted all the floors.

"I think I must contribute some pictures for the walls," said papa, and forthwith went up to his study.

Would you like to know all the things that Grace had in her house? Well, I will tell you as many as I can remember, for it is some time since I saw it. I know there was a neat little bed with a white-fringed counterpane over it, and a pair of twin china babies fast asleep in it. Just beside it was a tiny wash-stand with a bowl and pitcher on it; and such a cunning little bureau with three drawers! I did not look inside of them, but presume they were to hold her babies' best dresses. There was a wardrobe in the next room, and a cradle with another member of the family in it. Grace had a great many children to sew for, and it kept her busy. (Her father talks of buying her a sewing-machine, but has not yet.)

Just walk down stairs, please. Such a narrow, dainty pair, carpeted with a little strip of table oil-cloth. If you are little enough, you can take a seat on this sofa. Ah, no! a young lady is sitting there, very stately and prim. You would be likely to disturb her. The little gilt clock on the mantle points to ten. There is a rosebud in each of these little vases, and a sprig of heliotrope. How fragrant they make the whole little parlor! The kitchen is as neat as wax-work, you perceive; and I am sure that little cook-stove, with its kettles and wash-boiler and frying-pans, will please Grace beyond everything else. Here stands black Dinah, with her broom in her hand, all ready for active service. Papa has hung up four dear little pictures on the walls. How they brighten everything within!

"I think we will close it up now for the night," said mother, "or pussy may take it into her head to make her bed in the parlor."

It was all opened in the morning, though; and the first thing Grace saw when she came down stairs was her beautiful new baby-house. She stopped a moment and regarded it intently, and then such a look and such an exclamation of delight as she spatted her little hands together! Frank felt more than paid. The sudden excitement made her shiver for a minute with a hard, nervous chill, but mother folded a shawl about her, and in a few minutes she was quite herself again. For once her busy little tongue was still. It seemed quite enough for her to use her eyes. She took a seat before it, looking it through and through before she touched an article. By-and-by, on glancing up, she caught sight of Frank's laughing face, looking down upon her. Then she threw her arms about him, and almost cried for joy.

"Some day I'll do something for you, Frankie boy," she said, and then returned to her housekeeping once more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TRUE STORY OF DOG JACK.

JACK is a very honest-looking doggie, and belongs to a very honest master; but I am sorry to say he will steal. Some dogs are dull and stupid, like some boys I know of, and never seem to know whether they are taking what belongs to them or to somebody else. But Jack is bright, and knows that he ought not to steal just as well as the little boys who read about him here.

Not far from his home is a large chicken-coop belonging to a boy about nine years old. There are some Black Spanish chickens in this coop which are very handsome, and all lay such large eggs, and so many of them, that Ned is very proud of them, and gives them all the bits from his mother's table for dessert, after they have eaten their corn dinner. Jack kept an eye on this coop, and sniffed out the dainty morsels; and as the door was left open this winter for the hens to go in and out as they pleased, he walked in and out too, with a very innocent face, and picked up a bone or two as if it was something that he had never heard of before. But when nobody was looking, he buried the bones very carefully, and then marched around

the garden, as if he had been stationed there to keep cats and dogs from robbing the hens.

When Ned found out that Jack, and not the chickens, ate all the dainty bits, he put them inside the covered coop instead of leaving them in the latticed yard. There was an opening into this large enough for the hens to pass in and out, but not a quarter large enough for a great Newfoundland dog.

Jack came as usual, and saw at once how things stood. Ned, who was watching from the house, thought he would look disappointed; but Ned was mistaken. He surveyed the premises leisurely, took a look at the garden to see that all was in good order, and went off in a very cheerful mood. He was laughing to himself, you see, all the time. In about five minutes he returned with a poor little dog about the size of a good-sized cat, walked up to the opening with him, and then turned and faced the house with that very honest look that always meant mischief. The little dog went in without any trouble, and brought out a bone, which he laid at Jack's feet, waiting till he had buried it; then went for another, Jack keeping watch all the time in the same sober way, and so on till every bone was brought out and buried. Ned was so much amused, that he did not disturb the dogs that day; but when he caught Jack alone, he gave him such a talking to, that he was ashamed, if not sorry; and the chickens can eat in peace now, without the fear of small dogs before their eyes; for the little fellow who did Jack's stealing has never tried it for his own benefit. Very likely Jack, in his own dog language, has told him that honesty is the best policy for curs as well as Newfoundlands.

E. L. M.

THE CHILD'S JOY IN SPRING-TIME.

How glad I am that spring has come, with all its sunny hours,
Its primroses and violets and star-like daisy flowers,
The blackthorn with its snowy bloom that makes the hedgerows gay,
And the meadows sweet with cowslips which call us out to play!

The birds are caroling in bush and tree and brake,
And the stately swans are floating down the scarcely ruffled lake;
The young lambs, by their mother's side, are playing in their glee,
And, hark! there is the humming of the "little busy bee."

The cuckoo in the woodlands, with his merry mocking voice,
Seems calling on the children in the spring-time to rejoice;
The lowing herds are browsing in the sweet and fragrant grass,
And buttercups by thousands greet our footsteps as we pass.

How thankful for the spring-time we children ought to be!
For now we all can run about with spirits blithe and free,
Nor fear the biting east winds that blow so cold and strong,
And kept us by the "ingle nook" throughout the winter long.

How good and kind of God it is to make the earth so fair,
And cause the pretty perfumed flowers to spring up everywhere!
We ought to love Him for His gifts, His goodness, and His grace,
And learn from nature's own book its maker, God, to trace.

Distance to the Sun.—Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many miles is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow to be old, and die—without seeing the sun; for it is distant more than a hundred years from us! But what is this compared to the distance of the star called Neptune? Had Adam and Eve started by a railway to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the center of our system!

A man who shows no defect is a fool or a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

THE following is easily committed to memory, and will fix in the mind the order of succession of the various sovereigns of England:

First William the Norman;
Then William, his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry;
Then Richard and John.
Next, Henry, the third;
Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotsman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles too;
Next James, the second,
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on,
Till Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria,
May she long be the last!

CURIOSITIES OF WATER.—Water exists around us to an extent and under conditions which escape the notice of cursory observers. When the dyer buys of the drysalter one hundred pounds each of alum, carbonate of soda, and soap, he obtains in exchange for his money no less than forty-five pounds of water in the first lot, sixty-four pounds in the second, and a variable quantity, sometimes amounting to seventy-three and a half pounds, in the third. Even the transparent air we breathe contains, in ordinary weather, about five grains of water, diffused through each cubic foot of its bulk, and thus rarefied water no more wets the air than the solidified water wets the lime or opal in which it is absorbed. Of a plaster-of-Paris

statue weighing five pounds, more than one good pound is solidified water. Even the precious opal is but a mass of flint and water combined, in the proportion of nine grains of the earthy ingredient to one of the fluid. Of an acre of clay land a foot deep, weighing about one thousand two hundred tons, at least four hundred tons are water; and even of the great mountain chains with which the globe is ribbed, many millions of tons of water are solidified into earth.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.—Are the people of Coventry allowed to converse with each other?

Is it possible to sail in clear water in the Black Sea?

Do male parents come from Father Point?

Do female sovereigns come from Queenstown?

Is Cork celebrated for its bungs?

Is wax found at Ceylon?

Are all people insane at Madagascar?

Are all the inhabitants of Gaul fond of bitters?

Have fire-escapes been introduced at Berne?

What is imported from Castile besides fire-irons?

Do the inhabitants of Hungary appear half starved?

Do the people in Iceland receive foreigners coldly?

How long does the wet season last at Lorraine?

Are the people of Nubia fond of old ale?

How much cloth did it require to make the Cape of Good Hope?

THE city of Lyons consumes annually two millions of pounds of spun silk. Four cocoons and a fraction are necessary to produce a gramme (the five-hundredth part of a pound), consequently the consumption of Lyons alone requires 4,200,000 cocoons.

TRY this, some of you: Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

PRENTICE says: If you would cure dyspepsia—diet. If you would remedy gray hair—dye it.

A CYNICAL fellow, who can't muster the cash for a sleigh ride, publishes the following recipe for its sensations: "Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft—your feet in a pail of ice-water—drop the front-door key down your

back—hold an icicle in one hand, and ring the tea-bell with the other." He says "you can't tell the difference, with your eyes shut, and it is a great deal cheaper."

SUBAQUEOUS EXHALATION.—Pour a little clear water into a glass tumbler, and put one or two small pieces of phosphoret of lime into it. In a short time flashes of fire will dart from the surface of the water and terminate in ringlets of smoke, which will ascend in regular succession.

DROPSICAL.—When has a lady more water in her system than when she has cataracts in her eyes, a creek in her back, a waterfall on her poll, and her shoes high-tied? When she has a notion in her head.

WHEN is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan? When there's a leek in it.

WHO was the first jockey? Adam, for he was the Father of the Race.

EARTHENWARE AT SEA.—In the stormy ocean every vessel is a pitcher.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—Feed your poultry well, and you will insure full crops.

A PREACHER, not long since, asking to stay all night at a country house, was forbidden by a lady. Knowing her to be a member of the church, and generally pleased to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping that she would understand by this that he was a preacher. He hardly got out, "for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," when she said, "I know, sir; but angels would not come with tobacco stuck in their mouths!"

MAGIC SOAP.—Pour into a vial a small quantity of oil, with the same of water, and however violently you shake them, they can not be united, for the water and oil have no affinity for each other; but if a little ammonia be added, and the vial then shaken, the whole will be mixed into a liquid soap.

WHY can not a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? Because the law says, no man can be condemned *without a hearing.*

"THERE, John, you've come home and forgotten that lard." "La, mother, it was so greasy it actually slipped my mind."

FOR THE DRAINING OF LANDS.—Drink whisky, and spend all your time at the saloons. This will drain you of all your lands in a short time.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SPRING-TIME, Merry hearts, April showers, and happy days come crowding together so that we hardly know which comes first. The Merrys are always happy, or should be so, and we are happy to meet and mingle with them, hear their cheerful voices, and unite in their Merry song. The friendships formed and the sympathy received among the happy band will never be forgotten by us, and we believe will long be cherished by all who have been accustomed to meet around our table. Occasionally we find one who can not, or does not, appreciate the influence and advantages derived from our parlor Chat; but we know of thousands who first learned to write letters and formed friendships which are pure and lasting through the medium of the Chat.

We can testify to its influence for good upon ourselves, and hope it may prove so to all.

Make your letters short, and fill them with some good and pure and improving thoughts. Private messages had better be sent privately, and public matters can be presented and discussed with freedom. We present longer letters at this time than we shall usually do hereafter.

Roguish Kate demands a hearing, and Oddity unites in her demands. One speech comes from both.

PEAT BED, N. Y., *March* 2, 1867.

Ho! ye Merrys all. What! Is not the King or Queen question decided yet? What a *J*umble, and a *J*olly one, too! But notwithstanding, one vote is cast for something better than "rickety piles" made of "bricks." Lizzie E. N. has left the struggle, in spite of the "suffrage" question, and like a heroine has deposited her ticket, on which is legibly seen,

"A Proposition For A Merry Republic.
Uncle Robert, *President;*
Aunt Sue, *Vice-President.*"

We add, Uncle William, *Secretary.*
Other officers chosen if needed (?).

Here follow two more votes for the above. Saucy Nell will doubtless do ditto. We are ready to indorse her sentiments for Aunt Sue. How many follow suit?

Rubie Linden, Roguish Kate will be happy to number you among her acquaintances. She has seen you. Do you remember her?

Em, what do you mean by "recognize your Coy?" Is "Cherry Grove" in "Cherry Street?"

Phe, where are you? Have waited long to see you!

Coy, had you seen the Merry Album, you would have no fear about "the whiskers."

Jolly Jingle, didst ever hear of "Hamptonia's Classic walls" in New Hampton, N. H.?

Cousin Jennie, would you like to join an "admiration society?" If so, apply to Uncle. He will send you to us. Positively no "sell."

Mamie, paying interest on silence?

List! all! attention! What has become of the Merry Convention? Is anything undertaken by the Merryites bearing the word *failure?* Never! Rouse, ye Merrys! When shall there be another meeting of the delegates from the 20,000? W. A. R. is for the movement, who's for W.A.R.? Now don't sound the *W.A.R.*-whoop, but all do the business in a *Peace*ful way by holding up hands! Uncle, please count. Count the yeas—nays are nothing. Let's have all the Moss Rosebuds, Verbenas, Daisies, Marigolds, Dew-drops, Snow-balls, Forget-me-nots, Prairie-Roses, Clovers, Rose-geraniums, and Blue-Bells (not *blue* Belles) to deck the "festive scenes;" the Pearls, Jaspers, Rubies, Jingles, and "sich" to add brilliancy to the effect; all the Blue-eyes, Black-eyes, and Brown-eyes, to twinkle as *Stars*, may be *Shoot*ing ones. We may need some Fans, real *frolicking* ones, too; and if for Oddity we are to have the old times we read about, when "peas and hominy" were fashionable, don't forget the Mustard.

"Come one, come all." "Rally 'round the flag, boys," and girls too, and vote for the Convention!

Yours, *Conventionally,*
ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY.

BOSTON, *March*, 1867.

About two years I have been a reader of MERRY'S MUSEUM and of Merry's Chat with his Friends. I have become familiar with the names of all the Cousins, such as Shooting Star, Roguish Kate, Gipsy Girl, Saucy Nell, Sans Souci, Sid, Jolly Jingle, and a host of other correspondents. I will acknowledge that "the charming circle" of which I read a great deal in the Chat, has a certain attraction to me, and many times have I intended to write a few lines, but feared—in fact, often believed—that all the little "Chats" were made up, in other words, written by one person. Now, please have patience with me for a moment. I thought I had some reason for believing as I did. However, I will acknowledge at once that I know better now; in fact, I have seen such proofs since, that I am fully convinced the large and little Cousins and their letters are a reality and not a myth.

Now, Cousins of all ages, the reason why I believed that all the Chat originated from one person was simply this: All the correspondence bear such a similarity to each other—in fact, the same words and general expressions are used in nearly all the letters, that I could hardly believe that twenty or forty different correspondents should adopt almost the same style.

True, there have been a few exceptions; the Chat for the month of March contains a good deal of original, spicy matter, which I am pleased to see.

I will repeat again, that I am fully convinced that Gipsy Girl, Saucy Nell, and all the others are really in existence, therefore I would suggest that some of the Cousins (provided the man with the scissors gives this letter a space in the Chat) would write for the May number on some little different subject—as, for instance, thus: Tell us, Cousins, how do you spend your Sabbath day? What is your work, occupation during the week? name every day. I do truly believe it would be of general interest to all the readers of the Chat if the Merry Cousins would give us a true insight of their life, as far as occupation is concerned; some other time it might be pleasant to hear what amusements you prefer, what books you read or like most, etc. But I fear I have trespassed as it is—I ought to say no more. *Nolens volens*, I must leave you, but hope to return again, if you will let me.

HERMAN, Box 3,279 Boston P. O.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., *March* 14, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS:—I suppose you are all very anxious to hear from me again, so I will try and favor you with another of my delightful (?) letters. But do you know that I feel a little "out of sorts" to think that none of you have taken the hint I gave you, to nominate me for "Presidentess of our Merry republic. Like Jolly Jingle, I see I shall have to blow my own trumpet; but whether I shall do it as handsomely as he does, is not quite so certain. By the way, Jolly, I should know you didn't wear long dresses and a waterfall, from that very fact. For an adept in self-praise, always look among those of the "genus homo."

I am quite indignant, Sir Loyalty, to find *you* also setting up a claim for supremacy. You inquire whether we wish you for President or King. I answer, neither, sir, most assuredly. And then to think how you talk about our friend Leslie. I hope, when you succeed—if you do succeed—in getting that "lass" you say so much about, that *she* will keep you quiet for the future. Cousins, don't you all say Amen to this?

W. A. R., won't *you* vote for me? You can't imagine how I admire your W.A.R.-like proclivities.

Kitty Clover, I have not forgotten you, but I fear you have forgotten me.

Sans Souci, I think your suggestion a good one, and have introduced myself accordingly. I don't think many of the Cousins who have seen the Merry Album can be induced to withhold their requests for one of those photos.

Annie F. May, you are very welcome; take a seat right by me, and we will be friends at once. I *have* written, my little Cousin.

Uncle Merry, I will send you my pretty (?) picture "some time or other," if you will only be good and not use your "scissors." But, oh! I believe I said I wasn't afraid of them, so I won't try to coax you any more. Love to all, especially to Aunt Sue.

Yours devotedly, COUSIN JENNIE.

DEAR CHATTERERS:—I come again, but only for a very short call.

Dolly Win, I shall certainly do so, and feel very much disappointed if it does not come.

And now, Uncle, though there is a great deal more that I should *like* to say to the Cousins, I am not *going* to say another word, so that you will not have the heart to clip me. GIPSY GIRL.

January 21, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—Have you forgotten your delicate little niece "away down in Jersey?" Almost sure you have. I don't want to be forgotten by you, nor my dear Cousins either, so I thought I would send you a few lines to let you all know that I still live in the "land of Nod," and have not ceased to breathe since I met you and the 20,000 Cousins, or less, at the "Merry Convention." Though I have been silent for a long time, I am just as much interested in the MUSEUM, and never once have been disloyal.

When I was a little girl, and studied geography, somewhere in that book it said (New) Jersey was noted for its productions of "fine garden vegetables and excellent fruits." But I don't think the writer referred to this "Jersey," as you'll perceive, for the productions are so far from being excellent, that I fear Uncle will cut them down with that horrid manipulator, and in trying to separate the wheat from the chaff, should find nothing but chaff.

Roguish Kate, I received your letter; you must practice riding horseback before you venture up so steep a place again.

Black-Eyed Anna, don't detain that "Medical Student" so long again, lest some of his sick patients may require his attention.

W. A. R., and some more Cousins, write soon.

Uncle, excuse me for remaining so long. I am, as ever, your loyal niece,

JERSEY.

VALLEY OF SPRINGS.

UNCLE ROBERT:—

To be, or not to, that is the question;
Whether it is nobler in silence to suffer
The new Cousins to crowd old ones out,
Or by taking *steel* against them,
With welcome voices give to each a place.

Please consider that is what I do, and here extend the "right hand" to all my new Cousins, especially Gipsy Girl and Mispah.

Come here, Dolly Win, "I'll tate tare of you." I never was afraid, except once, when crossing a bridge; it trembled, and I thought it was the ice crushing it; but it only proved a heavy wagon.

Ol. Onley, I sympathize deeply with you (or *her*—which?).

Pontiac, what would you give to know? You deserve —— for keeping your promise.

Lizzie E. N., I have disposed of those pictures, and received a second and better assortment since.

Speak quick, Tattler—do you still exist? Admiral and Spectator the same.

Belle Rose, has something happened? I wrote last.

Poor Jolly! and must you be the one to suffer for others' faults? Shake hands, and risk not only a stamp, but a carte, upon this Cousin.

W. A. R., don't desert us *now*.

Uncle, this is to remind you, if you come here next summer and don't call on me, beware of—of something terrible!

With love to Rubie Linden, Liberty, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Allie Frank, and—and all who claim it, I am

Merryly yours, MAMIE.

Feb. 28, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE:—As the parlor is large and the "circle" without end, may I not hope to be admitted into it?

I have read the MUSEUM a long time, and I like it very much, especially the Chat, and would like to become a member.

Gipsy Girl, can not you and I become acquainted? Sasie also.

Pet and Birdie, are you willing to correspond with me? Uncle has my address.

Eula Lee, you speak so cheeringly that I would like to make your acquaintance; can you welcome another new-comer?

With love to all the Cousins, I remain

Yours Merryly, THERESA.

March, 1867.

Verily, as W. A. R. hath it, "things *are* somewhat discombobolated." Here is the wise and consistent Jolly Jingle, who but a short time ago was so fierce in his denunciation of Peace Regina for her alleged usurpation of the Merry throne, shows a willingness, nay, even a desire, to follow in her footsteps, and mounts the "rickety pile," and cries aloud, "Behold your sovereign!" A pretty monarch truly! A composition of all that's good and great!—statesmen and warrior!

What say ye, Merrys? Will ye tamely submit to this indignity? or will ye gently relieve the unhappy youth from his proud position "on the pile?"

Ye champions of Saucy Nell, will ye not lift your voices in opposition to this bold act? or will ye, in imitation of the proposed course of the worthy Sid, re-

tire to some "sylvan retreat," there to repent of the "error of your ways" in having dared to stand in the light of his (would be) majesty? Echo answers, "Nary a one."

Shooting Star, I believe I did hear of the man who was struck—star struck; but I believe the poor fellow recovered from the effects of it. METACOM.

[For the CHAT, at request of Ella's mother. (See vol. for 1865, page 23, August number.)]

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody!

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home!
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come!

Oh, friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true!
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Ah, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven!

FOREST GLENN, *March* 9.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—Here I am with you again, but most earnestly promise you I will remain but a brief time.

Where are all our Merry little circle? They have disappeared. Where are they? What has become of them?

In the Corner, are you in some secluded spot? Won't you condescend to correspond?

Jolly Jingle, do waste a small amount of paper, a few pens, and quite a quantity of ink for the purpose of penning a few lines to your new Cousin,

HONEYSUCKLE.

SPRINGFIELD, *March* 7.

DEAR MERRYS:—I would like to join your Merry band, if you are willing.

Cousin Mary, Jolly Jingle is not *quite* out of the way yet.

I wish some of the Cousins would write to me.

Mr. Merry, I would like to call you Uncle. You must introduce me to the Cousins. No more at present from your loving friend, FANNIE BELLE.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.—J. C. Buttre, of this city, has just issued a fine steel engraving entitled "The Empty Sleeve," which is being received with universal favor. It represents a beautiful, little curly-headed child sitting upon the lap of its father, a returned veteran officer, looking inquiringly into the empty sleeve which hangs by his side, and wondering what it means. His sad and thoughtful countenance tells the whole story. The picture is one of Buttre's best, and can be had by sending $2 to him, at 48 Franklin Street, New York city.

TEMPERANCE CHIMES. This new Temperance song book just issued is being received with much favor. The first edition of 5,000 was all sold in ten days after it was published, and the second edition is nearly exhausted. It comprises a great variety of new music, —glees, songs, and hymns,—designed for the use of Temperance meetings, Bands of Hope, etc. We present two songs from the work in this number. It is published by J. N. Stearns, 172 William-st., N. Y. 30 cts. paper cov., 35 bd.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

answers all but one of the February Puzzles, and wins his (?) first prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

74. Behold my first, with lavish hand,
Spreads joy and beauty o'er the earth;
She trippeth gaily o'er the land,
The very type of laughing mirth.

My second comes; the woods and hills
Are crowned with emerald coronets;
The robins warble by the rills,
Their voice-like silvery clarionets.

And lo! my third; the reapers now
With glist'ning sickle reap the grain;
The ripening fruits are gathered slow,
And gently falls the autumnal rain.

My fourth appears; the falling snow
Covers the earth with ermine robe;
The schoolboy merry shouteth now,
As tosseth he the soft white globe.

Now, gentle reader, will you tell
My name? Indeed you know it well. *Daisy.*

75. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 9, 1, 3 is a division of water.
My 11, 13, 14 is a sickly hue.
My 2, 8, 6, 7, 4 is a kind of corn.
My 13, 5. 4 is a beverage.
My 12, 10, 9 is an unruly assemblage.
My whole is the name of the author.

76. Most reptiles enjoy me for dinner;
And now, if you'll take off my head,
I'm a claw, or a measure, or metal;
The latter once more pray behead,
I'm rather ashamed of the balance.
For people can't fail to dislike me;
Now tell me, my dear Merry puzzlers,
Did you ever see anything like me? *Belle.*

77. Fi paril wehorss gbrin horft amy lowfers,
Sa het sloted haitsnabtin yas,
Ew ludow kile ot wonk fi a toof fo wons
Nowt edcupor a howle quobtue.

78. My first is very disagreeble, but my third makes it intolerable; my second is a pronoun, and my whole is a geographical part of the United States. *Elmer.*

79 Behead two adjectives, and leave what they often describe. *Ego Ipse.*

80. Behead what no one likes to lose; transpose, and leave what he likes still less to lose; now curtail, and leave what most like to do; omit the third letter, and leave what is both proper and improper to do. *Tennessean.*

81. 1. An American city.
2. A lake in the United States.
3. A city in Europe.
4. Praise.
The initials will give an English poet, and the finals an English chemist. *Gulielmus.*

82. Find six words (more or less) comprising only twenty-five letters in all, out of which you may make every word of the fifth commandment. *A. S.*

83. Join together a pronoun, an animal, and a lake, and make what children love to see. *Sigma.*

84. I am composed of 8 letters:
My 4, 6, 7, 8 is very sweet.
My 7, 2, 3, 4 is not all sweet.
My 5, 8, 1 was a General.
My whole is now before you. *Comet.*

ANAGRAMS.

85. A thinner ice. *Fred.*
86. A., wear her net. *Double-you-see*
87. A soup day. *Tommy*
88. I run stages. *Angie P.*
89. Ugh! I'm not Sue! *Rush.*
90. Sad shines. *Anna W. N.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed :

91. I put old —— Peter in the —— with his ——, drove to town for the —— and brought —— home. *Jay.*

92. The wicked man —— —— and worse. *Belle.*

93. Do you —— to —— beyond the sea? *Franc.*

94. The —— is out of —— when in the ——. *Howard.*

95. We found flowers along the —— of the ——. *F. F.*

S. R. is responsible for the following :

96. Why is Andrew Johnson like a dilapidated five-dollar bill?

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

97. Haul away. *Fred.*

98. Stab the girl. *Prairie Boy.*

99. Study knowledge. *Euclid.*

100. Contest intended. *Violet Forest.*

101. ABCCEILMNNOSTU was written by ABCEEEEEH HIORRRSTTW. *Etta.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of May. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in Feb. No.

23. Lighthouse.

24. Feminine.

25. Rationalistically.

26. Husband.

27. Amanuenses.

28. Location.

29. Violets.

30. Cut the *scamp's* head off, and the *camp's* reached at once. (Several ingenious answers have been given to this and credited. "Double-quick" was sent by many, but not considered quite good enough.

31. Ice, rice, vice, mice, dice.

32. Starr.

33. Bowie.

34. Rusk.

35. Polk (poke).

36. Jasper.

37. Hunt.

38. Victoria.

39. Prated, petard, depart, parted.

40. Carnation.

41. Monkshood.

42. Marigold.

43. Morning glory.

44. Because everybody should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's.

45. Sprat, strap. (*Forrest* adds "siren, reins.")

46. When they are peeled (pealed).

47. Washington Irving.

48. Saint Matthew.

49. It takes one cat six minutes to kill a rat; therefore it will require twelve cats, to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes.

This problem has created quite a sensation. "200 cats" have been given by Gipsy Girl, Cricket, Zigzag, Belle, Forrest, Shooting Star, Robbie E., and Ella W.; M. J. R. says 1,200 cats; and R. C. L, Jr., says 2 cats.

Of the above 27 PUZZLES—

SNARLIE answers all but 37—26.

Double-you-see answers all but 23, 30—25.

Allie Frank answers all but 30, 39—25.

Florence answers all but 30, 35—25.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 30, 39—25.

Hero answers all but 44, 45—25.

Belle answers all but 23, 37, 39—24.

Clem answers all but 23, 30, 39—24.

Sugar answers all but 30, 39, 44—24.

Lennie M. answers all but 30, 39, 44—24.

Ella W. answers all but 35, 42, 49—24.

Rubie Linden answers all but 30, 39, 44—24.

Florian answers all but 23, 27, 39—24.

Max answers all but 30, 35, 39, 42—23.

Myrrha answers all but 23, 30, 39, 44—23.

Georgius answers all but 25, 30, 44, 45—23.

Keystone answers all but 23, 25, 30, 33, 44—22.

Venerable San answers all but 30, 37, 42, 44, 45—22.

Austin Leonard answers all but 23, 25, 30, 35, 44—22.

Sigma Mu Beta answers all but 23, 25, 30, 39, 45—22.

Minnehaha answers all but 23, 25, 30, 44, 45—22.

Shooting Star answers all but 23, 28, 30, 32, 49—22.

J. C. S. answers all but 25, 30, 32, 39, 40, 45—21.

Gilbert answers all but 25, 30, 35, 37, 44, 45—21.

Remus answers all but 23, 30, 35, 39, 44, 45—21.

Ixia answers all but 23, 25, 30, 35, 44, 45—21.

C. W. J. answers all but 23, 25, 27, 35, 37, 39—21.

Amanda answers all but 23, 29, 30, 39, 44, 45—21.

Sasie answers all but 25, 27, 30, 32, 39, 44, 49—20.

Gipsy Girl answers all but 23, 25, 30, 35, 37, 39, 45, 49—19.

M. J. R. answers all but 25, 30, 34, 39, 44, 45, 46, 49—19.

Robbie E. answers all but 23, 25, 28, 29, 30, 35, 44, 49—19.

Alice Tipton answers all but 23, 25, 27, 30, 37, 39, 44, 45, 46—18.

Forrest answers all but 23, 25, 30, 35, 40, 42, 43, 44, 49—18.

Zigzag answers all but 23, 25, 30, 31, 37, 39, 40, 44, 45, 46, 49—16.

R. C. L., Jr., answers 26, 29, 33, 34, 36, 38, 46, 47, 48—9.

Ivanhoe answers 23, 25, 28, 30, 35, 40, 44, 45—8.

Cricket answers 25, 27, 35, 44, 45, 49—6.

Bruce H. answers 47, 48, 49—3.

G. E. K. answers 49—1.

Notices to Correspondents.

Double-you-see, you say, "I regret that so much trouble should have resulted from my ability to guess the puzzles, and for your sake I am glad that I am a graduate, and can win no more prizes." I don't think that your "ability to guess the puzzles" was to blame in the matter of our sending you prizes three times and your only receiving them once. We wished to be very sure of your receiving one package out of the three before sending you the third prize.

Dolly Winkle, yes, indeed, you may "consider yourself kissed," "mumps" and all. The ages of the Cousins who join in the Chat and Puzzles, range from seven to sixty-six. We are not particular to a few years more or less. Any one who wishes to get my photog. has only to send me hers (or his), and she (or he) will receive mine by return mail.

Venerable San, why, of course! I remember you, like a book.

Keystone, I am sorry there was no date to your letter that I might have wished you many happy returns of just that day. I am glad the prizes pleased you.

Max, I'm glad I spoke; I like you; shake hands.

Florian, the more frequently the better.

Gilbert, I am glad the pen arrived safely.

Double-you-see desires to exchange photogs. with the Cousins.

Hero, many thanks for your kind greeting. Ditto to Coy, Taghconic, and Shooting Star.

Uncle Robert, when you said that "Aunt Sue" had "steadily refused all compensation from our hands," you forgot to mention the ton of writing-paper and envelopes (more or less), the elegant photograph albums, the hieroglyphic letters for our Sanitary Fair, and the thousand-and-one kindnesses that Uncle Robert has insisted upon her accepting.

Clem, don't you want your prize? I have not received your address.

Snarlie, you come upon us with a rush, and carry all before you. This can not be the first list of answers you have sent; though I don't remember the name. Please send your address. How could you miss No. 37?

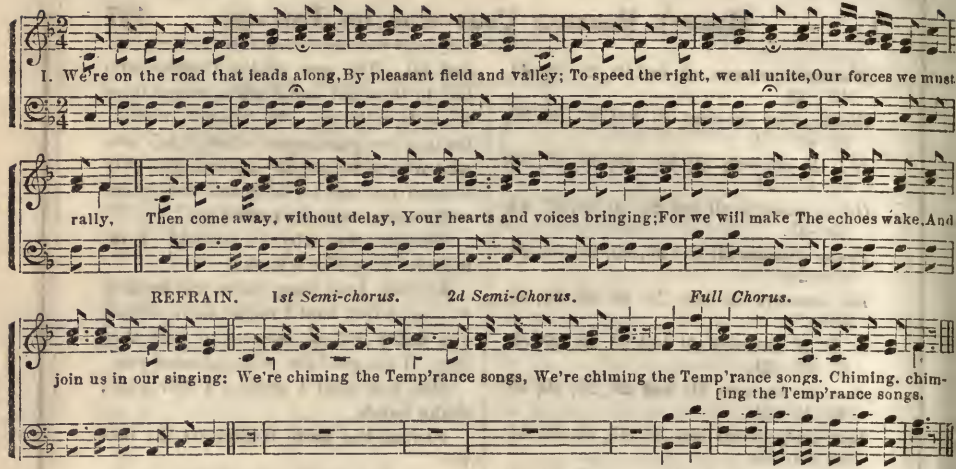
Are there any more prizes due to anybody?

We welcome to our Merry circle Sugar, Alice Tipton, R. C. L., Jr., and J. C. S.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Gilbert, Willie D. Holden, Hero, Bruce H., Sigma Mu Beta, Vincent, Dolly Winkle, Forrest, Robert E., Snowdrop, Sugar, Max, Belle, Jennie M., Elvira, and Ella W.

CHIMING THE TEMPERANCE SONGS.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

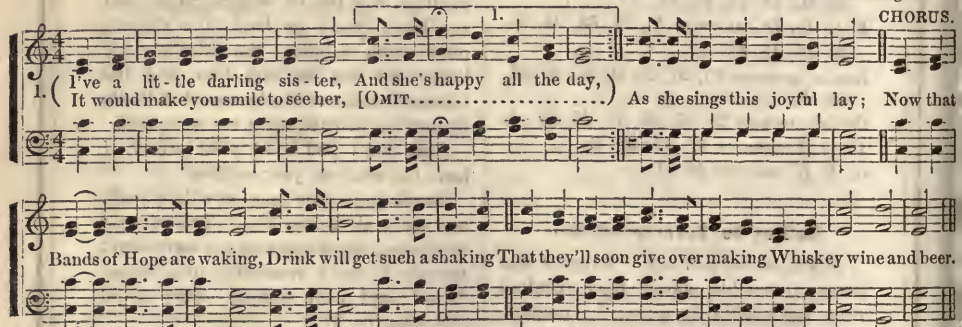

I. We're on the road that leads along, By pleasant field and valley; To speed the right, we all unite, Our forces we must
rally, Then come away, without delay, Your hearts and voices bringing; For we will make The echoes wake, And
REFRAIN. 1st Semi-chorus. 2d Semi-Chorus. Full Chorus.
join us in our singing: We're chiming the Temp'rance songs, We're chiming the Temp'rance songs. Chiming, chim-
ing the Temp'rance songs.

2 Whene'er we can, we mean to break
The chain that is enslaving,
For surely we must all agree,
A soul is worth the saving.
From noxious air,
From dark despair,
We'll lift the soul degraded,
Till with delight
He sees the right;
To join us is persuaded. *Cho.*

3 Oh come with us, the way we go
Is full of joy and beauty;
And sweeter bliss to know, is this,
It is the path of duty.
Then peace shall still
Our bosoms fill
As up life's hill we're climbing;
Towards heaven we go,
While still below,
Our Temp'rance songs we're chiming. *Cho*

I'VE A LITTLE DARLING SISTER.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN. Arranged.


CHORUS.
1. I've a lit-tle darling sis-ter, And she's happy all the day,
It would make you smile to see her, [OMIT..... As she sings this joyful lay; Now that
Bands of Hope are waking, Drink will get such a shaking That they'll soon give over making Whiskey wine and beer.

2 Near me lived a drunken Father,
Wasting every earthly thing
But he heard my darling sister,
And she taught him how to sing.—*Cho.*

3 In that home where all was sadness,
Happiness and comfort reign,
And a little band of singers,
Now repeat the joyful strain.—*Cho.*

4 O that every home around us
Were as peaceful all the day,
Many a little darling sister,
Then would sing this merry lay.—*Cho.*

2ND HYMN.

1 O er the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day.

CHORUS.—There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.

2 Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;
See from eastern coast to western
Quickly fly the shades of night.—*Cho.*

3 May the heart-reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.—*Cho.*

4 Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.—*Cho.*

THE PLANT THAT BORE GOOD FRUIT.

CHARLEY GRANT was walking leisurely home from school one bright spring day, whistling merrily in school-boy fashion. His thoughts were busy, it was plain to see, for there was a far-away look in his pleasant eye, and he stepped dreamily.

"Hallo, Charley! where away?" shouted a gay boy-voice from over the edge; "come over here, won't you?"

Charley came to, with a start, as if he had just awoke.

"What's up now, Bob—mischief or play?"

"Oh, not much; only old Ruggles has got more than his share of flowers, and I haven't any, so I am only making a transfer—that's all; won't you take a few?"

"Me! I'd like to see myself! You've mistaken your man this time, Rob Roy."

"Oh, I might have known that; and now I suppose you'll go and blab, and get a fellow into a scrape."

Charley looked at him a moment half indignantly. "Am I in the habit of doing such things, Rob? I'd like to know that."

"Not as I know of; but you needn't get huffy about it; you see, I wouldn't care to have old Ruggles on my track; it wouldn't be so funny!"

"Well, my advice is, if you really want those flowers, to go around to the front gate, and ask for them like a man, and not sneak around here like a thief, and steal."

"But you see, Charley, I'm as bad off as simple Simon when he met the pieman, and old Ruggles aint giving away things as much as he was."

"Well, then, cut and run, if you can't resist temptation; don't you touch a leaf."

Between shame and fear, Rob concluded it was best to follow this advice, though it was done reluctantly.

Now Mr. Ruggles happened to be a little nearer than the boys imagined, all this time; only a clump of bushes divided them, and of course he heard every word. But as no harm was done he held his peace and allowed them to move on, thinking to keep his eye on them in future.

"Now," said Charley, "'Honor bright,' what possessed you to go in there, any way?"

Rob was silent for a moment, and then a great tear gathered in his eye and rolled down his cheek. "I'll tell you, Charley—though I wouldn't everybody; our Nelly is sick all the time, you know, and can't go out to see how bright and beautiful everything is; and this morning she was wishing for some flowers, and I just thought there wasn't any harm in taking a few—don't you see?"

Charley nodded. "But then if she knew how you got them, it would spoil it all; and, besides, God would know it, any way!"

A thoughtful, troubled look stole over Rob's face. "I don't know —sometimes I think there aint any God, 'cause why does he let Nellie suffer so, and we so poor, and mother slaving herself to death."

"He knows best," returned Charley. "Mother says He doesn't see things as we do, and sends trouble to lead us heavenward. Now, good-bye, Rob, and keep on the right track; you and I will be very good friends yet."

The roses were nodding to one another drowsily, shaking off their crown jewels at the beck of the south wind, and even the robins were

but half awake when Charley Grant came bounding down the lane toward the old gardener's cottage. Early as it was, the old man was out transplanting some green-house plants to richer, warmer beds.

He looked up as Charley came eagerly in, and a broad smile lit up his honest old face.

"Heyday! you're an early bird, aint you?" he said, pleasantly, for he knew his man at once.

"Well, you see," said Charley, breathing very hard after his long run, "I want to get a nice plant this morning, and I'm in a hurry to take it somewhere before they are up."

Mr. Ruggles could scarcely conceal the glow of satisfaction that spread itself over his grim face, like a gleam of sunshine.

"To be sure! I've just the thing for you—such a beauty! Your legs are younger than mine; there it is, over by those shrubs."

Charley was away and back in a twinkling.

"*Isn't* it lovely? But may-be I haven't money enough to buy it," he said, thoughtfully; "I haven't very much—only fifteen cents."

"That'll do—that'll do," returned the old gentlemen, slowing resuming his work. "I sell cheaper to honest folks; and besides, I've got some slips to *give* away, and if you want some, come in after school, and I'll show you how to set them."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Ruggles, I shall be so glad of them for my garden;" and then he ran off so elated with his prize that he hardly seemed to touch the ground.

Mrs. Roy's cottage stood at the farther end of a green lane, quite by itself. It was an odd little affair with a very red face, and two odd little windows for eyes, and a great door between that seemed ready to swallow you; one window stood open, and Charley stole softly in, and placing his treasure on the sill crept away as still as he came, wondering if Nellie would like it, and if it would keep Rob from sinning again.

There was a bright, glad look on Rob's face as he sat in school that morning; and as for Charley, there was sunshine all about him. But nothing was said until school closed and the boys were homeward bound.

Then Rob caught Charley by the arm, and said, eagerly, "Oh, it was so good of you, Charley! You don't know how pleased Nellie was;" and then he added, half laughing, "oh, you needn't look so very innocent—I know you like a book—you can't fool me; but it must have cleaned out your pocket."

"Never you mind about my pocket—that's all right; all I want is

to have you promise one thing, and that is, never to take what doesn't belong to you again."

Rob looked down in a half bashful, half defiant way, but only for a moment. Then he put his hand in Charley's, and said, resolutely, "Charley Grant, *I never will!*" and he didn't. Whenever he was tempted, he had only to think of Nellie's plant and Charley's noble conduct, and he came to his senses at once. In time he learned to look higher, and lean upon One mighty and willing to save.

How much one "little deed of kindness" will accomplish, no one can tell. Then sow the good seed lavishly.

A lecture is very good in its way, but give me kind words and good deeds to guide the erring. EULA LEE.

THE HARPER'S STORY.

BY JOLLY JINGLE.

BEAUTIFUL story the blind harper told, with his face turned toward the sunset; and as he spoke, we heard, faint and far away, as if echoed from some distant age, the clanging of trusty blades, and could almost see the pennons wave in the cloudless sky.

A proud old nobleman was the Lord Vervair—proud of his illustrious name, and his long line of ancestors—proud of his many attendants, and of the dreary castle that, grim and forbidding, stood on a rocky summit overlooking the quiet English hamlet, and the river flashing and sparkling in the summer sunshine. But loved he better than all Alice, his fair-haired daughter.

Blue were her eyes, as the skies in June, and her golden hair shone like a halo about her head, while the blush on her cheek rivaled the hue of the garden rose; she was like a vision in a dream.

Now the Lady Alice, this great lord's daughter, was beloved by Roderick, a humble peasant who tended his master's sheep on a neighboring hillside. Ah, well-a-day! for his name was neither honored nor renowned; he had nor title, nor fame, nor gold—nothing but his strong right arm and his noble, manly heart. But love, like the wind, goeth where it listeth; it knocketh as well at the peasant's cot as at the palace of the queen, and each had seen with a glad surprise their own love reflected in the face of the other.

And now Roderick summoned all his courage and went to the cas-

tle, where never his foot had trod before, to ask the blue-eyed maid in marriage. But my lord, feasting with his comrades, was wroth, and said—

"Why come ye to spoil the pleasure, to mar the princely cheer? Shall a peasant dare to ask for one who shall wed the noblest in the land? Go hence! or, by the gods, your life shall be forfeited ere set of sun!"

A moment Roderick paused to look upon the face of his beloved; but the tears in her blue eyes seemed to say in their sad language—"Do as he bids you—dare not linger—I will love you, aye, for eternity!"

Then did the great lord swear by a terrible oath that he would forever part them; that the maiden should wed another suitor ere three moons had waxed and waned. So away he sent to the east and west, to the north and south, to find one who might be deemed worthy of wedding the Lady Alice.

Sir Berkely, of an empty purse, and an equally empty pate, but of a proud old family, one who had been titled and dubbed by the queen and all, suited my Lord Vervair to a T; and thus to him so old and weird and shriveled was betrothed the beautiful Lady Alice.

Then day by day the maiden drooped and faded, as the flower fades when the keen wind blows over it; her gay laughter that was wont to make music in the dreary old hall, her light step, her rare, sweet smile, all had gone!

The day for the bridal came; the feast was ready; the bridegroom had come to claim his bride; there was to be a great merry-making and much cheer. But the lady sat in her lonely room; heavy was her heart, and she could not lift it from out the shadow; little she heeded the bird's wild gush of melody in a neighboring tree; little did she note the fair scene without—the calm June heaven, the grassy meadows where the flowers were blooming, the river sparkling like a silver thread in the distance—she was lost in her own sad thoughts. But, hark! Suddenly she hears a voice beneath her window; it is Roderick's voice, sweet and tender, whispering peace to her doubting heart.

"Fear not, beloved! all will yet be well. Go to the bridal feast with smiles wreathing your lips, and a joyous heart, for ere night hath set her leaden seal on this day's work, you shall be mine own forever! Last night, when the moon shone softly over every rock and tree and brooklet, I went to the home of the old witch who brews her mighty charms in a distant forest. Weird and haggard and bent, she de-

manded my errand. Then I told her of my fair lily pining at the castle, who on the morrow was to wed an old loveless lord who sought her for her father's gold. 'Oh, ho!' said the witch, and laughed till the rocks rang again. Then she gave me two vials, the one containing a yellow, the other a white, liquid; and she sang these mystic words:

'When the wine goes 'round at the feast to-night,
In a goblet pour the liquid white;
In another the liquid yellow as gold—
The last for the bridegroom shriveled and old.
The first to the father, proud of his name,
Proud of his ancestors' boundless fame.
And father and suitor on either hand
Changed before you there shall stand,
One to a statue of yellow gold,
One into marble, chilly and cold;
Then away with the bride your heart loves best,
Then, in good sooth, shall all be blest.'"

And the maiden, hearing her lover's words, took heart again, while the youth, having told her that he should come to the feast in the garb of a harper, left her; his merry song was borne back upon the breeze, and the song was one of hope and of love that could never die.

So the Lady Alice attired herself in her bridal robes, all of glistening white, with diamonds on her fair brow, and rings on her dainty fingers. Ah! she was like a beautiful vision in a dream.

In the great banquet hall, where the portraits of ancestors long dead looked down from their golden frames upon their descendants, was spread the marriage feast. And Sir Berkely, looking older and more shriveled than ever, sat by the beautiful maiden. Now and then he tried to press her hand, but she drew away as if a serpent had touched her. When the revel was at its height, when there was singing and laughter and good cheer, a disturbance happened without.

"'Tis only an old harper, my lord, who asks admittance; he says he has many a song to sing, both wise and sweet."

And the Lord Vervair, all flushed with the red wine, bade him enter. And who should it be but Roderick, in a harper's dress, looking old and careworn and bent; but the Lady Alice knew him by his beautiful eyes and his clear, flute-note voice. Then louder than ever rang the laughter, and the bard sang sweet songs of love and of chivalric bearing.

"By the gods!" said Vervair, "I like well the songs you sing! Come, let us drink to the health of the bridegroom and his fair bride."

"With all my heart," said the harper; and he handed two goblets of wine that he had previously mixed with the witch gift—the one to the father, the other to the miserable old bridegroom. Then cried Lord Vervair, rising—

"Here's a health to Sir Berkely and the Lady Alice! Long life, and a happy one!"

The glasses rang—the two drained the cups to the dregs. Ha! what was this? The two stood rooted to the spot—their arms stiffened slowly, even as they held the glittering cups, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the witch charm did its work.

In a moment the Lady Alice was free as air, free to fly to her lover's arms, and to the strong noble heart that was waiting for her.

And there to this day they stand—the father who had ever been cold and hard, selfish and exacting, changed into solid marble; and near him a little old man, a statue of the precious metal he had ever coveted. So he had his heart's desire after all—his weight in gold.

The gloomy old castle is deserted; the snows of winter drift about the doorways, and the spring almost forgets to knock for an entrance; June with her roses peeps through the open windows, but flies away as if frightened at what she saw within; and the country folks call it the "haunted castle," for on summer nights they hear sounds of laughter and reveling in the banquet hall; two ghostly figures glide about; they hear glasses ring, and sometimes catch the refrain of a song; but when morning comes, the two statues, marble and golden, stand very quietly, as if waiting for the bride who will never come.

MAY FLOWERS.

PLEASANT is the month of May,
For the fields again are gay.
Many a flower is peeping up—
Violet, daisy, buttercup;
And the hawthorn everywhere
Scents the fresh and balmy air.
So we'll leave our winter toys,
In-door games and fire-side joys,
For the healthful walks of Spring,
And our pleasant gardening.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—1. Never to owe a debt; 2. To get some useful calling; 3. Not to be a rover; 4. To know that there is work everywhere for one who can do it; and, 5. To earn sixpence a day more than he spends, instead of spending sixpence more than he earns—the former leading to riches, the latter to poverty.

"ALL THE SAME A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE."

IT was one morning, as the hand of the clock pointed to ten minutes before nine, that John came running up to his mother with some plaything in his hand, exclaiming, "Mother, have you seen my arithmetic anywhere?"

"Yes, my son; I picked it up from the floor where I suppose you had thrown it, and put it on the table in the library. Have you learned your lesson?"

"No, ma'am; I meant to—but I got skating yesterday, and forgot it."

"Oh, my son," replied his mother, "that was very heedless; when will you learn that duty comes before pleasure?"

"Never mind, mother," answered John, in an easy, careless manner, as he slung his satchel over his shoulder, "it'll be 'all the same a hundred years hence;'" and away he ran.

His mother sighed as he went away; his easy, unconcerned levity of disposition gave her anxiety and trouble; she feared for his future character, that it would be wanting in stability and depth and firmness of principle. She was not deceived, as many parents might have been, by his careless good-nature; for John was a boy who did not give much trouble; he very rarely quarreled; he took everything pleasantly, and was seldom dissatisfied or cross. But his mother, who understood his character well, saw that this did not arise from real amiability so much as from an inclination to take everything easily, and from a temper insensible to mortification, ambition, or praise; a temper which, while it has the outward traits of amiability, is really compatible with great selfishness, and is perhaps more difficult to make an impression upon than any other.

That afternoon John returned very late from school, coming in with eyes just as bright, and as happy a look as usual.

"What makes you so late, my dear?" asked his mother.

"Kept in, ma'am," answered John, carelessly. "Oh, mother, are we going to have baked apples for supper, mother? I'm hungry as a bear."

"Oh, my dear boy," answered his mother, pained by his tone and

taking no notice of his question, "that is the second time this week. I am ashamed to have you in disgrace so often."

"When the master told me to stay," replied John, "George colored up like everything; but I didn't mind much; it was warm and comfortable there, and, any way, I'm out now. It'll be 'all the same a hundred years hence.'"

"I hear you say that very often, John," said his mother, speaking very seriously; "have you ever thought what it means, or whether it is true?"

"Why, mother, I suppose it must be true; we shall all be dead then, and what difference can it make whether I have learned an arithmetic lesson or have been kept in school?" answered John.

"And does what we do in this world make no difference to us *after* we are dead, John?" asked his mother, gravely.

"Why, yes, mother; but not such things."

"Yes, my dear boy, just such things—or, rather, the character which leads you to disregard such things," replied his mother. "The same disposition which leads you to care nothing for punishment and disgrace at school, will make you unmindful and careless of God's anger and his punishment of sin; the same feeling which makes you neglect a lesson, will incline you to neglect any other duty, even the most important. 'He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much.' If we do not make conscience of little duties, we shall never do it in great ones. In no sense can it be 'the same a hundred years hence,' whether we neglect or perform a duty, either to ourselves or others."

"Why, mother," said John, in some surprise, "I can see now how it might make a difference to myself, but I am sure I don't see how it can to any one else."

"Suppose," answered his mother, quietly, "that Sir Isaac Newton had thought it could make no difference whether he got his lessons in mathematics or not, would it have been all the same a hundred years from the time he lived? or would it not, on the contrary, have made a vast difference? Suppose that Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, had felt as you do, that it was of no consequence whether he applied himself or not to anything useful, would the condition of the world have been the same a hundred years from that time, as it actually was after the invention of printing? What these men did had an influence on almost every nation of the earth, and in some nations on every individual."

"I never thought of it so," said John.

"And there is a difference far wider still," added his mother, more seriously and tenderly. "A hundred years hence, where will you be? Either in eternal happiness or eternal misery. As you act now in this life, so will be your eternal destiny. It will not be 'all the same a hundred years hence, whether you do you wrong or right now, whether you love God and keep his commandments or not. No—it will make an infinite difference; and not only to yourself, but to others, for probably upon your example and words depends the eternal state of some other besides yourself. Begin to act so now that it may be happy 'a hundred years hence, both for yourself and for those whom you may influence, that you have lived."—*Am. Messenger.*

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER XI.—MISFORTUNES.

ABOUT this time a very sad fact began to dawn on little Grace's mind. It was one that has been among the first griefs of a great many little girls. Her kittens would grow to cats! They were fast losing their beautiful dumpling shapes, and were being metamorphosed into half-grown pussies. Still her affection for them did not waver. She was much too constant for that; but when cousin Maggie came to see her from the neighboring town, and mentioned how much they were in want of a cat, she generously gave away Mittens without a tear.

"You'll be just as well off, Mitty dear," she said, as she was tucking him into a nice bed in a covered basket, preparing him for his journey. "You'll have no Snowflake to quarrel with you over your meat, or to lap up half your saucer of milk. May-be, Mitty, I'll come and see you some time, too."

Then she put up some provisions to last him on the road, which was full ten miles long, and it was thought he would bear transportation very well.

A family who had gone to the city the winter before suddenly returned to the village again, and reopened their house. On the very same day Mrs. Hetty mysteriously disappeared from the home of the Hawthorns, and no guess could be made as to her whereabouts. Grace mourned over her loss, and conjured up many sad pictures of her favorite in all manner of troubles and difficulties.

The third day after her disappearance, as Grace came up from the store, where she had been on an errand, what should she see in a front window of Judge Wilber's but her inconstant "tortoise-shell," all wrapped in fur, and apparently as much at home as she had ever been at the Hawthorn fireside.

Grace stopped short, and looking at her intently, called "kitty! kitty!" very anxiously. Puss rubbed her head against the pane, and evidently recognized her little mistress. Just then a thin white hand smoothed her glossy head and neck, and a sweet young lady took her seat by the window. It was Miss Josephine, the Judge's invalid daughter. Grace's resolution was quickly taken. She walked up the path and rung the door-bell, and when she was admitted, asked the young lady, politely—

"Will you please give me my kitty?"

"Why, my dear, I think this is my kitty," said the young girl. Cousin George gave her to me the day I was ten years old—such a cunning wee thing! She must be four years old now. When we went away we could not take her, and I never expected to see her again. But the very day we came, she walked in when they were bringing in a load of furniture, and seemed so glad to see us. Has she been at your house all this while?"

"Yes," said Grace; "she came to us in the very cold weather, 'most starved to death, and as rough-looking as a street cat."

"Well, she is sleek and fat enough now. I am sure she has had good care. Have you no other kitty?"

"Oh, yes'm—the prettiest little white one, named Snowflake; she is Hetty's kitten."

"Don't you think you could spare me this old one, then? I love her ever so much, because I had her when I was such a little girl. I can't go out of the house now," she said, "and amuse myself as I used to—I have been so sick all this year."

"Oh, yes, indeed, I will give her up to you, but I should not want everybody to have our Hetty, she's such a dear old cat."

"I will tell you what I will do," said the other, "I will have a nice big photograph taken of her, and set in a frame for you, just as soon as I can."

That promise quite consoled the little girl, for if there was one thing she liked as well as kittens, it was pictures on the wall. They were better than in a book, for she could see them every time she looked up, without stopping to turn over leaves.

The young lady kissed her tenderly, and asked her to come and

see her sometimes. She was often so lonely and sad; she had no kind mother to love and care for her, and though her father did all in his power for her happiness, he could not take a mother's place.

"Wasn't it singular that Hetty knew her old owners," said Frank, "and that she went there the very day they came? I wonder if she has kept watch of that house all this time?"

"There is something very wonderful about their instinct," said father. "A sea captain once borrowed an excellent rat catcher of a friend, just as he was setting sail. He had been greatly troubled with rats before, and he was anxious to clear them out. He went to the East Indies first, puss being taken on shore and suffered to roam about the city of Calcutta, but she found her way on shipboard again in a short time. In whatever port she was she could never be induced to stay long away from her quarters. She traveled back and forth in various waters for many months, and at last reached her old port in safety. What was the surprise of her old master, as he sat at breakfast one morning, to see her walk in at the door and jump up on his knee, as much at home as if she had never stepped outside the front door!"

After the picture came, and its beautiful gilt frame and silken tassels were duly admired, it was hung up over the mantlepiece, where they could see it every day, and think of lost Hetty.

"Losses never come single," it is said; and now a more serious one threatened the happy Hawthorn family. The pleasant house they had rented for so many years was to be sold, and they must find some new home. It was a hard matter to get such a one as they wished in the village, and all were greatly troubled over the matter.

"Some way will open for us, I feel sure," said Mrs. Hawthorn, whose faith and courage never failed even in the darkest times. "God has taken good care of us so far in our lives, children, and I know he will not leave us homeless now."

The children had full faith in all of mother's predictions, and so they dismissed the trouble from their hearts altogether.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRETTY BIRDS.—The month of May has come again, and the beautiful birds are busy building their pretty little homes. We hope that none of the readers of the MUSEUM will ever be found among the thieves who rob the poor birds of their nests or eggs.

WATCH.

With his white shaggy coat, and his soft dreamy eyes,
That would light up like diamonds, with sudden surprise;
With his quick bounding step, or his fondling caress,
As my hand with his soft-cushioned paw he would press,
Watch rises before me, the family pet—
The dog we all loved, and can never forget.

He followed his master wherever he went—
In the chase ever ready, how keen was his scent!
At home he was petted with tenderest care—
The best that we had Watch was certain to share.
Then how shall I tell
The sad fate which befell
The poor little creature we all loved so well?

Dear Watch! my eyes fill when I think of him yet!
There came a sad night when our eyes were all wet!
For his white shaggy form and his keen asking eye,
All lifeless and silent, were destined to lie.

He had been all the day on a long faithful hunt,
And at twilight was frolicking home, as his wont,
When a *shot from his master*, who loved him so well,
A shot *by mistake*, pierced his heart, and he fell!

To-night I remember the *tears* and the *tone*
And the *look* of his master, *who came back alone!*
As we gathered about him, all eager to learn
The fate of poor Watch, who would *never* return!
How with white bosom crimsoned he raised his dim eye,
Looking up to his master a parting good-bye!
A look full of love; and I'm sure that he knew
The grief of his master was heartfelt and true.

His kennel was lonely for many a day,
And then it was taken by honest old Tray;
And Fido and Rover in turn were caressed—
But Watch was the dog that we all had loved best.

KRUNA.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? AND WHAT BECAME OF THE ROBBER?

WHAT a joyous time is the spring! How bright and happy is summer! Let none make this a sorrowful year to the beautiful birds, by robbing nests either of eggs or young ones. We have a sad story to tell of a little boy, who, years ago, was guilty of cruelty to animals and robbing birds' nests. One bright May-day he and his sister had a holiday. They had a fine ramble on the common. The little girl gathered a large bundle of hawthorn-blossom, or, as it is called in many parts, "May." The little boy, on seeing a bird flying with food in its mouth, watched where it went, and then, climbing up the tree, cruelly robbed the poor birds of their nest and young ones. His sister said, "Oh, don't rob the poor birds;" but the little

boy said he would do as he *liked*. I am sorry to say that, when he got home, his father and mother did not punish him, and order him to take back the poor little creatures to their sorrowing parent-birds. The next day all the little creatures were dead. The matter was soon forgotten in the family; but the *effects* of that robbery of the nest stretched forward into future years. The *unchecked* cruelty of the little boy increased with his years. The parents who "spared the rod," saw their child growing up to be cruel to animals, and tyrannical to his brothers and sisters. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he had brought both his father and mother with sorrow to the grave. * * * * * * *

Within the walls of an English prison there may now be seen a mound of grass; it is the grave of a *murderer*, one who was hung on the scaffold for the unlawful crime of murdering a fellow-creature; it is the grave of the man who, when a boy, was cruel to animals, and *whose parents restrained him not!*

Beware of the *first* cruel act; you know not to what it may lead.

UNCLE JOHN.

STRIKE THE KNOT!

"STRIKE the knot!" said a gentleman one day to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his ax over a log which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the ax, he struck a few sharp blows on the knot, and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he returned the ax to his son, saying, "Always strike the knot!"

That was good advice. It is good for you, my children, as it was for the boy to whom it was first given. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Have you got to face a difficulty? Are you leaving home to live for the first time among strangers? Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold lion hunter looks in the face of the lion. Never shrink from a painful duty, but step right up to it and do it. Yes, strike the knot! Strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties.

A FAILURE in a good cause is better than a triumph in a bad one.

SOMETHING WORTH CULTIVATING.

HOW absurd the fop makes himself in the eyes of everybody! It don't pay to spend a whole morning in tying a cravat before the looking-glass, and then stepping back from time to time to admire the effect. Styles of dress and manners and customs change; but the fop is a despisable character in any age. It is a great deal better to spend the precious time God gives us, in improving our minds and hearts than in decorating our persons.

But I will tell you, boys and girls, what is worth cultivating in this matter of dress. It is neatness. You can't well be too particular about this. You might *possibly* be "more nice than *wise*;" but there is very little danger of it. Work away with a will at whatever your calling is, no matter if it does soil your hands; but when you are done, wash up. If you can, also change at evening your soiled working dresses for those that are neat and clean, no matter if they are ever so coarse and patched. Daughters, especially, have little excuse for going about all the afternoon, and sitting down at the tea-table, when no company is expected, with frizzled hair and untidy dresses. A little care and pains, a little good management, and that famous "stitch in time" would give them a respectable afternoon dress, which would make them much more attractive in the eyes of father and brothers. It will help, too, to form a good habit which will go with them through life. Just imagine there is company coming every evening, and you will see if it doesn't make you stop idle dozing, and "spry around" so as to have yourself and the house tidy and comfortable.

A trim and tidy appearance has made a fortune for many a boy and girl, while the opposite style has ruined the fairest prospects. "Let all things be done decently and in order."

SMALL means often accomplish great things. Each of us may do something for others; and true sympathy and loving ministry are never lost.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER VIII.—GOING HOME.

LET us go after Ike to the cottage, for it will be interesting to witness the happiness of that little home circle.

On the way Ike met Tom Jones, whom we have already seen, with his black clay pipe, threatening Ike with a ducking; Tom was older and larger than Ike, also worked in the mill, and was a most dissolute youth.

"Hello, sober-sides! wha bin so long?"

"I stopped behind a bit at the office," was Ike's quiet reply.

"Ye did, eh? How much wages did ye git, Cottle?—I heerd yer silver's riz."

"Seven shillings," answered Ike.

Tom began to curse and swear at this information.

"What yer goin' to do wi' it, parson, eh?"

"Give it to my father."

"Yer a fool, Ike," said Tom, "and I'd like to ketch dad a gittin' uv my wages, I would."

"Don't you give your earnings to your father, Tom?" asked Ike.

"G-i-v-e m-y e-a-r-n-i-n-s t-o m-y f-a-t-h-e-r! Ask Jack Taff an' Jim Beard." Hereupon Tom drew five shillings from his pocket—the earnings of the week. "I takes kere uv my o-w-n shillins, I does, 'cept when Jim Beard beats me shootin' marbles—then they goes quick. I say, Cottle, I'll shoot a game of marbles with ye for a shillin'."

"No, Tom; I do not wish to lose a shilling from my wages; nor do I want to take one from yours; and, besides, it is wrong to gamble."

Tom took a step backward at this refusal to join in his favorite game, and opening his eyes wide, and puffing his cheeks, gazed a moment at Ike in affected derision. Presently he began to call Ike hard names, and leaped about like a madman, shouting "coward—fool—sich nonsense—afeard to shoot a game of marbles for a shillin'"

"Yer a coward about the shillin' like ye was about yer footin'; an' if the pond was here, and not the tram-road, I'd duck ye, Cottle."

*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

At this exciting moment who should join them but Jim Beard himself, Tom's friend at marbles.

"Jim," shouted Tom, "what d'ye think Parson Cottle says?"

"How kin I tell, crony, if I don't hear him?"

"Well, yer needn't bristle so about it," answered Tom, "for I've got five shillins in my pocket ye'll want to win by'm-by."

"What did Ike say, then?"

"Why, that shootin' marbles for shillins is gambling—the big—"

"I do say so," answered Ike; "and I will never lose my wages in that way, and I hope you will do so no more;—good-evening," and Ike started off.

"Hold on, 'tin-wash,' yer not gone yet!" shouted Tom; "stay and hold the stakes while Jim and me plays."

"No, Tom; I can not do so. I told you that I could not shoot, because it was gambling away money; I can't hold your stakes, because that would be just as bad;—let me go;" and Ike again started. But he could not get away so easily. Both boys confronted him, and compelled him to stand still.

"Jim," again began Tom, "Parson Cottle's wages is riz to seven shillins—two mor'n we gits."

This was news that Jim was ill prepared to hear.

"It's a lie! or he stole it," angrily growled Jim, casting a wicked glance at Ike. Ike was silent.

"I think he might play three of the shillins, and his dad won't be wiser," said Tom, imploringly. "Come," he continued, taking Ike by the arm, "down with the shiners, and I'll match it with twice as much, to give you a start, and Jim'll hold 'em for us."

"Tom," replied Ike, "I am not making believe when I say no. I think it's wicked; and if we do what's wicked, what will become of us? I know it doesn't seem much to play for a shilling; but that is the way men come to be horrid gamblers. They begin with shillings, and soon get to half-crowns and guineas, until all they can earn or borrow, or beg or steal, is lost. They then take to hard drink, and at last either tumble into a gutter or are locked up in prison; and the end of many is hanging by the neck till they are dead!

"You see, Tom and Jim, sometimes big things grow from little things. A lucifer match is a very little thing; and Tom, here, carries them in his jacket-pocket to light his pipe with; but he could light a fire with one match that would burn to the ground Mr. Lewis' mill or farmer Griffith's big barn."

The boys listened in silence to Ike's plain words.

After a short pause, Jim, who seemed to feel the force of Ike's reasons for not risking his money, answered—

"But, Ike, what harm is there in us having a little game in this road? we'll never be great gamblers, and we'll only play for a shilling!"

"That's very true, Jim; but, you know, every little helps; and a good many little games will come to a good many shillings; and, by-and-by, you will get tired of playing for a shilling, and will stake all your wages on one game; and so you won't see the end very soon. And you make a mistake when you say there is no harm in it, for it's not much before stealing, and the Bible says 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Do you call me a thief?" shouted Jim, angrily, seizing Ike by the collar.

"No," said Ike, calmly. "I don't say that you are a downright thief; bnt if I take something from you, without giving you anything in return, and without your leave, wouldn't that be as good as stealing?"

"To be sure it would," answered both boys.

"Well, then," continued Ike, "shooting marbles for shillings is stealing; for when you win Tom's shilling, you have paid him nothing for it, but put it in your pocket as if it was your own. To be sure, you do win it by your hand at a game with marbles; but you know you are a better hand than Tom, and so get his shilling whenever you play. Do you call that right?"

"Is that your first sermon, Parson Cottle?" sneeringly asked Tom.

Jim was silent.

"It isn't preaching," said Ike; "but I say it's wrong to throw money away and do harm. It's a sin against God who made us; and I learn it in the Bible, and from my Sunday-school teacher; and father says that such things make boys bad, and no good comes of them when they grow up."

The boys were silenced. They had never been talked to like that before, and Ike, seeing the effect of his words, made bold to continue.

"Besides, Tom and Jim, what's the sense of wasting time and losing money like that? You say it makes no odds. But doesn't it? It don't make us better, but worse; and we are in danger of getting to like those things so much, that we will want to leave off work and go vagabonds.

"From gambling, it's an easy step to drinking; and it's the first thing for the boy who wins to stand for the beer. Jack Taff makes the most, after all. Your shillings burn and change hands until they clink in his till in the tap-room.

"Look at the 'navvies,' how they drink and go on! They began in this way; and now most of them leave their families to perish, while they gamble and drink in the tap-room.

"And then look at the many ways to spend money and time, so that not a shilling or a minute will be lost or misspent.

"I give my wages to father because I want to, and I ought to; so it goes for flour and sugar and tea, and help to pay the rent of the cottage. Then when I have some of my own, I like to give it to the missionaries, for the poor heathen far over the sea; and Mr. James, our teacher, says it goes to India and China, and to many islands far away.

"Then there's old Granny Benjamin under the hill, who can't go out of doors, both blind and sick; so I like to give a little money to her when I can, to help her and Mary to pay the rent. I know she would be glad to have your spare shillings, and it would be doing right to give them, instead of gambling them away, or drinking them up at Taff's."

"I'd rather buy parliament* with my shillings," chuckled Tom.

"I wouldn't, then—and I will play marbles no more, neither," said Jim, with a flushed face and great emphasis.

"Oh, ho! hooray! your'n turnin' saint, too, eh?" shouted Tom; "I fancy I'd better 'cut,' or ye might bite me, eh?"

"I don't care what you call me, Mr. Tom Jones; but ye'll lose no more a them shillings by me, and you've got the last one you'll ever get from Jim Beard in that way, and ye'd better hold yer tongue, too!"

Jim strided toward Tom as the last words were uttered, and for a moment there was danger of a scuffle. Ike interposed, and soon caused the boys to leave off quarreling.

"I'm glad to hear you say you'll shoot no more marbles for shillings, Jim," said Ike; "and I hope you'll keep your word."

"Mind me for that part, Ike," was Jim's quick reply; "and I hope you'll not think much about me ketching of you by the collar a bit ago, and the hard names I've often called you, Ike;—but let's shake hands and be cronies." And poor Jim's eyes showed that he was honest at heart.

"I wasn't cross at you, Jim, nor at Tom either, and I'm glad to be your friend, and I am sure nothing can break our good-will. Jim, I don't drink, or smoke, or swear, and I go to Sunday-school, and try to be a good boy; and would like you to do the same!"

---

* A flat ginger cake.

"Sunday-schools are good for them that like them, and saints and grannies like you and Jim Beard; but my name's Tom Jones, and I'll go my own road;" and without noticing the effects of his words, went his way, leaving Jim and Ike alone in the road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—No. 3.

FRANCE.

FRANCE is an important empire of western Europe. It has an area of two hundred and four thousand eight hundred (204,800) square miles, and its population is thirty-five million four hundred thousand (35,400,000). Paris is the capital, and one of the finest cities of the world; it is the great center of fashion.

The French have expressive countenances, brilliant eyes, and in many instances great beauty of features. The French language is spoken by the upper classes of Europe. The French are noted for their manufacture of articles of refinement, such as jewelry, gloves, toys, perfumery, etc. Paris sets the fashion of all Europe, and an extensive trade in articles of dress is carried on by dress-makers, milliners, etc. They are very fond of amusement, and have a great variety of games. On the Sabbath, all the theaters and places of amusement are open, and better attended than on any other day of the week. Dancing is a favorite amusement for all classes. The greatest attraction of society is conversation.

France exports more wine, brandy, and silk goods than any other country; most of the wine comes from Bordeaux.

The French women are very clever in the transaction of business; they possess a great fondness for supremacy, and exert a great influence in all the departments of life. They are the overseers of nearly all the shops in Paris, and manage them with great skill. They are up early and late, taking care of their families, whose support depends on their efforts, while their husbands lounge at the theater, coffee-house, or gambling-saloon.

The ornamental arts flourish in France, and there are many splendid specimens of painting and sculpture in Paris. Versailles contains one of the most magnificent palaces in the world. The scientific works of the French are numerous, especially in botany, zoology, chemistry, and mathematics. They have colleges and schools for instructing youth in every branch of useful knowledge.

LITTLE SPOT.

I DON'T know how Betty taught her little calf such good manners as to stand peaceably by and let her milk the old cow without trying to help her. I think she stole a march on him by giving him a bucket of warm skimmed milk before she began, so when he had enough he was forced to stop. He was not like some greedy children who sit and sit long after their appetite is satisfied, just because it tastes good.

Little "Spot" grew so fast, and gave promise of making such a splendid ox, that farmer Johnson decided to let him run all summer with his mother, and have all the milk. You may be sure Spot approved of that, and capered and frisked about in the fine green pasture, getting himself into all kinds of awkward scrapes, to the great distress of his sedate mother. Farmer Johnson said he was "afraid that plaguy calf would break his neck yet, and spile his chance of taking the prize for him at the country fair;" but the summer passed on, and no such dreadful thing had happened to him yet.

One day a gentleman was going across the lots, when an old cow made at him with so much earnestness, he took up a stick to defend himself. Then the cow moved off a little, but appeared in great distress, and anxious to have the man follow her. He took the hint at last, and told her to "go ahead," which she did. She led the way to a ditch, and there, sure enough, was poor little Spot, heels over head in the mud and water, kicking and struggling for dear life.

The man succeeded in helping him out, when it was difficult to say whether the mother was most delighted or grateful. I can't tell you whether the farmer got the prize or not; but Spot grew up into a very likely ox, and had many a load of hay to draw from the meadows where he used to frisk and play. Life can not be all play-time, even for a calf—and it is better to be useful than to merely enjoy ourselves while we do nothing for the good of others.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

WHAT BECOMES OF DEAD HORSES.—The popular idea is that when Rosinante yields up the ghost, he is buried in a field, or left to molder into mother earth in the woods somewhere. Not so. He has made his last charge, and gnawed his last fence-rail, but there is from $20 to $40 in the old fellow yet. At the contractor's establishment they are thoroughly dissected. First, the shoes are pulled off; they are usually worth fifty cents a set. Then the hoofs are cut off; they bring about two dollars a set. Then comes the caudal appendage, worth half a dollar. Then the hide—I don't know what that sells for. Then the tallow; and last, but not least, the shin-bones are valuable, being convertible into a variety of articles that many believe to be composed of pure ivory, such as cane-heads, knife-handles, etc. By the time the contractor gets through with the "late lamented" steed, there is hardly enough of him left to feed a bull-pup on. Hereafter, kind reader, when you see a dead "hoss," don't turn up your nose at him, but regard him thoughtfully, as the foundation for a large fortune in a single year. He may, individually, be a nuisance, but "there is that within which passeth show."

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—

I,
N. T. H. I. S. C.
La Y G. Rav. Eben
E. A.T.H.T.
Histur Fo Fgr. A.S.
slyesm Ung
O Smar
Tas——————Tub
Born
St UPIDA sS.
Smar Twa
Shis. NAmeb Ut
N O T S M A R
This na TUR. es
Carce——E——V
Erm or TALD
I.D. S.E.E.S.
UCH a CRE at
Tur E Yet
Her. EHEL

Yesandsu ret Hat
Isn O–WO
N.D.E.R.F.
or. aLLH isl
If E. W. as Not
Hin —— G —— But ab
LUN. .d. ER.
Hisd ustly eshere
'mon Goth eŕp
Ers O nsm
IX
T and tot hed ayo
F. Do .om hiss
ouliss ome Wheref
IX'D T H
EN W. How ould
Wee
P.F.——ors Ucha
Nass ast. His
Fors Uren
OEAR
Thly C. RE. at
ure
will
Himm
I.S.S.

Don't you see through it? Well, try it again; it is English, and commences thus:

"In this clay grave,
Beneath this turf of grass—"

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in conversation than wit, however brilliant.

ROBUST health is indicated by the ruby color of the countenance —when not too much concentrated in the nose.

What is the least desirable kind of sympathy? To be pitied (pitted) by the small-pox.

A BLIND man was invited out to tea; how did he manage to see? Why, he took a cup and saucer (saw, sir).

WHEN may a man be said to have a vegetable time-piece? When he gets a potato clock (gets up at 8 o'clock).

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

JOYOUS spring-time and bright May flowers always fill our parlor with fragrance and Merry hearts. What a crowd before the doors! We enlarge our circle and open our hearts only to have every place occupied with welcome visitors. All ought to be merry and happy this month, when the buds and blossoms and flowers spring into newness of life and shed their fragrance on all around. We delight to roam o'er the hills in merry spring-time, sit upon the mossy bank of some sparkling stream, gather the first spring flowers, or lie for hours upon the green under the shade of some old friendly tree, half dreaming and half meditating of the beautiful world of green fields and never-fading flowers. May all our hearts be as merry there as here, and we meet a united band, where space is boundless and children never cease their merry songs of joy and gladness.

This month we welcome some of our old friends and many new claimants for places around our table. Come in, and we will listen.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—I am a new-comer; but knowing the bluebird is always welcomed with delight, I take the liberty to fly in among you, and say,

I love you all as well as can be,
And why, oh, why, should you not love me?

Please do not let me flutter about long, but give me a place with the merriest of Merryites.

Cricket and Jolly Jingle, I would like a seat near you, for I am very fond of "music" and "a good time generally."

Dear Aunt Sue, I must send you my best love before closing, even if the "hatchet" descends very near my poor head. Breathlessly yours,

BLUE BIRD.

'IR COTTAGE, *March* 13, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—Again do I make my appearance among you, for I love the Chat and those who contribute to its interest. The letters are read each month with much pleasure. Each newcomer is cordially welcomed, and we want them to feel at home among us. Myrrah desires a seat beside me, and certainly she shall have it. Would it not be very pleasant, dear ones, if we could all truly meet in the parlor? Only in imagination can I see you, yet I long to know you all personally, Uncle Robert and dear Aunt Sue included.

Oliver Onley, where are you? Why absent yourself for so long a time from our Merry circle?

Harry C. H. Douglas, yes.

Love to Cousin Mary, Rubie Linden, Violet Forest, and all.

Dear ones, do not forget

ANNIE F. MAY.

NEW PALTZ, N. Y., *April* 11.

MERRYS ALL:—Ha! ha!! ha!!! Hear Sid the ferocious speak! Is there a lunatic asylum in your neighborhood, founding in the woods? I once heard of a brave general intrusted with a commission from Fleta. He once said he wept for me; but I think he poured a little more water into his washbowl, that's all.

J. J., *you* don't wear long dresses, and a waterfall. You've let that out! Your last letter is dated "Dartmouth College," and what waterfall ever dwelt there? No doubt your wish for boot-blacking (see "Extracted Essences," February magazine, 1863) has procured you that office, has it not? I see you now, lank and lean, writing your "epistles" on the sheet of a copy-book. Your grim visage occasionally bears a smile at the thought of "how this'll hit 'em!" Is my picture true, oh, pseudo-monarch? As Pat says, "I neither speak, or hold my tongue." I'd rather hold the lightning than my tongue; for it's hung in the middle.

Coz Jennie's next will be a summons to "flock to the standard." What if "Scissors" comes in?

There's fun ahead! Rouse, In the Corner, Sigma, Frank, W. A. R., and Fiddlesticks! Why so silent? Preach, Granddaddy Burnham! Let's have fun, quench J. J., etc. Or, if *for* him, call for "pistols for two, and coffee for one." I'll be near! But Uncles all look dark!

I've never written you so long a letter before in my life, so excuse this, and let it pass. Yours for a "scrape,"

HERO.

Couldn't do it. You would not be a "hero" if you could not show the scars. The hatchet wounds only to heal. You should be thankful that you have the heel left.

"THE PILE," *April*, 1867.

Just three words, Uncle.

Herman, with what a wonderful imagination and inventive faculty must you have endowed the *one* who wrote the Chat letters! It would have been simply impossible to have kept the run of names and questions; and as for the sameness in style—"great minds run in the same channels." There! are you satisfied? I heartily and wholly agree with you in your proposition, that we should put more of *ourselves* into our letters—tell of our daily occupations, what we read, what authors we like, what amusements we approve of, etc.

Uncle, will you let us try our powers of discussion if we'll be short and sweet? I think it would be better for us all.

Roguish Kate, I *have* heard of "Hamptonia's classic walls;" some of my classmates have been there. Didst ever hear of one E. G. B——l, a "masculine man?"

Honeysuckle, Mamie, and all who have asked me to correspond or exchange "cartes," you would all speedily find that my ill-jointed, stupid letters were not worth the "waste" in pen, ink, and paper — stationery's high just now — while the pictures of my interesting and speaking countenance would transfix you with horror. However, I'll reflect upon this mighty subject, and telegraph my decision.

Yours forever and ever and ever.

JOLLY JINGLE.

N. B. — I pass over with withering scorn the malicious remarks of my enemies—another proof of my greatness, as to my capacity for discharging the duties of "chief cook."

We heartily agree with you, Jolly, and prefer discussion of practical everyday duties and occupations to merely sending a letter full of messages which only concern two persons. Who will commence it?

DEAR MERRYS:—One of the Cousins, in the last Chat, confesses that he has really fancied us all a myth, we of the grand Merry circle! Well, if that isn't cool, then I wouldn't say anything! Aren't we somebody? I guess so;—come and see.

Away up town, within walking distance of Central Park, is our abiding-place—a pleasant street and cheerful home. Now take a peep within.

There's pictures and books and a modest musical instrument or two. Then there's a small easel with pencils beside it, and our pen and ink; but these are only for leisure hours, to fill up the gaps between more important duties, for our house has a kitchen, and we make frequent visits there. One must have wholesome, digestible dinners; and if you wish a thing well done, do it yourself—that's our motto.

Did you ever think that undigested food makes half the clouds, real and imaginary, that hover over us? Now, all one has to do, to make the acquaintance of dyspepsia, and all its train of tormenting fiends, is to leave all table arrangements to Bridget, and you won't have long to wait; and it's ten chances to one if she doesn't invite hard times. "A word to the wise is sufficient," girls.

Well, besides all that, there is our sewing-machine, the sweetest "Singer" of all. I love its music, for its sets a lively tune to "seam, gusset, and band," giving us leisure for something better.

There's no drones in our hive—we love the song of labor.

A myth, indeed!—not a bit of it!

Yours, indignantly,

EULA LEE.

P. S.—One word more, to Theresa, just to say how glad I am to make her acquaintance, or shall be. To be sure you are welcome. We like new friends as well as the old, so "dinna forget"

Yours, E. L.

ST. LOUIS, *March* 25, '67.

DEAR MERRYS:—I have just returned from a trip to what was once known as the "sunny South;" but at present the name is a misnomer, for the true name is the "famine-stricken South." And not only are the people in a starving condition, but are so deluged with water that they will hardly be able to raise anything this season; indeed, with perfect truth I can say that at one place between here and Vicksburg the river has risen to such an extent, that it is sixty-

two miles from dry land to dry land across the river, and there are only three landings between Memphis and Vicksburg which are not under water.

Roguish Kate and Pertine, I have answered your letters.

But I have already written so much, that I will close by saying farewell for about four months, as I am off for Fort Benton, Montana Territory. Yours,

CIS.

CENTRAL, O., *April* 3.

"Friends of the Cause!" hear this member! I'll be short, and *sweet*, if possible.

Moss Pink, of 1864, I've been waiting these three years for your reappearance. Do you still exist in Del.? I don't live a "hundred miles away!"

Sue Friend, how I'd like to know you.

Saucy Nell, come to Central, some time, *do*.

Where is Dancer—bring him along! I'll take Swift, and we'll indulge in a gallop.

Where art thou, Cousin Jim? Ditto, C. F. Warren.

Cousin Jennie, *I'll* vote for you, provided I am not nominated myself.

And so, Jolly Jingle, that "delightful compound" loves music, moonlight, and old maids; then, as a natural consequence, those three sublime (?) entertainments are inseparably connected.

Cousins, how many of you concur with the "Dartmouth" oracle? I pause for replies—no, I'll talk on, and you all reply when I get through. I, for one, heartily disagree; and, Cousins, how many of you second Herman's motion? I'm sorry to say I disagree again. Let Herman tell all about himself, then perhaps some other Cousin will ditto.

Roguish Kate, I vote for a Convention held "Out West."

JENNIE ENWOOD.

CRAYDOCKS, *April*, '67.

DEAR MERRYS:—Having once been in the parlor, and witnessed the mirth and brightness there, I find it quite difficult to absent myself.

I am surprised at Herman's suppositions; why, *I* discovered the truth years ago, when my *big brother* took the MUSEUM.

Moss Rosebud, I have heard your "sure enough" name. If you wish to know how and where, please inclose a letter to me in an envelope to Uncle Robert.

There is an "aching void" in my heart (and portfolio) that nothing can fill but a goodly number of Merry missives. Who is willing to correspond?

Cousin Jolly J., *I* would "lend a helping hand," but think your past actions prove that you need no assistance. You seem to have again aroused the indignation of your many loving (?) Cousins. But never mind them; don't be discouraged; hold fast to the "rickety pile," and be a "good boy."

Ever so much love to Aunt Sue, and anybody else that wants a share.

Cousins, *please* don't forget that Uncle Merry has my address.

Uncle Hiram, forgive MIZPAH.

ROCKFORD, *March* 13, '67.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I hope I may call you that, though there are so many claims on your Uncleship. I thank you very much for the kind welcome you gave me into the circle; and if all the Cousins would do the same, I should feel quite at home. I took the hint, and am trying to improve it by raising a club.

Now, Saucy Nell, I have a word to say to you, and that is, I hope you are not saucy to new-comers; and I know Daisy Wildwood will not neglect me, as I think we both like out-door amusements.

Black-Eyes, and all the other Cousins who feel so disposed, if you do not write, I shall feel slighted.

Please now, Uncle, Aunt, and Merrys all, do not think because I live 'way out West, I am not worth noticing. I would like to become a constant visitor in the Chat; and I hope in all this hubbub about who shall be Queen, you will not forget SNOW FLAKE.

LONG ISLAND, *March* 23, '67.

DEAR MERRYS:—Last September I knocked at the sanctum door, and was admitted and kindly welcomed by Uncle Merry; since then, you've all been as silent as mummies, for not one letter have I received. Now, I mean to try once more, and if I succeed in getting acquainted, all right; if not, well—never mind, look out for yourselves.

Fairy, I wrote to you; why don't you answer? I wish you'd hurry.

Who will exchange photos with me? Oh! if you only knew what a good-looking fellow I am, you would flood me with applications; try it through Uncle.

Yours, lovingly, LATHOM.

LEBANON, *March* 21, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS:—Some two years ago I made my appearance in the Chat for the first and, till now, the only time. The kind greetings which I received from many of the Cousins were certainly encouraging to a stranger, and I intended then to meet with you quite often; but, alas! procrastination, that thief of time, is my only excuse. But this evening an uncontrollable desire seized me to write to you again, and see if you would once more admit me to the Chat. Many new faces have entered the circle, and many dear familiar ones disappeared, still I recognize some that used to meet with us in days of yore.

Sigma, I have not forgotten *you*, though perhaps you can not return the compliment. If I remember rightly, some time ago you made the remark, that, with my permission and address, you would write to me. Are you still of the same mind? If so, my address is — Merry May, Fairbury, Livingston Co., Box 155, where I shall be happy to hear from you. Cousins all, ditto

But, Uncle, there—"nuff ced"—I am going. Love to Aunt Sue.

Merryly yours, MERRY MAY.

We look for you at least once a year, when May flowers begin to bloom, and merry spring opens beautiful and gay. Do not stay away so long again.

FERN HOLLOW.

MERRYS ALL:—I, too, second the motion of W. A. R., that each Merry send a sealed vote for the King, Queen, or President they like best, and then I hope there will be no more squabbling.

Ella W., that is certainly a very affecting experiment.

Bluestocking, I hope you won't give us the blues.

Jasper, Saucy Nell, and In the Corner, you can't think how glad I was to see you back again!

Flib, I wish you would follow their example.

Fleta, will you exchange pictures with me?

Aunt Sue, I thank you for the kiss; will you accept one from me?

Hatchet, please don't clip me this time. Yours, Merryly, LULIE C.

Extracted Essences.

COUSIN JENNIE, your requests have all been attended to. All of us, including Kitty Clover, will be glad to see you again.

L. R. (Purdy's Station), please choose some other name, and come again.

JOSIE, we have another dear friend by the name of Josie, who was a constant friend of the MUSEUM, and we hope is so yet. We extend a cordial welcome to you, for you are a true Merry, and we hope you will come again soon, and take another name.

SHOOTING STAR desires Mamie's picture, and promises Kate to be real good if allowed to attend the Convention.

We extend a welcoming hand and give a cordial reception to Merillo, Ora Webster, and others who knock at the door for the first time.

DOLLY WIN, the paper was sent, also the letter as directed.

LIBBIE, why do we not hear from you? You were regularly admitted as a member of the Merry family.

FORGET ME-NOT, you are not forgotten. We rejoice at your re-appearance, and shall always have a word of welcome for you.

L. B., of Bridgewater, take another name, and come again.

COMET No. 2, you will have to find another name, as there is another of your species somewhere in the Merry heaven, and in Merry Astronomy does not predict when it will reappear.

NORTHERN LIGHT comes from the "north pole," claims relationship to Shooting Star, and darts away as quickly as it came.

BOSTON AND NEWPORT. — This popular route between Newport and Boston commences the season with the steamboats Old Colony and Metropolis, which are elegantly fitted up and possess every accommodation needed by the traveler. This line owes its popularity to the first-class boats and careful attention to its passengers. We know of no routes in the country with better officers, neater state-rooms, or more bountiful supper-tables.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

has been most successful in answering the March Puzzles, and wins her FIRST PRIZE. Were our puzzles rather difficult, that so few have sent answers? No one answered No. 59, so I presume the flower "Venus'-Car" is not generally known.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

102. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 10, 8, 5, 6 is an assault.
My 7, 4, 9, 6 gives light.
My 9, 2, 8, 1, 3 is to pinch and hold.
My whole is a character in Dickens' works. *Theresa.*

103. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 2, 6, 3 is a ring.
My 2, 5, 4 is metal.
My 7, 6, 5, 8, 9 is a kind of song.
My whole is the name of a poet. *Mermaid.*

104. Behead a biped, and the alternate letters form an animal without feet; now behead, curtail, and transpose, and you have a quadruped. *Franc.*

105. Curtail an insect; transpose, and leave an evergreen shrub; again curtail and transpose, and leave a vegetable; curtail again, and leave an insect. *Cis.*

106. If we leave grain in a barn, what article of apparel would be found in its place? *S. Harp.*

107. Transpose "FOX" into another word. *Fred.*

108. What letter would make beer idle? *Jasper.*

109. Entire, I am a celebrated Frenchman; take away my first syllable, and leave what most young ladies wish to get. *Loyalty.*

CIPHER.

110. E naqqmi op gondis O wdopb kua yuamf mobi,
O yomm lebi kua an upi op e lopawi,
Ow yomm nmieri kua O bpuy wu apmugb ow emwduacd
Wdisi lek hi pu csiew temai yowdop ow.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

111. Rub the face of an Asiatic with burnt cork. *Alf.*

112. Fifty on the other side. *Euclid.*

113. Unite a fastening. *A. R. T.*

114. The mirror belonging to us. *Kate M.*

115. Trade her off. *G. N.*

116. The great deep partook of food. *F. F.*

117. Add an article to a violation of law, and make an island. *Euclid.*

118. My second is often a condition of my first, and my whole is an abode. *Sigma.*

119. My first is often taken to lengthen my second; my whole is what armies often do. *M. E. W.*

120. What is the difference between the equator and the cable telegraph? *J. R. A.*

ANAGRAMS.

121. O! D. hates me. *Snowdrop.*

122. Untie Cane. *Albert Amerman.*

123. I! I got dry on perch. *Keystone.*

124. Sip tea, pet. *Ego Ipse.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

125. A —— and a —— lived at ——. *Violet Forest.*

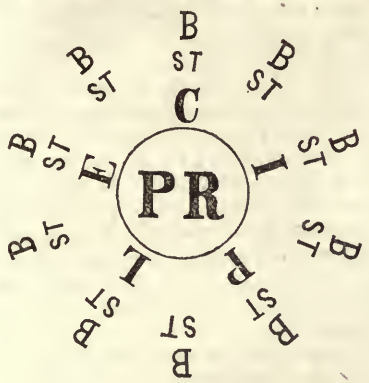
126. A —— is lovely, a —— is disagreeable, some —— are valuable. *Charlie Little.*

127. The —— man threw a —— at me. *Onceinawhile.*

128. When Eve was tempted by the apple, she did not —— but — — —. *Minx.*

129. Hotel moderation is the 144 est ab utility of the presents of the capital of Rhode Island.

130. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



F. F.

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of June. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in March No.

50. He does not "go a-foot" from his starting-point.
51. Barbadoes (barb a doze).
52. Candlestick. (Many other answers to this have been credited as good: lamplighter, moonlight, starlight, etc.)
53. Better late than never.
54. Muskingum.
55. Grate. 1, tea; 2, get; 3, rat; 4, rag; 5, tag; 6, gear; 7, eat; 8, tear; 9, ate; 10, tear; 11, gate; 12, rage; 13, re; 14, rate; 15, tare; 16, ear; 17, tar; 18, age. (Only those were credited with answering this who named all the items.)
56. Buttercup.
57. Harebell.
58. Cowslip.
59. Venus' Car.
60. Lurest—sutler—lustre—result.
61. Senator—treason.
62. Horse—shore.
63. Ogre—gore.
64. Shah—hash. (There were several answers sent to this which involved no "condescension.")
65. You ought to tease nothing
66. When they live in cells.
67. Lapwing.
68. Respiration.
69. Serenade.
70. Incomprehensibility.
71. Hypochondriacally.
72. Read this the right way, and you'll find out what I say. (Commence with the letter R, near the center, and read round and round; unscrew it.)
73. The blind beggar was a *sister* of the man who died. (Those who answered this "a brother *or* a sister," deserve the most credit.)

IXIA answers all but 50, 59, 61, 69—20.

Minnehaha answers all but 50, 59, 61, 64, 67, 72—18.

Ivanhoe answers all but 50, 59, 61, 64, 67, 72—18.

Hero answers all but 50, 55, 59, 60, 64, 67, 72—17.

Max answers all but 50, 55, 59, 60, 61, 69, 72—17.

Belle answers all but 50, 53, 55, 59, 60, 61, 72, 73—16.

F. R. S. answers all but 50, 55, 59, 60, 61, 70, 71, 72—16.

C. W. J. answers all but 50, 53, 55, 59, 60, 61, 67, 70, 71, 72—14.

Freddie Starr answers all but 50, 59, 60, 61, 64, 65, 67, 70, 71, 72—14.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 50, 55, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63, 64, 67, 70, 71—13.

Merillo answers all but 50, 53, 55, 59, 60 61, 62, 65, 71, 72, 73—13.

Gipsy Girl answers 51, 52, 56, 57, 58, 62, 65, 67, 68, 69, 73—11.

L. J. S. answers 52, 54, 56, 57, 62, 65, 66, 68, 69, 70—10.

Willie H. Bishop answers 54, 56, 57, 58, 64, 66, 73—7.

Lulie Clark answers 52, 56, 57, 58, 62, 65, 66—7.

R. C. L., Jr., answers 51, 54, 56, 57, 58, 66, 73 7.

Eddie E. Perkins answers 54, 57, 73—3.

Ivanhoe should have been credited in April with answering *all but* 8, and *Cricket* with *all but* 6 of the February puzzles.

Notices to Correspondents.

Hero, you are the only one who correctly answered No. 61. Your answer to 67 ("razor-bill") was pretty good; but wouldn't it be an impertinence to say that you had no "bill."

Roguish Kate and Oddity ask "How is it proved that a cat has three tails?" For the benefit of those who have not already seen the question in the papers, we propose it here.

Pearl, I quite agree with you on the "silly" question.

Rubie Linden, I am inclined to think that you will hear from *Pearl*. No. 74 is correct.

Max, only matter intended for publication need be written on one side of the paper; you can write your answers on both sides, as the printer never sees them.

Belle, yes; you can ask any questions you choose; the answers may make this department more interesting. The present Napoleon is called the *Third*, because Napoleon I. abdicated in favor of his son, who was then Napoleon II., although he never reached the throne.

Minnehaha, see my remarks to *Dolly Winkle*, page 127, April number.

Snowdrop, I can not be disloyal to that "army," even in an anagram; the other puzzles are "accepted."

Violet Forest and Effie, I am sorry your answers came too late to be credited. Gentlemen's pockets are often dead-letter offices.

L. J. S, that is right; send your answers, though they may be only two.

Uncle Tim, I like your enigma very much; there is some back-bone in it. Thanks.

Myron, your answers came too late to be credited. You remark, in answering No. 49, "Very plain, if there is no catch in it. 200 cats." What do you think about it now?

Gipsy Girl, it is a very common mistake. Just try how many of your best educated friends can spell correctly, "A cobbler's pony ate a potato from the peddler's wagon," and see if they don't trip up on "poney," "potatoe," or "waggon," not to mention the "cobler" and "pedler."

Lulie Clark, thanks for your photograph. I sent mine immediately to the address you gave. Did it arrive safely?

Clem, certainly; all the family may put their heads together to guess the puzzles, providing that only one person sends the list of answers. So your conscience need not have been troubled.

Ixia, if you are *the* subscriber, you have a perfect right to compete for the prizes.

Freddie Starr, it isn't every boy that can find out puzzles and write a letter at eight years of age.

Minx, I hope you have not forsaken us.

Merillo, your answer to 61 made me laugh ("a Mayor often talks roamy"); but I do like to see people aim at a mark, whether they hit it or not.

C. W. J., I am glad the heart-puzzle reached you safely; of course you soon found your way into it. The same brains that solved so many Merry enigmas, would easily engineer the fingers on a mechanical puzzle.

F. R. S., thank you for the scraps you sent for the "Bag;" some of them are excellent.

Cricket, when I was little, the question used to be, "if a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, what will twelve herrings cost?" Excuse the omission of the "all but" in your credit for February puzzles.

We welcome to our circle, this month, Laura J. S. and Joe Cose.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc. (such as were original), to Hero, R. C. L. Jr., Lulie Clark, Ixia, L. J. S., Pearl, Violet Forest, Eddie E. Perkins, Joe Cose, and Ivanhoe.

In future, no thanks will be given for puzzles composed upon the names of the Merry Cousins, the magazine, or its editors.

CROSS STICKS OVER THE LOST BOOK.

BY UNCLE TIM.

ATTRACTIVE and charming his aim,
Beside the babbling brook,
Conning wherever he came,
Determined to discover his book.
Every nook and each corner,
Far and farther away,
Goes he gloppen Jack Horner,
Having less hope of play.
In a deep invoice of troubles,
Jogging and jarring each nook,
Knocking or kicking the bubbles,
Looking too long for his book,
Most of the time may be thinking
Neither of pleasure nor play,

Over and on without winking,
Picking the pebbles away.
Quick quivers his eye at the brook,
Rudely rustles rough rushes,
Stopping to steady his look,
Turning and twisting the bushes
Up and under with care.
Vexed as his viewings all vanished,
Which way, wherever, or where,
'Xcruciating 'xample well banished,
Yoking a Yankee to wind it,
Zetetic in zeal not to mind it,
& too nervous & careless to find it.
Zigzag and zealous his reelings,
Yonker his youngest of feelings,
('Xanthia 'xcepted the flowers,)
Warbled the wrens in the bowers,
Valiant, though vexing with song,
Upward, urgent along,
Taxing and turning his troubles,
Stopping and smiting the bubbles,
Running so rude with a rush,
Quite over a quivering bush,
Plodding, planning, and pulling,
Over the others unwilling,
Noting each nook for the lost,
Missing, moreover, the most,
Looking too long for his liking,
Keeping him kicking and striking,
Judged he'd hear jeering and joking,
In troubles, in danger of choking,
Hoping, hopping, and hazing,
Grumbling, growling, and gazing,
Fretting himself into fever,
Each effort effective as ever.
Down through the dell once more,
Counting the cost as before,
Biting and bursting a locket,
And found it at last in his—POCKET!

MORAL: The best place to look for anything lost, is to look where you left it.

THE TWO SCHOOLMATES.

HERBERT and Allen were walking home together from school one afternoon after the long week's work was over.

"I am glad," said Allen, "that to-morrow is Sunday, for I feel really tired, though I do love study, Bert."

"So do I; but the week seems long when we go to school on Saturday; I wish I could persuade you to go to Sunday-school with me to-morrow, Allen."

"No, I thank you, Bert; it is all the day I have to myself, and I feel that I need to spend it in taking care of myself, walking out in the fields and woods and seeing the beauties of nature. It will do me more good than to be shut up in a church poring over a Bible lesson."

"I am sorrry you think so, Allen, for I feel sure you are wrong. I am sure I could not be happy if I spent the Sabbath-day as you do."

"Well, Bertie, you were brought up to think one way, and I

another. I dare say it will make no such great difference after all. I mean to keep pace with you in my studies, and who knows but what we shall enter business together some day. I am sure I hope we shall. So good-night, old fellow—here is my turn-off; come and take a stroll with me after Sunday-school if you will—I know you would enjoy it."

The two boys were both good scholars, and stood high on the teacher's list. He hoped to hear a good account of them in future years, and resolved, if possible, to keep an eye upon them. To all appearance each had an equal chance to make for himself a name and position in the world.

When the sweet Sabbath morning dawned so brightly over the dewy earth, Herbert took his little sister by the hand and wended his way to the Sabbath-school. Allen, after his late breakfast, strolled out across the meadow and on to the leafy woodlands. A rocky stream ran along at the base of a hill, and here he loitered for a time, dreamily scattering bits of moss or tiny twigs in the water to see the fishes dart after them.

"I can show you better fun than that," said a voice near him, and directly Joe Watson emerged from the bushes, with his fishing-tackle in one hand and a fine string of trout in another. Joe was an idle, vicious boy, and one that Allen ordinarily despised, because he could not read a letter. But to-day he felt too indolent and listless to care much about what sort of a companion he was. He felt tired of himself, so he condescended to fish and chat with the boy he had hardly ever noticed before. By the time they were ready to go home, Allen had formed the opinion that "Joe wasn't such a bad fellow after all."

This was the beginning of a most dangerous intimacy. By degrees Joe brought one and another of his worthless companions to join them in their Sabbath excursions, and every time Allen found himself less repulsed by their rough, profane talk, and more deeply interested in their various wicked plots. The road down hill is very easy, and you go faster and faster the nearer you get to the bottom. Herbert's society had long since become very irksome to him. That boy's steady, upright course was a constant reproach to him. From drinking a little from the yellow twisted-necked bottle the boys brought out on Sunday, he finally grew so fond of strong drink, he was often seen clicking glasses with the most degraded sots in town in the lowest gin-shops. The old teacher had moved away before his downward course became so apparent, and from time to time he

inquired after the boys in which he had been so much interested, particularly after his favorites, Herbert and Allen.

Herbert, he heard at length, had passed with honor through a course of study, and was ordained as a minister of the Gospel. Five days later he received the sad news that Allen was hanged for murder.

The difference in the career of the two boys sprung from the different way in which they spent their Sabbaths. How are you spending yours? Never think it a matter of small moment whether you go to Sunday-school or take a walk. The difference in the end may be as great as it was in the true history of these two schoolmates.

THE MAN.

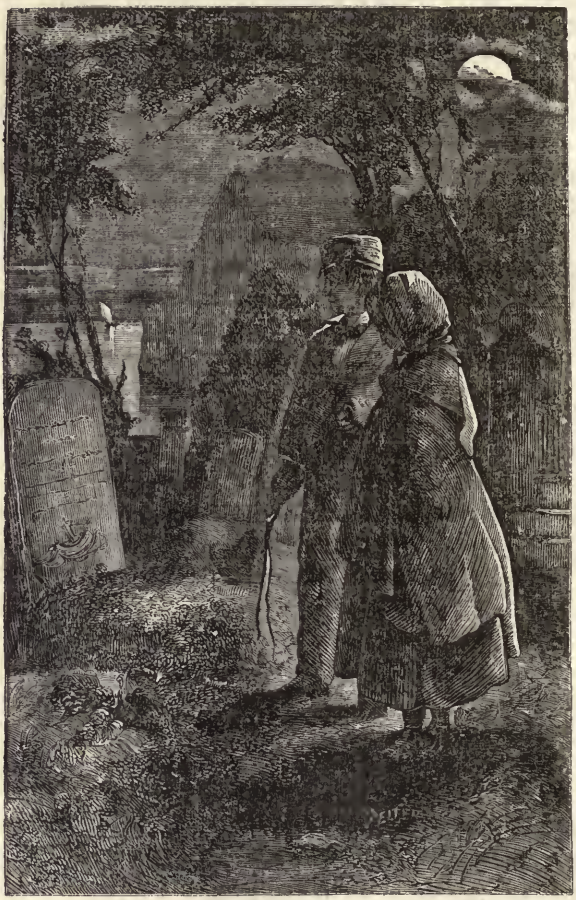
Is a man a whit the better
For his riches and his gains?
For his acres and his palace?
If his inmost heart is callous,
Is a man a whit the better?

And if a man's no whit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his purple and fine linen,
For his vineyards and his wines,
Why do thousands bend the knee,
And cringe in mean servility,
If a man's no whit the better?

Is a man a whit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Though he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a whit the worse?

And if a man's no whit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty, even pocket,
And a brawny, working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by
With a proud and scornful eye,
If a man's no whit the worse?

—*Our Young Men.*



A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he wandered about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and was his constant companion. These two used to wonder at many things. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world; they wondered at the great love of Jesus Christ and his sorrowful story.

They used to say to one another sometimes, supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and

the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry; "for," they said, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars, and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out on the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" and often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with the star, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it "good-night;" and when they said their prayers, they used to pray, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand at the window at night; then the boy looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, would say to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" Then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice would say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came when the child looked out alone; when there was no pale face on the bed, but when there was among the graves a little grave not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his lonely bed, he dreamed about the star. He dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people led up that sparkling road by angels, and the star opened, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star, and some came out of the shining ranks and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and seemed so happy at the meeting, that, lying on his bed, he wept for joy. And among the host he saw the patient face that had once lain upon the bed, but it was now glorified and radiant.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those that had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?" and he said, "No."

She was turning hopelessly away, when the dreaming child stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and he awoke, and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked upon the star as the home he was to go to when Christ Jesus should call him, and he said in his heart, "Let me love Christ the Lord with a pure warm love, so that I may be ready to go when the angels come to bear me up to the star."

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his angel brother in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! take me!" The angel turned and smiled upon him; he awoke, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, and was busy at his work, when a letter came to him. In it was written, "Thy mother is no more! She left a blessing for her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star and all that glorious company.

Said his angel sister, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and said, "Oh, mother, sister, brother, I am here! take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!" He woke, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray. He was sitting in the chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his beloved daughter, newly lost to him, a glorious angel among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is 'round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is a baby of old time, and they are all praising God, and I can bear the parting from her."

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old, old man. His once smooth face was wrinkled, his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. One night, as he lay on his bed, and his children stood around him, he cried as he had cried so long ago—"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star. And, oh, my Saviour!—Jesus Christ, my Saviour! now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave. M. R.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER XII.—THE FARM.

MR. HAWTHORN came in to dinner, after reading the day's mail, with a face wonderfully bright and cheerful. Grace observed it in a minute.

"Why, papa, you look as if Santa Claus had sent you a house in the mail-box."

"The mail-box has brought me one," said papa, smiling, as he carved the meat.

Mother looked up inquiringly, and he did not keep her long in suspense.

"Our 'iron stock' has gone up, Mary, seventy-five per cent. If it has been a slow investment, I felt it was very sure. You know Carter urged me so strongly to invest in his oil stock. 'I wouldn't be content with just getting a fair interest on my money,' he said. But now his shares are down to nothing nearly, while ours have made what is equal to a little fortune for us. You know the Stanley place is for sale now, and I mean to look at it before I go to sleep. It is just a mile from town, and that will not be too long a walk for Frank to school. In the worst weather I can drive him up in the little carriage we shall keep;" and he glanced around with a smile at the children.

They were both radiant at the thought of their farm visions being realized.

"And will we have a real strawberry bed of our own, and apple and pear trees, and a pony?" asked Grace, her eyes sparkling.

"The place is under fine cultivation," said papa, "and the house a model homestead. Stanley has often told me it was just such a farm as I wanted. He has bought a splendid residence near New York, I understand, and does not wish to keep this property. I only hope he has not made a bargain for it yet."

All shared in this anxiety, and wished papa to go over as soon as he was through dinner. He was not a man to delay until the golden moment was lost; but now that he had the means, made haste to secure the prize he had so long desired.

When papa came home that afternoon, Grace could not wait until he was in the house, but ran flying down the path to meet him. His pleasant "All right, darling," in answer to her anxious glance, was all she desired. She knew the home was theirs, for her father never deceived her.

Then such a bustle of preparation as there was. It was only a remove of one mile, but everything must go with them; and no one can imagine, but those who have tried it, what a task it is to turn a house inside out! But Frank and Grace enjoyed it all, however unfortable to others. The confusion was more delightful to them than the most precise order.

Just as the bright Indian summer days were beginning, the transfer was made. The ground was covered with a bright carpet of autumn leaves, and the nuts were falling thick and fast in the Hawthorn woodlands. What merry times little Grace and her brother had trudging through them, stirring up the leaves with a stick and gathering rich stores for the winter! Such a grand, roomy house as they had now to race up and down in! Such a big barn to fix up the swing, and to hunt hens' nests in! Grace was almost wild with delight. The farm fixtures went with the place, and Mr. Stanley sold to his friend a fine stock of the products of the place "to begin housekeeping with," he said. There were bins full of rosiest apples, and a barrel of winter pears, an abundance of excellent vegetables; and, best of all, three peaceable, sober-faced cows came up to the bars at night to be milked. Now they could delight themselves in real cream and milk and fresh butter, and no thanks to the milkman.

"Aint you glad, Snowflake, that you have come to this country?" said Grace, as she poured out a basin of warm new milk for her; "I wish poor Hetty and Mitty could have some. They never lived on a farm in their lives!"

"Neither did poor little Mattie," said mother, suggestively.

"No, indeed," said Grace, earnestly; "let us take her some of our nice things, mother, the first time we go to the village."

All approved of this proposal; and the next time the wagon went to the town, such a load as it took for her! It made both Mattie and mother open their eyes wide, and they scarcely knew what to say or think.

"All right, ma'am," said Jake, the new farmer's man, as he jumped into the wagon and picked up his lines. He was gone in a twinkling, leaving the two alone with their treasures.

Mattie and her mother were not the only ones the Hawthorns aided in their time of prosperity. They had always shared of their limited means with the poor and needy; and now that God had intrusted still greater talents to them, they felt themselves doubly his stewards.

"Every kind action that you do," said mother to her children, "may be a bright blossom in some one's pathway. Strew your way through life as thickly with them as you can. Some children only sow thorns in the path where other feet must tread; but I hope you, my dears, will always try to scatter roses only."

And so the little Hawthorns journeyed on their way, treasuring up their loving mother's lesson. Many were the sweet and fragrant blossoms which sprang up after them, in grateful hearts which their kindness had rejoiced and blessed.

If their society has given you an hour's enjoyment, I shall be glad I have told you about them. If their example shall teach you a lesson of gentleness and love toward one another and God's poor, I shall be doubly glad. If we make a visit to Hawthorn Lodge some day, I know we shall meet with a warm welcome, and Grace will show us all over the house and beautiful grounds with the greatest pleasure. So if you really wish to go, I will take you with me the next time I visit them.

ALWAYS IN SEASON.

THE SPRING is the time when the soft showers fall,
The SUMMER'S the time when the roses blow;
In AUTUMN the peaches hang ripe on the wall,
In WINTER the flowers and the fruit must go;
But *when* is the time that each girl and boy
In working and learning their hours should employ?
I think, my dear children, you'll answer and say,
"ALL TIMES *is the time*, every hour of the day." S.

THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

"I'D just like to know what such fellers like Mike Riley was made for, anyhow?" said that individual, as he tumbled out of his nest of straw and rags one bright spring morning, and, slowly rubbing his eyes, proceeded to tie on his tattered coat.

"It aint no use trying; here I go dogging around all day long, digging and sweeping the very breath out of me, for just enough to keep the breath in me!"

Then he paused before a broken bit of a mirror that was tacked upon the wall, and awkwardly adjusted an old paper collar he had picked up somewhere; and tying on an enormous cravat that looked as if it had served its time as a muffler, he caught up his old battered hat and broom and ran down to the little back court-yard as fast as his feet could carry him.

There was plenty of clear cool water in the hydrant, and he paused to give his face and head a good ducking, rubbing his tangled locks until they all stood on end.

"Now, then, your honors, I'm at yer sarvice! and here's the owld hat aching for the pennies that are crowdin' one another in yer pockets," he shouted, addressing an imaginary audience by the old brick wall.

"Sure and it's meself that knows how to use 'em, with niver a bit to kape sowl and body togither."

Then hugging his broom as if it was an old friend, he ran off to a Broadway crossing, and his day's work commenced.

Two or three wet days in succession had left the crowded thoroughfare in that delightful state of fluidity known everywhere as Broadway mud; for nowhere else can such a black, greasy slippery mixture be compounded.

This was Mike's delight, and he eyed it professionally, very much as a merchant does his stock in trade; then he went to work with a will; but it seemed to him the harder he worked the less he got—every one was glad to save their boots and dresses, saying nothing about their necks, and were pleased with the work, but ignored the worker. When he stood on the upper side, every one was looking down street, and when he was down, every face was turned up street. At last, quite exhausted from long fasting, he leaned upon his broom, and gazed up and down the long street; there was a steady stream passing each way, and every one seemed hurried and brisk and wide-awake.

"Well," soliloquized Mike, "it 'pears to me there ought to be a breakfast for me somewhere; there is money enough trotting up and down here, I know; I wonder if t'aint best to confiscate a bit of it. There's Joe McCabe, now, and he has the hapes of it, and he says all he has to do is to take a stroll down the street, and helps himself; and he says he knows a chap that understands the business: he rides around in the cars and stages dressed in a grand military suit, and he's got an extra hand under the cape, and while two of them are lying folded quite innocent like in his lap, the other one picks people's pockets—and it's snags of money he's got, to be sure. But"—and here Mike shook his head, "may-be it's better afther all to stick to the old way, for likely enough the rags sit asier than the broadcloth, and me drames will be quieter like. No, sir, Mike Riley haint come to that *yet;* he can starve, and he will too."

Here Mike's attention was attracted to a passing carriage; the horses had become unmanageable and were rearing and plunging, and were now upon the crowded sidewalk, so near him he was just thinking of beating a hasty retreat, when he saw just in front of him a little carriage with the sweetest baby in it his eyes ever rested upon; it was evidently deserted by its nurse, and left to almost certain destruction.

Quick as thought Mike sprang to the rescue, and snatching the child, took refuge in the nearest doorway, just as the maddened creatures dashed along crushing the fragile carriage like a snail-shell, and sending the frightened pedestrians flying in every direction.

At last, when all the mischief was done that could be conveniently, a policeman hove in sight and put a stop to all further proceedings.

"Well! well! you've an old head on young shoulders, I must say," said a short, stout man at his side, puffing like a steam-engine after his run and his fright.

"Had more presence of mind than you or I," said another.

"I tell you there's a brave heart under that ragged jacket," said a third; "I move we pass around the hat."

By this time quite a crowd had collected, and the stamps came pouring in, until Mike began to think his fortune was made, sure.

Was it all a dream? Mike thought so, and hardly dared to stir for fear of waking.

All this time the dear little baby was resting upon his ragged coat-sleeve and smiling up in his face, cooing softly, quite unconscious of the danger it had escaped. No one thought of taking it from him, and there he sat hugging it closer and closer; the sunshine crept in,

and framed the sweet picture with its beams of molten gold, and the soft south wind caressed them lovingly, the tangled locks and the sunny curls.

When Mary, the nurse, came up to claim her charge, and found them there all safe, she could only cry and laugh by turns, like one bereft of her wits, as indeed she had been all the time, but finally ended the scene by dragging Mike and the baby away together.

It was a splendid home where baby lived, quite beyond anything Mike had ever dreamed of, and he could only stare about him in open-mouthed wonder, until Betty the cook set a good warm meal before him, and then he found something better to do.

After that, baby's mother sent for him and heard his story, how he lived alone in his attic room with no one to care for him, and how hungry and cold he often was.

Then she told him he need never be homeless again, for in future baby's home should be his, for she was sure so brave a boy would prove himself faithful and trusty.

So the poor little crossing sweeper found a home at last, and is now a coachman in livery, the same honest, brave, manly Mike of old. Baby has grown to manhood too, but is still as much attached to him as when he wore short clothes, and toddled after him years ago.

EULA LEE.

ALWAYS TELL THH TRUTH.

ONE of the ground-works of a good character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every word spoken. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in the child, there is something to depend upon; but when truth is gone, all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it may you never depart again.

A SURE way to have everything we want, is to want nothing we can't get.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER IX.—VICTORY.

BOTH boys stood a few moments, side by side—the teacher and the taught.

"Ike," said Jim at last, breaking the silence, "I wish I was good, like you, for nothing don't trouble you, and you are so happy!"

"Well, Jim, I don't think I am good; I don't swear, as I told you—nor drink, nor go with them that do; but I wish I was better. I am happy, Jim, because I try to be good; and *I know I try;* besides, I know that the blessed Saviour died to save me, and to make me good and happy; and while I love him and think about him the most, I am the happiest."

"Did he die for anybody else, Ike?"

"Oh, yes, Jim; Jesus died for everybody in the world, for the Bible says, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and if he died for all the world, don't you think you are counted, Jim?"

As the sun was fast setting, and the heavy dew was beginning to be felt, the boys walked, arm in arm, slowly in the direction of the cottage. Jim was greatly perplexed, and seemed to feel deeply the force and meaning of Ike's words.

"And he died, and all that for us—did he, Ike?"

"Yes, Jim—out of pure love, and nothing else!"

"'Twas good in him, Ike; but he didn't know me and you; and if he did, how did he know we needed dying for?"

"Because he was God above, and knew all things, Jim. Nothing was out of his sight, and we can't think a thought that he doesn't know all about it. He is God, and made all things, and died on the cross for all poor sinners like you and me. Ah, Jim, it's a sweet story all through, and I can't think of it without crying, and feeling great love in my poor heart for such a good and dear Saviour. I think I can see him all the time like a live picture, dying for me—and looking on me, and even sometimes smiling, as much as to say, 'I love you.'"

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

"Ike, ye make me shake; don't cry, Ike; if I've hurt your feelings, I'm sorry, and ask your pardon," said Jim, looking earnestly into Ike's eyes, who had stopped to wipe the tears away.

"No, Jim; 'taint anything you've said or done; I was just thinking of him who died for us."

"Tell me all about it, Ike."

"Jimmy Beard, there aint an angel in heaven this blessed minute that could do that. It never has been all told, and never will be; but I can tell you some of the sweet story of Jesus; I know more in my heart, though, Jim, than I can speak with my tongue. Did you ever learn the creed, Jim?"

"Creed! and what's that, Ike?"

"It is what we believe, Jim, in plain words; and I'll just repeat part of it, so as to show what Jesus did:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, our Lord, which was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He arose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"That's part of the creed, Jim, and tells us who Jesus is, and where he is, and what he did, and what he is going to do. He died in our stead on Calvary, and he asks us to believe on him and serve him, that we may live with him forever. But if we do not serve him, Jim, but go on our way after all he has done for us, surely he will not save us in the great judgment, when all our lives will be known and revealed. It's the very lowest we can do, Jim, to love him and do his holy will, who gave his life for us, and 'bore our sins in his body on the tree.' Doing right is no pay for such love and mercy as that, and doing wrong, Jim, is, to say the least, a strange way of gratitude. We ought to *feel* grateful at least, and show that we are men with hearts and souls, and not stones with no feelings."

"You must be right, Ike; and I wish I knowed as much as you, then I'd be good; but I don't know nothing, and allus did, so I'll have to be Jim Beard jist all the time."

"No, no, Jim; you know enough to begin to be good, and if you ask God, he will help you. His eye is on you, Jim; and Jesus is ready and willing to make you what you think you can never be—a good boy. You will always be Jim Beard; but you can be a much better Jim Beard—just as I can be a much better Ike Cottle. The

question is, *will you try?* Nothing is done without trying, and sticking fast to trying. Nobody ever failed that kept on trying; and if you will begin at once to leave off the bad, and to do the good, asking God for help to venture on, you will succeed. Oh, Jim, won't you try?" and Ike seized his hand, and looked beseechingly into Jim's eyes for an answer.

Jim's answer was a flood of tears; and both sat down on the side of the road in silence for a minute or more, when Jim began to ask Ike about the Sunday-school of which he had often heard Ike speak.

"I should be glad to take you, Jim; and I am sure you would be pleased."

"Well, Ike, I would like to go, but I can't read none; and my trowsers aint nice, and all that; but if you'll not think it amiss, I'd like to go with you, if they will let me come."

"You make me very happy to hear you say so, Jim; and I know our superintendent and the whole school will give you a hearty welcome. Will you go to-morrow, Jim?"

"Let me see; I promised Dick Temple and Sam Isaacs to go with them to Vaughn's pond a swimming and fishing to-morrow. If it wasn't for that, I do believe I'd come."

"Why, Jim, how can you do such things on a Sunday? Don't you know that Sunday is God's day, and that we must not work or go swimming and fishing, and such like, on that day?"

"How'd I know, Ike? All the boys do so,—and dad goes too, sometimes. And besides, I likes the sport of ketching them fishes, and swimming in the pond; but if you say it aint right, and is full of harm, why, I s'pose 'tis so, that's all."

"If all the world goes wrong, Jim, that is no excuse for you. Your promise to Dick and Sam is one that your conscience can not allow you to keep after all that has passed this evening. Go with me to-morrow, and think no more of your bad promise. Dick and Sam are very wicked, as everybody knows, and their company can only injure any one. Oh, Jim, don't put me off—I want a better word from you. Meet me to-morrow at Granny Benjamin's cottage under the hill, between seven and eight o'clock, bound for the Sunday-school."

Ike had again seized Jim's arm, and betrayed the deepest anxiety in his troubled countenance. He waited for an answer. Jim's face was averted, and his eyes wandered off in vacancy. Now and then he breathed deeply, and a low sigh arose from his struggling soul. Strange feelings were contending for the mastery within him, and his

hour had come. He had reached the point when it was necessary for him to decide. And what depended on that position? The struggle was fierce and long. Ike watched the coming and going of the color in Jim's face as a general watches the advance of a mighty enemy on the field of battle. It was not simply whether or not to go to Sunday-school, but it involved the sundering of old ties, the breaking up of old habits, the entrance upon a new life. These were the great points in the contest. After a long, deep sigh, Jim answered:

"Well, Ike, I'll cut for home now and think about it; and if I git up early, and old mother gives me breakfast in time, and if I feel like it, and can get my trowsers cleaned, why, I'll come."

This strangely rendered promise came out at intervals, and in jerks, plainly showing Ike that little hope could be indulged without further pledges. He could not attract Jim's eyes from the dark clouds.

"Jim, this will not do. You can not send me home with such a half promise. I've set my heart on your coming, and I'll not deny having often prayed to God to make you willing. Promise me fairly. Come, breakfast or no breakfast. Better let the body go hungry, Jim, than starve the soul. Think no more of your wicked promise to Dick and Sam. You need not account to them for taking care of your soul. God is your judge, and it is to him you should look for approval, and not to a set of swearing, degraded young men."

Ike paused for a moment. Jim had withdrawn his eyes from the clouds and had fastened them on the road at his feet. Ike continued:

"I am asking you, Jim, to take the first and great step toward a better and longer life, and you will never be sorry for it. It is time to turn. You are much older than I be, and you must know how dreadful the life is that beckons you onward through Dick and Sam. Look at what's gone! Is it pleasant to think of it? Look around you! Is it comforting to consider where you stand and how your life is going? Look forward, Jim! Does the life path so crooked and miserable tempt you? Does a wicked and terrible end, a dark and miserable eternity, invite you to go on? Is God's power no warning? Is the bloody cross of Jesus the Saviour no argument? Is the voice of your own conscience within your own breast not worth listening to? Oh, Jim, don't banter; give me your hand, boy, and let us turn our backs to sin, and set our faces toward the right and good."

Ike's voice faltered as the last words were uttered, and tears began to flow freely. Poor Jim was deeply moved, and trembled like a leaf. He was eying the ground, and kicking the loose stones about

with his foot. My young readers may chide Jim for his lack of decision. But remember that up to this day Jim had been in every essential feature a heathen. He had never learned a prayer, and had no knowledge of Christ Jesus the Saviour of the world. We can not give all his thoughts when Ike with such an earnest look plead with him to decide. But they were the biggest thoughts he had ever felt, and very strangely mixed. Now his mind would rest on the companions of his past life, and now on the wicked sport he had promised himself on the morrow with Dick and Sam; then his mind would rest on noble Ike, anxious and pleading by his side, who seemed as an angel ready to help him out of prison. Between them all he was quite lost to himself. Such a scene or event occurs in almost every boy's life, and may indeed be called the turning-point. A great event it is in any life, but it was more especially so in Jim's; and though perhaps he did not realize it at the moment, he did in after-years, and would tell you this day that the decision made that Saturday evening turned his whole life; and he is fond of telling the story to a little group of loving hearts at his peaceful fireside, calling Ike his good angel, and that day the day of decision.

"Now, Jim," says Ike, "decide! now or never; say you'll come."

"Ike, I'll come; give us your hand on it." Seizing the willing hand, Jim wrung it with a resolution, at the same time declaring with a manly voice, "*Breakfast or no breakfast, here's Jim Beard's true word, Ike: look for me in the morning!*"

Words of magic. They were the words of a conqueror—master of himself. After darkness, sunshine. Jim breathed freedom, and looked Ike in the face without hesitation. A mountain had been lifted from his shoulders, and the brightness of his countenance seemed to say, "I'll be a man—I'll dare to do right." Ike could scarcely contain himself for joy. He fairly danced around Jim.

"You are a man, Jim, and you'll live forever," shouted Ike, letting his hand fall on Jim's shoulder, "and I'll pray for you. Remember Granny Benjamin's, between seven and eight o'clock!" were the last words, and the boys parted—Jim back in the direction of the mill, and Ike onward to the cottage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRY every day to do at least one kind action; *one* each day will amount to 365 in a year.

MY CATS.

IF you will believe me, I own three cats! What shall I do with them—they are so noisy and so hungry? "Why did you have them in the first place?" you ask. Oh, as for that matter, two of them came to me, and the other was only borrowed for a season. Last winter we were overrun with rats and mice. They ate and gnawed everything before them. They carried on a regular warfare against our wood-work, our linen, and the contents of our store-room.

"What shall I do?" I asked of a wise old lady.

"Where there's a cat, there's *nary* rat," was her sage reply.

So I borrowed a cat, a venerable-looking grimalkin, with long whiskers, a discreet air, and good reputation. She did us noble service. Rats and mice fled in terror from her; and out of gratitude for her services and regard for her worth, notwithstanding she has lost her youthful vivacity, I have begged her of her former mistress.

The second came in this wise. Little Madge brought her home, a month ago, tied up in a pillow-case. She was the gift of Madge's old nurse, and is certainly, for airs and graces, a very noticeable cat. She is mostly grown up; is jet black; has a bright eye; and is much more given to play than work. She made a hole in the pillow-case on her journey over, and shows an evil propensity for tearing Madge's frocks and tyers. Moreover, she will have her nose in every custard and pie within her reach. She is a rogue and a thief; yet, trusting that time will mend her manners, I can not find a heart to part with her, she is so cheery and frisky.

The third is a poor little waif, who made her appearance very unexpectedly one morning under the kitchen stove—a tiny, scrawly kitten, who does nothing but eat and mew the whole day long. She is useless and shabby-looking; but then she is such a purring, affectionate little thing, Madge and I think we must keep her too. So we shall have three cats all winter—three hungry, noisy cats. You may laugh at the idea; but I tell you, children, there is no living creature, however mean, which does not have some claim upon our sympathy and kindness.

"I Will Not Tell a Lie."—A little boy named Augustus was sent by his mother for some milk. Robert wished to go instead of his brother Augustus, and, when they got into the street, tried to force the pitcher out of his hand. Augustus held the pitcher fast, till at last it was broken to pieces in the struggle, by falling on the ground. Augustus began to cry bitterly. A woman, who was in the street and saw how it happened, pitied poor Augustus, and, being a woman who did not fear God, she told him to say, when he got home, that the woman who sold the milk had broken the pitcher. Augustus wiped his eyes, and, looking steadfastly at the woman, said, "*That would be telling a lie;* I will tell the *truth*, then my mother will not scold me; but if she should, *I would rather be scolded than tell a lie.*"

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—No. 4.

PORTUGAL.

PORTUGAL contains an area of thirty-six thousand one hundred and twenty-five (36,125) square miles; and its population is three million eight hundred and fourteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-one (3,814,771).

The Portuguese resemble the Spaniards; they have black hair and dark, expressive eyes. In Lisbon, the capital, they are remarkable for corruption, insincerity, and luxury. In the southern portions they are simple and polite, but very indolent; while in the northern districts they are candid, ambitious, industrious, and enterprising. They are hospitable to strangers, especially if they belong to the Roman Catholic Church, which is their national religion. The nobility are proud and tyrannical. The Portuguese are temperate in eating and drinking. Tobacco is the only luxury of the common people. The female character in Portugal is extremely retired, domestic, and amiable; they are graceful and handsome.

The soil is rich, and the climate beautiful and healthy; they therefore spend most of their time in the open air. Their houses are plain, and their furniture is indicative of poverty or a disregard for taste. Billiards, cards, dice, etc., have long been known and practiced; but their greatest amusement is the bull-fight in the amphitheater.

The Portuguese language was derived from the Latin. Their favorite instrument of music is the bagpipe, exactly like that used in the Highlands of Scotland. They have many peculiarities, among which are the following: "Corn, instead of being thrashed, is trodden from the husks by oxen. Women, when they ride, sit with their left side toward the horse's head. A tavern is known by a vine bush, and a house to be let, by a piece of blank paper; a Jew by his extra Catholic devotion. Fish-women are seen with trinkets of gold and silver about their neck and wrists. In visiting a family in mourning, it is necessary that the visitor must also wear black; if he did not come in a coach, the servant would not consider him a gentleman. The master of the house follows the visitor when he comes in, and precedes him when he goes away."

Lisbon and Oporto are the most important commercial cities. We obtain port wine from Oporto. The making of this wine is the most important branch of industry. The vine is produced in the northern districts, and the olive, orange, citron, and various other fruits in the southern.

TABBY'S VISIT.

ROSY and Jenny felt very sorry for poor old Tab when mother gave her kitten away to a friend who lived a half a mile away. It is true the kitten was big enough to take care of herself now, but the old cat seemed fond of it, and the little girls thought and talked over the sad separation so much, that they worked themselves into quite an unhappy state of mind about it.

"I wonder how mother would feel if she were to lose us that way," said Rosy.

"Or how would we feel to be away from her so long," said Jenny.

"Oh, I'll tell you what would be a very nice thing," said little Rose. "If mother is willing, let's carry Tabby over there next Saturday to make her kitten a visit."

The idea was charming to both their fancies, so they scampered away to ask their mother's permission. She smiled a little, and told them it would be a great deal of trouble, but as they did not mind that, she thought it would be the surest way of setting their hearts at rest on the subject of the old cat's grief.

They thought and talked of it a great deal all through the week, often telling pussy of the treat in store for her. When the morning came, they tucked her snugly into a basket, as mother recommended, and tied a cloth over it, and then set out on their journey. They carried the basket between them; but the plunging about of the old cat, and her desperate efforts to get out, made it rather an uncomfortable burden. Every little while, too, she gave such a loud "meow," that everybody turned and looked after them, to the great mortification of the dear little sisters.

But there was a greater disappointment in store for them than pussy's misbehavior on the road. When they got to the house and made known their errand, pussy was taken out of the basket and her rumpled fur smoothed, and then she was set down on the rug beside her precious little kit. What do you suppose she did?

She just put up her back and spit as she would at any other stranger, and the little cat did the same. I can't tell what might have happened, but I suspect there might have been a few tears shed, if good Aunt Mabel had not come in just in the nick of time with a tray of such crisp little cakes and rosy peaches, not to mention the pitcher of milk from the cool spring-house. She had foreseen the disappointment and provided a cure. It worked like a charm, and by-and-by they were listening composedly to Aunt Mabel while she said:

"It is just the same with all animals, dears; while their young are little and helpless, they will risk their lives to defend them; but when they are able to take care of themselves, God has ordered it that their affection shall cease. Kittens have only a body to be taken care of. You, my dears, have a mind and soul that need continual care and instruction down to the end of your lives, so a mother's love will never cease for you. Your mother loves you with her mind and heart, but poor pussy can only love with her mere animal instinct."

A TROPICAL SCAVENGER.

LITTLE ALICE was poring over a book of Natural History, and looking at the many pictures with the greatest interest.

"It seems strange to me," she said to her mother, "that God should make these ugly hyenas. How dreadful it seems to think of their digging up bodies that have not been buried very deep, and eating them up! Then, too, they never choose any nice food, but always something that is decaying and offensive."

"I know, dear, it is not a pleasant animal to look at, or even to think about, but we can see the goodness of God, even in making these hideous hyenas. You know in those hot countries, where there are so many animals about, they often die or are killed, and their bodies left upon the ground. If they are not disposed of in some way, the air would quickly become very offensive, if not poisonous. Now, as soon as night comes on, those hyenas and jackals come out, and with a scent as keen as a dog they hunt for these bodies. They have a tongue like a curry-comb, with which they lick the bones clean, and strong, sharp claws just fitted for digging. He has tremendous teeth, and when he once fastens them into anything, it is almost impossible to make him quit his hold. One kind of hyena goes about the towns and villages in hot countries and acts as a scavenger, eating up all the offal and decaying animals he can find. It is not nice work, but the poor creature is one of God's servants, and does the work he has fitted him for faithfully. So we may even learn a lesson from this animal so repulsive to us.

Even the Dutch settlers about Cape Town in Africa used to prize the visits of the hyena in the night-time to clear away the remains of the animals they had slaughtered. It made them careless in their habits, though; and since they have become more thrifty and tidy, the hyenas have become fewer. The poor fellow, however, does right as nearly as he knows how.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

OLD CUSTOMS.—In one of his lectures, Mr. Emerson tells a story to exemplify the stability of things in England. He says that William of Wyckham, about the year 1150, endowed a house in the neighborhood of Winchester, to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it, forever, and when Mr. Emerson was in England, he was curious to test this good man's credit, and he knocked on the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and quantum of bread, though its donor had been dead 700 years!

VOWELS.—Here are twenty-two English words, each containing all the vowels. In the first two they occur in their proper order. Can any one add to the list?

Abstemiously.	Undiscoverably.
Facetiously.	Authoritatively.
Tenaciously.	Instantaneously.
Unquestionably.	Efficaciously.
Pertinaciously.	Sacrilegiously.
Simultaneously.	Disadvantageously.
Unequivocally.	Precariously.
Ostentatiously.	Encouragingly.
Unexceptionably.	Unobjectionably.
Importunately.	Consequentially.
Vexatiously.	Unintentionally.

"THEY'RE always giving things different resignations from what they used to have," said Mrs. Partington to Ike. "In my opinion, what they call the new ralgia is catamount to the old rheumatiz."

A CALIFORNIA paper grammatically describes the diggings as, "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus."

To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater.

WHY is Buckingham Palace, in London, the cheapest house in England? *It was built for a sovereign.*

WHY is a blade of grass like a note of hand? Because it is matured by falling dew.

LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world; many

confidently assert that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior, both in size and the number of its inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japaneseries in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles. The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along the coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which can find ready market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, isinglass, and various other productions of the north which have a market in the south.

UNPOPULAR SOLDIERS.—Private Pique, Corporal Punishment, and General Debility.

AN AMBASSADOR'S GALLANTRY.—The Earl of Carlisle going to a great lady to know her commands before he went over into France, she told him she had a letter for one of his servants. "Then I beseech you, madam," says he, "let me know which of them it is, that I may have the honor to be his servant."

SHAKSPEARE says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody says he tried the experiment on a coat; but it did not answer at all.

WHAT kind of music does the kettle give out just before it begins to boil? The music of a dull simmer (*dulcimer*).

CON: Suppose a man were up in a steeple with a goose, how would he get down?

Give it up? He'd pluck the goose.

A MAN caught in a railroad collision remarked, that presence of mind was good, but absence of body was better.

MONEY AND A FRIEND.—

I once had	Money	and a	Friend,	of either thought I store,
I lent my		to my		and took his word therefor;
I sought my		from my		which I had wanted long,
I lost my		and my		and wasn't this a wrong?
At length with	Money	came my	Friend,	which pleased me wondrous well,
I got my		but my		away quite from me fell;
But had I		and a		as I have had before,
I'd keep my		and my		and play the fool no more.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SINCE last month we have been away from the sanctum and city walls to the brook side in the country, watching the laughing water as it gently murmured along the pebbly stream, or breathing in the freshness and beauty of the spring time. I could but think how thankful all should be who live amid such scenes, and enjoy the pure atmosphere of country life.

Let me say to that young man who looks with longing eyes to the city and city life, and wishes he were there: You know not what you wish. Be content where you are. The chances are against you if you leave your home and seek your fortune within the great city. Thousands have been ruined, and many thousands more are being ruined, through the allurements and temptations with which they are surrounded. The country life is the purest, freest, and happiest. Fulfill the mission which God has appointed for you there.

We met many of the Chatters in our visit, and was happy in receiving the warm greeting of all. We are also happy to see so many at our monthly gathering, though this month but few have room for the expansion of their ideas. We shall expect to hear from more next month.

DEAR MERRYS:—Who does not love a bright, cheerful, beautiful home? (Have patience, now—this is one of my hobbies.) And when I say beautiful, mind you, I don't mean splendid; not Wilton carpets, and damask curtains, and rosewood, and velvet, and marble—not I! These are well enough gilded with home sunshine, and so are plainer things. But what I want is neatness, brightness, and a certain kind of dainty tastefulness that will enliven and beautify the plainest room.

Choose warm rich colors for carpets, and cheerful pictures; make tidies for chairs and mats for tables, and rags for doors, and what-nots and brackets for the wall. These things don't cost much, and they make a home seem so cosy and inviting.

But, last of all, don't forget the sunshine. If Mrs. Grundy says it will fade everything all out, tell her you know better, for you mean to *wear* them out, and have the good of them—that your things are meant for use. Very likely she will hint something about extravagance, and wonder "where any more are coming from." But never you mind; only take as good care of your business as she does of other people's, and it will all come out right, I'll engage.

Then there's more ways than one of "letting in the sunshine." Do as little Grace said: "Please, Allie, won't you get me a drink of water?" she pleaded one morning at the breakfast-table.

"Oh, never mind now—I guess you can wait," returned Allie, going quietly on with her breakfast.

Grace looked up in her face, in a calm, quiet way, and said, softly, "Can't you do a little deed of kindness?"

Allie's face relaxed at once; there was no resisting that appeal.

That's it: do little deeds of kindness; for it's trifles that make up the sum of human comfort. Oh, if we all would but remember this, what a bright sunny world this would be!

Yours, hopefully, EULA LEE.

CENTRAL OHIO, *May*.

DEAR MERRYS:—

"Coronets are stars,
And, sometimes, like falling ones."

To all the unreflecting aspirants to the Merry throne I would say, Beware!

Jolly Jingle, it's no sign of inefficiency, is it, if you *did* apply for position as boot-black in '63; you've risen to eminence since then, and now, when any of those "discussions" come off, you and I and somebody else—perhaps Sid; I'll take care that you and Sid don't quarrel—will constitute the "worthy consuls;" and gravely will we decide all the profound and puzzling questions.

Hero, you said you'd "come," if I would give you something to eat; certainly I will; do you think you could survive an encounter with roast chicken and peach preserves? if so, I'll look

anxiously to see you approaching my domicile.

Uncles, Auntie, and Cousins, if any of you feel like rusticating, about the 1st of July encar for Ohio, and if you reach my residence, I'll furnish a regalement of raspberries and cream, but

"Brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes."

Em, I've written. Cousins, mine, remember me letterally.

JENNIE ENWOOD.

I expect to be "rusticating" through your State and the West about the time this number will reach you, and should not object to the "raspberries and cream."

April 10, 1867.

Ho! ye happy Merrys,
Gathered from hill and vale;
Welcome a pilgrim stranger,
The Rose of Alendale.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Will you admit and welcome a newcomer to the Merry circle? Please don't consider me an intruder. Uncle, consign me not to that unhappy place—the basket.

Cousin Jennie, don't attempt to mount the rickety pile unpropped.

Brown-Eyes, our eyes are of the same color.

Won't some of the Cousins correspond and exchange? Uncle has my address.

ROSE OF ALENDALE.

INDIAN RIVER.

DEAR MERRY FOLKS:—I must have your attention a moment, as I make my second appearance. Have you all forgotten *the flower of the family* that bloomed and spake unto you months ago?

Theresa and Fannie Belle, happy greeting.

Cousins, do not allow your pens thus to Jingle. Jolly has all he can attend to without heeding our clatter.

W. A. R., you once spoke something about your "scratching" propensities. Scratch this way—will pay half the postage.

Who will volunteer to send a few lines into this "Green Mountain State" to a beautiful MARIGOLD?

LINDEN FOREST, *May*.

Now then, Merrys! give me a chance to speak. Heretofore I have kept out of politics, Merry or otherwise, but now I really must interfere. How ridiculous it is to waste so much time, ink, and paper over these discussions! I declare it makes me laugh to see how you quarrel about your Kings and Queens, and don't see that all the time Uncle Merry goes quietly on, and rules everybody, and keeps everything in order, just the same as ever. I tell you, if you think you can put him out and somebody else in, you are grandly mistaken. We'll never have any one to reign over us (and I, for one, don't want any one) except Uncle Merry. He's in, and call him King, Emperor, or President you may, but you'll never get him out. Who wants to? Let him raise his finger, who meditates treason against Uncle Merry, and *this* Chatter will disown him. There!

Mizpah, "if you be a girl," write, through Uncle Merry.

Prairie Rose's Little Sister, why don't you come back?

Uncle, isn't it possible to have a Convention again? "seems as if we'd orter." Who'll help to do it? Oh, don't clip me! Yours, in a flutter,

RUBIE LINDEN.

CLAVERACK, *March*, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS, UNCLES, AND AUNTS:—Won't you admit one more Cousin? I would like to join to have a chat once in a while, the parlor looks so nice.

Viola Ripley, you are a new Cousin; won't you correspond with me?—it must be fun. Good-bye. FIDELA.

P. S.—Uncle has my address.

HAMILTON'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.—This Institute, formerly the "Crescent Hotel," situated directly opposite the celebrated Congress Spring, and under the direction of Dr. Robert Hamilton, is one of the best conducted establishments of the kind in the country, and has every accommodation for all who may seek health and recreation. During the warm season it is a popular resort; the house is quiet and orderly, rooms airy and convenient, and everything furnished to make visitors pleasant and comfortable. It is a "cold-water establishment," and we cordially commend it to all cold-water men visiting this popular watering-place the coming season.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

wins the prize for answering the greatest number of puzzles in the April number. Will he please send his address, and state whether it is his first prize?

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

131. I am a word of 6 letters:

If you travel straight ahead, you will find my 4, 5, 6, 2; but if you turn to the right, you lose it, unless you meet a surveyor or carpenter who can supply it, as they always keep it.

My 6, 5, 1 can be found in many things which have a point. If they have no point, you need not look for it there.

My 3, 5, 1 is found in the earth, and on it, with man and beast; in the forest and on the ocean, for no ship can sail without it; and ships when wrecked at sea always sink with it; and man and beast perish with it.

My 1, 3, 5, 6, 2 is a necessary article, for food, in all families, but is never used as food in any family.

Add a letter like my 4, after my 1, 5, 4, and you get hold of something which makes a great deal of contention in the world, and has ruined hundreds and thousands of persons, while at the same time it may save them from ruin. The birds are all glad to keep it, and never quarrel about it.

My whole is a vehicle.

Uncle Tim.

132. I am a county seat in Illinois, containing 5 letters: in me may be found—1, a beverage; 2, a youth; 3, a song; 4, guided; 5, an animal; 6, a constellation; 7, a meadow; 8, what the aged are; 9, a metal; 10, a drug; 11, a burden; 12, a kind of stone; 13, to deal out; 14, to traffic; 15, to load; 16, a great fuss; 17, two notes in music; 18, two nicknames; and 19, a valley.

L. J. S.

133. What letter would make an article of food vocal? *Joe Kose.*

134. Why is an unprofitable calling like a figure in a picture? *A. O.*

135. Put a portion and a mass
Together in a row,
And I'll promise you, my friend,
You'll see somebody you know.

Ego Ipse.

136. I am a word meaning to thrust under water; behead me, and I still mean to thrust; curtail me, and I am one of a pair of organs; behead and transpose, and I am an instrument of destruction.

A. R. T.

137. Behead a man's name, and leave a complete sentence of three words.

Franc.

138. What animal may be seen in the following verse, by connecting two syllables?

"A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singers' joy;
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood—
She has her brave Rob Roy."

Max.

139. How can four equal fifteen? *F. F.*

140. D S T M E
T M I S *F. F.*

141. Take a letter from a boy's name and leave a ravine; take another letter and leave something sanguinary; deduct another letter and leave a mineral; another, and leave a conjunction; another, and leave an exclamation. *Hero.*

142. Change a letter in the name of a fish and make a vehicle. *Cis.*

143. I am a word of six letters, and am disagreeable to all; my last four letters make something just as disagreeable; and nobody likes people to do my second, third, and fourth. *Vincent.*

144. Out of what word of one syllable can you get letters for the following sentence?

Haste, Esther, see the bear!
The rash beast has beset the bees.

F. R. S.

ACROSTIC.

145. An article of interest and its receptacle are expressed by the initial and terminal letters of the following words :

1. A ferry boat.
2. A girl's name.
3. A bone.
4. A joint. *Jennie M.*

146. My first is a place of safety ; my second is a girl's name ; my whole is a town in the United States. *Perseverance.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

147. Beyond your years. *Violet Forest.*

148. By custom. *Rubie Linden.*

149. Eulogize a political party. *F. F.*

150. Curious poems. *Fred.*

151. Hebrew falsehood. *Euclid.*

152. I shape an instrument. *Vincent.*

153. Behead a fish, transpose and leave an animal. *Forrest.*

154. Why is it wrong to swap fences? (No *ofence* meant.) *Bittersweet.*

155. My first is a bituminous carbon ; my second is a boy's nickname ; my whole is sometimes done at sea in a storm. *Guilielmus.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed :

156. A —— of the —— made him ——. (Four letters.) *S. Harp.*

157. It is certainly better to —— for a living, than to ——. (Five letters.) *M. A. L.*

158. I often —— a —— book. (Five letters.) *A. W. N.*

159. I —— that the law is ——. (Seven letters.) *Gilbert.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of July. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in April No.

74. The seasons.

75. Amy Eliza Bowman.

76. Snail, nail, ail.

77. If April showers bring forth May flowers,
As the oldest inhabitants say,
We would like to know if a foot of snow
Won't produce a whole bouquet?

78. Illinois(e).

79. Pale ale, nice ice. (*Violet Forest* adds "Broad—road," "small—mall," and "gaunt — aunt." [Wonder if she means me!])

80. Silver, liver, live, lie.

81. POPE — DAVY : Portland, Oneida, Pshov, Eulogy.

82. My, cow, fold, superb tight haven. (Many sent a list of words embracing only 25 letters ; but the letters *o*, *t*, or *h* were not repeated, therefore the words "honour," "that," or "which" could not be made.)

83. Menagerie.

84. Your nose.

85. Inheritance.

86. Earthenware.

87. Paduasoy.

88. Signatures.

89. Huguenotism.

90. Shadiness.

91. Tame. team, mate, meat, Meta.

92. Swore, worse.

93. Desire, reside.

94. Gander, danger, garden.

95. Edges, sedge.

96. Because he is a V tore (vetoer).

97. Dragon.

98. Cutlass ("Piercer" credited).

99. Conscience.

100. Battlement.

101. Uncle Tom's Cabin was written by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Of the above 28 Puzzles—

Hero answers all but 79, 82, 96—25.

Max answers all but 74, 84, 96, 101—24.

Snarlie answers all but 75, 79, 82, 87—24.

Clem answers all but 74, 78, 81, 82, 96—23.

F. R. S. answers all but 78, 94, 96, 98, 101—23.

Belle answers all but 74, 79, 81, 82, 96—23.

Ixia answers all but 79, 81, 82, 91, 96—23.

Violet Forest answers all but 80, 81, 82, 84, 96—23.

Shooting Star answers all but 79, 81, 82, 93, 95, 99—22.

C. W. J. answers all but 79, 82, 88, 89, 94, 96, 98—21.

Florian answers all but 78, 79, 81, 82, 84, 93, 101—21.

Minnehaha answers all but 79, 81, 82, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 101—19.

Robbie Eddoms answers all but 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 89, 91, 94, 95—18.

Fritzchen answers all but 79, 81, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 94, 99, 100, 101—16.

Rena answers 75, 76, 77, 78, 83, 84, 85, 90, 96, 97, 98, 100—12.

Hassan answers 74, 75, 76, 77, 80, 84, 92, 97, 98, 99, 100—11.

Gipsy Girl answers 74, 77, 78, 82, 90, 91, 97, 98, 99, 100—10.

Effie answers 77, 85, 86, 87, 90, 92, 97, 98—8.

R. C. L., Jr., answers 75, 76, 77, 78, 92, 93, 95—7.

Frank L. answers 75, 76, 77, 78, 92, 93, 95—7.

Carlos answers 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 92—6.

W. D. H. answers 74, 75, 76, 77, 84, 90—6.

Wolverine answers 74, 76, 77, 78—4.

Notices to Correspondents.

Wolverine, letters intended for the Chat should be directed to "E. H. Fales, 172 William Street, New York." (See cover.)

Hero, several gave "lobster—bolster" as the answer to No. 45, but that answer was not considered good enough for credit. "Sirens—reins" would not have been credited, either, as a siren is only half a fish. *Forrest* added it to "sprat—strap," and I mentioned it because I thought it ingenious. You have fairly won the prize this month.

Hassan, thanks for the quotations; I like the variety, and think the exercise will be beneficial. The line, however, which you credit to Shelley, is in *Keats'* "Endymion."

Ida E. L., did my photogram reach you safely?

Mrs. C. H. R., I have used Wheeler & Wilson's sewing-machine for nine years, and never desire a better. Victor Emanuel is the son of Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, who abdicated in 1849, in favor of his son. I shall be happy to answer any question you may propound.

Belle, to make "Japan paint," break up into small pieces a stick of sealing-wax (the color you desire); put the pieces into a vial and cover them with alcohol: in two or three days it will be ready for use.

Fritzchen, our anagrams only embody *one word*, unless made upon the names of authors, titles of books, names of songs, etc., when due notice is given of the fact. If this is your first list of answers, you bid fair to get to the head of your class some day.

Shooting Star, I should feel neglected if you did not write at least once a month. You took me to the dictionary to look for "targum."

Frank L., that was rather a curious place to find flowers ("at the *end* of the *den*"), but some one may have scattered them there, so I give you credit for the answer.

Minnehaha, but for the last word, your answer to No. 80 ("Father") would have been wonderfully good, considering it was not the original word.

Carlos, you are too modest.

L. J. S., I was obliged to curtail your list of words in puzzle 132, as you often repeated a letter, which is not allowable. For instance, you can not make the word "all" out of "lace," because there is but one l in lace. That was the rock so many split upon in answering No. 82.

A great many of our puzzlers are "absent without leave" this month. I have put a bad mark to each of their names. Now don't you feel bad, absentees?

Answers received too late to be credited last month from Bluebell and Robbie Eddoms.

Thanks for kind remembrances, which are heartily returned, to Blue-Bird, Annie F. May, Mizpah, Merry May, Lulie C., and Cousin Jennie.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Fritzchen, Shooting Star, Rena, Bluebell, Robbie Eddoms, Auntie (?), Minnehaha, Effie, Violet Forest, Wolverine, W. D. H., and Vincent.

GOD HAS MADE ALL.

Every little floweret,
  Which growing up you see;
Every little pink shell
  You've gathered from the sea;
Every little songster
  That sings up in the sky;
Every little insect,
  Wasp, bee, or butterfly;
Every little thing that lives
  In earth, or sea, or air,
God has made and watches o'er
  With loving, tender care.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER X.—AN INTRODUCTION.

HILE Ike is hurrying to the cottage where his father and sister are waiting for him and wondering why he is so late, we will just drop into the cottage under the hill, as it is known in the neighborhood—the humble abode of Granny Benjamin and her dutiful daughter Mary. The neighbors had long distinguished the two cottages. Ike's was familiarly called "the cottage on the hill," while Granny's "the cottage under the hill;" they were about half a mile apart.

The way to Granny's cottage from the tramroad leading to the mill lay along the base of a high barren hill, furrowed in many places by the heavy rains, affording good burrowing places for rabbits, and yielding here and there a scanty crop of blackberries and thistles. The hill had been well penetrated from the opposite side by colliers, and time was when the best lump coal came from its dark bowels. For some reason the shafts and pits had long been neglected, and the crack of the driver's whip, the hoarse voice of the master of the mines, or the twinkling light set in the cap of the sturdy digger were to be seen and heard only in imagination now.

Around toward the open shafts, through a woody glen, almost hid among the trees and tall shrubs, just under the craggiest and most frowning part of the hill, was Granny's cottage. A small yard lay inclosed in front. This was filled with pretty flowers, very well attended and nicely arranged. The cottage was built of stone, and was cleanly and inviting.

Granny Benjamin was a widow, and had been since Mary was quite small. Her husband, Mr. Emanuel Benjamin, had early in his married life acquired considerable wealth, and carried on a large trade in iron, tin, and coal.

Alas for some that prosperity is ruin! In the midst of his prosperity, Mr. Benjamin forgot that he was but a steward of God's

*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

mercies. At first he was prudent, and thankful for success; but as his means of getting increased, his heart swelled with pride, and he soon came to think that his own shrewdness was equal to any emergency, and that nothing could change his fortune. In the height of his prosperity he married her whom we call Granny.

Worldliness grasps hard. Sin holds fast. It was a good time for Mr. Benjamin to change for the better when he stood by the side of his handsome, modest bride. But no. The bottle had already marked him. He was already wedded to his cups and all their companions, and was surely hastening to destruction. Reverses came, and little by little his loose property went into the tavern-keeper's till. Soon his real estate followed, and in a few short years every penny and every inch of substance had been squandered in dissipation, and Mr. Benjamin was a ruined man. From a pleasant house, in the center of a delightful little park, he was compelled to remove his distressed family into the commonest cottage. The descent was rapid. Many times did Granny cross the fields to Beverly public-house and lead her drunken husband to his sad home.

Little did the tapster care now. Time was when Mr. Benjamin was waited upon and bowed to when he entered the inn, but now he was shunned and unnoticed. Many times has he been thrust out into the street, for the simple reason that his purse was empty.

The winter came, and one morning, after a fearful night of storm and sleet, Mr. Benjamin was found on the side of the turnpike road dead, not far from the public-house where all his money had been spent.

The community was startled for a while, but they quietly buried the dead, and left Granny under the yew-tree that shadowed the spot—a broken-hearted and solitary mourner. She returned home, with her heaviest sorrow like a great weight upon her heart. Property gone, health broken, husband in eternity, and a little daughter clinging to her for support—these were the stern facts that staggered her that cold January morning after the husband and father had been laid in the church-yard. She used to say that that was the dreariest morning of her life.

The sun was obscured by changing clouds, and the bleak winds sighed mournfully through the trees, and soon the atmosphere was filled and the ground covered with snow. The cold came creeping in through the chinks of the door and windows, and the weeping mother drew the little round-cheeked girl closer and closer to her beating heart. Then the little snow-birds came hopping through the

yard, and about the door, and sometimes lodged on the window-sill outside, and looking into the dreary cottage seemed to ask, "What's the matter—what's the matter? Why don't you laugh at the beautiful snow?"

Granny hadn't the heart to talk to the happy birds; but she envied them their happiness and gay chirrup, and wondered if ever birds were sad and troubled. She would have given all she possessed then to have exchanged places with the happy birds that danced and sang in the falling snow.

But she was a stranger to the blessed Saviour, and had not learned to pour her troubles in His gracious ear. This she had yet to learn—that Jesus is the widow's friend, and takes care of the fatherless with as much tenderness as the faithful shepherd minds the lambs of the flock.

But this blessed lesson was presently learned; and as months passed on, Granny grew contented with her lot, and could say with David, in the Psalms, It was good for me to be afflicted.

I do not intend to pursue Granny's life all the way up to the time when our story opens. She is now blind. Disease in the form of erysipelas has destroyed her sight, and she sits mostly in an arm-chair, just within the door, and is as bright and cheerful as the birds that enjoy the sunshine. Mary is a faithful, loving daughter, whose sole aim is to make her mother's life even and happy. Every morning finds her up with the lark, and quite as gay, singing her sweet hymn of praise to the blessed Provider in heaven, while actively engaged in her household duties. All her labor was not spent on the inside of the house, for she had plenty of sweet flowers to cultivate and watch, and the yard to keep clean and tidy, which gave her work for a good share of each morning. When these cares were attended to, she would sit down and read the Morning Lesson to her mother, and they two would bend the knee in worship to the heavenly Father. Thus would pass the morning, each day bringing to the cottagers a new mercy calling for a new song of praise. It never seemed lonely at the cottage. There was so much clean comfort there, that it seemed as though the best of company entertained you. And indeed it was so, for Granny's pious, contented conversation made that home good, and you could not help loving to be there; while Mary's blooming face, always fresh and smiling, and her gentle ways always so winning, made it beautiful.

So we often see it as we pass through life. Frequently there is more real comfort and happiness in the cottages of the humble poor

than in the palaces of the proud rich. Wealth and luxury do not always confer content and peace. A great castle with its towering walls, and ample grounds, with all the incidents of greatness within and without to render it grand and beautiful, may entertain a troubled conscience in the lordly owner; while the little cottage, lost among the vines and ivy, with little beauty about it, and no mark on it to attract attention, may contain those who, while poverty presses them sorely, are as happy as the day is long. Indeed, there was more real happiness in Granny Benjamin's little cottage than in the palace of St. James!

It is stated that the poor have no friends; but such was not the case with our cottagers, nor is it ever so, when the poor are good. Granny had no rich and *noble* friends, but every cottager in the parish knew her, loved and cared for her. The pious poor always find a way to help the needy, and Granny's friends used to bring proofs of their love and esteem to her cottage. One would bring to-day a paper of tea; another as much sugar; a third a few pounds of

flour or a loaf of fresh bread. Thus, day after day, would they remember her, and kept up her cruse of oil that it did not waste, and her barrel of meal that it failed not. Everybody called her "dear old Granny," and it would have done your heart good to hear her words of welcome and thanks to all.

"I can't see any of you, but, bless God, I can take your hands in mine, and put my hand on your face, and hear you talk, and I know you must be handsome for you are so good," she would sometimes say. Often she would remind them that she could never pay them for their kindness, but that she had a dear Friend above who kept a strict account of all their kind deeds to his poor blind child, and he would return them a hundred-fold. For He took such things as though they were done to himself, and in the great day of reckoning he would say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Ike was a frequent and welcome visitor at this cottage, for he was always thoughtful and happy, and could enter into the enjoyment of such a place; besides, he felt it a duty to read to Granny those lessons of Scripture she so much loved.

In this way, both at home and at Granny's, Ike gained a deal of Bible knowledge which helped him, more than he could understand, to walk uprightly every day. As Mary and Ike attended the same Sunday-school, it often happened that they had the same lesson to study. In this case, Granny and Father Cottle were their teachers. And so time jogged on.

One day the cottagers "under the hill" were surprised by the appearance of two visitors. They were known only to Mary, for they were her Sabbath friends, but had never visited the cottage before. Mary saw them slowly coming around the hill, and, taking her station at the gate, prepared to welcome them. They were Mr. and Mrs. Hill, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and his wife, who was also Mary's teacher.

They had often heard of Granny, they said, and how patiently she bore her severe affliction, and they had come to spend an hour in her company.

"Yes," said Granny, answering a remark made by Mr. Hill—"yes, sir, it is sad and lonely to be bereft of friends and eyesight; but I can not complain, for I am better off than thousands of others, and

I am preserved from want, sir. I have my Mary here to smooth my way down to the parting place, and she is as gentle with me as it is possible. I should be lost and destitute indeed without her, and my chief trouble is, that she has so little time, sir, to herself. Through hard work, late and early, sir, she is able to come to your school, and I am sure it has been a great blessing to her and to me, and I am thankful to you both for finding your way into our little cottage."

"The Lord never leaves his children without comfort," said Mr. Hill, "even though their inflictions be hard to endure. Sometimes they are needful to call back to our heavenly Father's circle our wayward hearts, and sometimes they are his channels to bring down to us his blessings and particular comforts. They are never sent for nothing. In every trial God has an object and an end to reach; and the child whom he afflicts is none the less dear to him *because* he afflicts; for 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth.' And besides, how blessed it is to know that so tender and gentle a hand mixes the cup and carries it to our lips? It is as though He held the cup to our lips with one hand, and upheld us from sinking with the other. 'I will never leave nor forsake thee,' are His precious words, and they were intended for the children of affliction. And how comforting to know that He feels our griefs and shares our sorrows! He does not pass us by *when* we are in distress; but *there* he tarries longest where sorrow is deepest. How He felt for the poor mourners at the grave of their brother Lazarus, when taking up the thread of their sorrow! He wept in company with them, so real was his sympathy. He thus showed to them and to us how he entered into our troubles with us, and for our comfort. When He stood at that open grave and wept, it was as though he placed himself at every open grave, and mingled his tears with every bereaved brother, or sister, or friend. He has not changed! His love is the same. His feelings are the same, and he is with you in your little home under the hill just as he used to be in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus on the hill in Bethany."

"Oh, sir," said Granny, "your words are very sweet to me. I do often think of Lazarus and Jesus, and how good he was to weep with those dear, broken-hearted girls. He is indeed with us, I'm sure; and my Mary, I think, sir, sits at his feet every day like the sister of Lazarus, and learns from him."

The dear old saint was quite overcome by her feelings so that she could say no more. All were weeping, and the very room seemed full of heaven. Mr. Hill prayed with the cottagers, and commending

Granny to His care who taketh notice of the sparrows when they fall, and numbereth the hairs of our heads, and encouraging Mary to choose that good part which should not be taken from her, they left, leaving happiness and sunshine behind them.

Religion, my dear young friends, never gets old, and never loses its freshness and beauty. You have seen how, in dear Granny, old age was blessed by its presence, and in youthful Ike and Mary how youth is enriched and charmed by it. It suits all ages, and all countries, and all conditions. There are none so great that it will not make greater; none so wise that it will not enlighten; none so happy and good that it will not make happier and better. There is no sorrow that it will not sweeten; no home that it will not brighten; no pain that it will not weaken; no temper that it will not soften and control; and no poverty that it will not relieve. It is love in the heart; an angel from heaven in the house; and a safe guide through the world.

Some of my boy readers may say—"Our life is too rough, and our lot too hard for religion to bless." No, no! You must not conclude so. Think of Ike Cottle, and *try* for yourselves. Rough treatment is good to polish souls, as well as needful to polish stones. The diamond is not beautiful and brilliant always, when it is first found. It may have a very rough outside, and it may be very ill-shaped, so that the mallet and the implements and machinery of the lapidary are necessary before it is ready to shine in the king's coronet. So God will take your hard lot and hard trials, and use them to polish your souls and lives, and thus prepare you for noble use on earth, and to shine in the beautiful world of heaven forever. Will you learn this couplet concerning religion?

"It makes the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in the breast a little heaven."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE GIFTS.

PRETTY little Josephine Edmonds was walking along to school one morning with a light elastic step, when little Ruth Rainey glided in from a small lane which set into the main street of the village.

Now, little Ruth did not walk briskly, and did not feel in a very happy mood. She was a child of poverty, and had her own burden of sorrows, poor thing, and they were to her neither small nor light.

"Good-morning, Ruth," said Josephine, in a cheery tone, which sounded sweeter than piano music in the ears of the poor child. "Would you like a cluster of grapes, dear?" she added, opening a paper she carried in her hand; "I have just been cutting a few clusters this morning. Our vine is loaded." And she laid a large rich cluster of the purple fruit upon Ruth's little geography.

You should have seen how the little pinched face brightened; what a soft, rosy flush of pleasure spread all over it! That little act of kindness was far more magical than any "pearl enamel" or "cream of roses" which the chemist's art ever compounded. There is no cosmetic like a happy heart.

Ruth found words to thank her friend, but she could hardly take her eyes from the treasure. It was for the sake of somebody else it was chiefly prized by her. She thought of the weary mother stitching away at home, and the scanty morning meal they had eaten together. What a luxury this would be to her!

Presently the two girls reached the school-room door just as the teacher, Miss Ashley, was coming down the steps of her own house to enter the school. She looked pale and careworn, and it was plain that the rough fall winds made her cough much worse. But there was an aged father and invalid sister to be provided for, so she could not be idle.

Josephine laid down on Miss Ashley's desk some fine grapes she had brought for her, and then leaned over her desk for her usual good-morning kiss.

"What a dear, thoughtful girl you are, Josephine," said the teacher, folding an arm about her; "I had no appetite for my breakfast, but these look very tempting," and she picked off a few and eat

them with great apparent relish; and then the silvery bell called in the merry group from the play-ground to resume once more the duties of the day. The teacher was refreshed in body and mind by this thoughtful little attention on the part of her pupil.

As for Ruth, her thoughts were as pleasant as if a little bird was singing in her bosom. She had pinched off a few of her smallest grapes, and had enjoyed to the full their sweetness; but the great, fair cluster must be taken home for mother to admire and share. So she laid them softly on a pile of books in the back part of her desk, and every little while she would lift the lid gently and take a peep at them. She had a consciousness of something very pleasant in her heart all day, and a little smile crept often to her lips as she spelled down the long dull lines, usually so tiresome to her.

"What a little thing it takes to make a child happy," thought Josephine, as she caught sight of one of these sly peeps under the desk lid. Indeed, little Ruth's mental enjoyment of the grapes was far greater than any satisfaction "Sergeant Greedy" ever experienced in storing away a basketful of fruit. Her enjoyment was doubled by sharing it with her feeble mother, and it was a pleasant thing to remember long after the grapes were gone. It was pleasant to think that a young lady so much respected as Miss Josephine had taken so much pains to please her. The memory of her sweet tones echoed still in the shadowy recesses of her heart.

A lady of high position in life said, that one of the pleasantest memories of her childhood was of sitting on a grassy bank beneath a window, when a young lady reached down to her a handful of large red strawberries, saying, in a very pleasant tone, "Would you like a few strawberries, little girl?"

Josephine was a famous girl for making these little gifts. She was not rich, so it would seem that she had little to give, and yet she was always giving. It seemed a part of her nature. Indeed, I do not think she could have been long happy without trying to make somebody else happy. Her heart seemed overflowing with love and sympathy, especially for the sorrowing ones of earth. There was not a poor widow in the village who had not cause to bless her name, and many were the prayers that went up for her welfare from their humble roofs.

A good man said he never wished to have against him the prayers of the poor. We know that the Lord's ear is ever open to their cry, and his eye notes down all our treatment of them. More than this, our Master regards all kindness done to his poor saints as done to Him.

Every year Josephine raised a brood of the finest chickens, to give away at Christmas time. Never were fowls fattened for market with greater care, and Josephine watched their growth with the keenest interest. Over and over in her mind she planned where this one and that one was to go; and she remembered with ever new satisfaction how happy Dame Wilson was last year over her gift, how the two little children of poor Widow Gibson laughed and capered about the basket of pies and cakes which accompanied theirs; and every year, as she grew older and her busy fingers more skillful, she increased her labors of love.

Josephine was remarkably judicious in the disposal of her gifts. She seldom gave to those who begged or *hinted* for a present, and there were enough to do that always. She tried to do good where it was needed, and did not take the slightest interest in ministering to selfishness. But where it was a charity to give "a cup of cold water" to some needy person, her whole sympathies were enlisted. She never thought it a hardship to walk a half a mile on some crisp frosty morning to carry a quart of new milk to some mother of a poor sick child. She could always find an egg or two, or a plate of delicate rusks for some poor invalid, and nobody ever knew half the good she did, helping poor over-tasked mothers by an afternoon's sewing on her fairy sewing-machine. Grandmother always insisted that it was the blessing of the Lord on the fruit they gave away, that made their pear and peach and cherry trees always bear so bountifully, and I have not a doubt she was correct.

"Give, and it shall be given to you, good measure pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," says the Holy Book, and that was the way their vines and trees always yielded.

If you have not the means of doing any great work in the world, you can at least perform those little acts of kindness which the Lord puts in your way. There are many little gifts which you will never miss, but which will give more than a momentary pleasure to those who receive them.

One has well said, "we are happier all our lives for having been happy once. Every time we recall it, we enjoy over some portion of the happiness again."

A GOOD TEST.—The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret—one that will be likely to bring you sorrow.

FOREST ANIMALS.

DR. LIVINGSTON, the distinguished traveler, was once bitten by a lion. The ferocious beast caught him in his huge jaws, and then shook him before lacerating him with its fangs. The shaking seems to have deprived him of fear and pain, and he intimated that the habit of shaking animals before killing them is a wise provision of Providence for the prevention of suffering. The dog, the wolf, the tiger, and other beasts shake their victims before they destroy life. In the above picture we see the serpent is exerting its power to charm the little animal it intends to devour. This power of charming victims seems to stupefy them, and deprives them of the power of escape or resistance, and it probably has the same effect upon them that chloroform has upon any living creatures that are brought under its influence.

Crocodiles and serpents belong to tropical climates; the former are seen in great numbers in the rivers of Egypt. Even the dogs instinctively lap the water as they run, for fear of the ugly creatures that are always ready to make a meal of them. The huge serpents coil about the trees in the luxuriant forests, and when impelled by hunger, they either charm the creatures on which they prey, or drop down silently and crush them to death in their terrible folds.

'Tis true that every living thing,
That soars upon exultant wing,

Or runs with speedy fleeing feet,
From dangers others boldly meet,
Or crawls reluctant in the dust,
Was made by Him in whom we trust,
For special purposes; and we
Upon the land or in the sea
Shall nothing find that should not be.
The alligator's open jaws
Proclaim the truth of nature's laws.
The crocodile that cheats our ears,
And melts its awful eyes in tears,
May teach the hypocrite his place,
And save the water from his face.

MY MOTHER.

Of all the names to memory dear,
One name alone to me is dearest;
Though many to my heart are near,
Yet this shall ever be the nearest;
For on my heart's most sacred place,
'Tis deeper graved than any other;
Nor naught from thence shall e'er erase
The loved, the honored name of Mother.

THE CANDY-DRAWER.

BY KRUNA.

GOING from the room, her mother left little Ruth playing with her doll, but she soon put it down and went and stood before her mother's bureau. One drawer was open; and if you had looked in at the door just then, you would have seen Ruth holding a little square package in her hand, pinching and pressing it to see if it was hard or soft, and smelling it to see if it was good to eat; in short, wondering very much what was in the nice-looking parcel in her mother's drawer. The smelling test seemed to have a decided effect on Ruth.

She did not untie the cord which kept the contents from her sight. Oh, no! she would not be so naughty as that; she would only break the paper just the least bit at one corner, to see if it was really something as good as she guessed from that smell. Ah, yes! the little hole in the corner revealed a pretty red-and-white stripe, shining like ice. It was hard, too, and Ruth could not break it without tearing the paper too much; but she would just draw out the whole stick, and smooth over the broken paper, and it would never be missed. But the coveted stick of candy was scarcely transferred to her pocket before she thought, "I will just look once more, and see if there are any other kinds; there might be some sugar-plums or lemon-drops. I wouldn't take even one." So she took up the paper again; and although she felt pretty sure she saw some pink sugar-plums, they were too far back to reach. The soft flat bar of white cream-candy looked so very tempting, that the little fingers pinched off a small bit; and then Ruth shut the drawer very quick, and glided softly out into the open sunshine. Something within her seemed to speak to her, "Ruth, Ruth!" At first she turned as if her mother were calling her: but no; it was a voice within herself, and she listened: "Ruth, why did you take the candy slily? Put back what you have, and go and tell your mother you broke the paper, and you are sorry." It was a kind voice, and a wise one; but Ruth said,

"Oh, no! I could never do that. It is only a very little bit, never to be missed; and very likely mother means it all for me, or at least half, for I am older than Willy." But conscience answered, "Very true; but is it right to take even a little bit without leave? It is a sin to steal a pin, you know."

But Ruth laughed, and answered, "How foolish to call it stealing, to take a morsel of candy from my own mother's drawer!"

Still the candy did not taste quite as sweet, as she drew it from her pocket and ate it hurriedly for fear of being seen, as it would have done if given by her mother.

But, after all, it was quite a temptation to Ruth, as day after day passed, and nothing was said to her about the candy.

"Perhaps it wasn't for me, after all. I will look again and see if it is still there." Stealing in gently, she opened the drawer; and, sure enough, in the same corner lay the little white package. "I will just taste one morsel of the cream-candy." The morsel was so sweet, and melted away so soon in her mouth, that another and another bit was broken off, till the whole bar was gone! Ah! then the paper had fallen in a good deal!

"Stop *now*," said conscience, "and confess what you have been doing." But Ruth found it easier to slight conscience than resist candy; so once and again she visited the drawer, until the paper was more than half emptied, and she felt so very uneasy, that, with the faint hope that she should never be questioned, she made a firm resolve not to go near it again.

"Ruth!" said a voice a little louder and more distinct than the other voice she had not heeded. Ruth turned, and her mother stood before her, the torn paper of candy in her hand.

"Ruth, do you know who has done this?" The scarlet flush that spread over her face answered for her. She hung her head in silence.

"I am very sorry," fell in low sad tones from her mother's lips, "I bought it for you and Willy, for your birthday. I was surprised to find it so, but could hardly think it was my little daughter. *I thought I could trust you always, Ruth.*"

Ah! those words, "I thought I could trust you always," and from her dear mother! Ruth's tears were falling fast. Her mother continued: "I shall keep this for Willy. I can not have the pleasure of giving you any. You have grieved me very much."

Ruth said nothing *then*. She was afraid her mother might not trust any hasty promise. But that afternoon she laid a little note in her mother's lap. It said, "I did not mean to take any candy when

I first found the paper; and then I thought I would only taste the least bit. My conscience told me I was doing wrong. If I had listened to that I would not have done so. If you will forgive me this once, you *may* 'always trust me' in the future."

Very sweet to Ruth was the kiss her mother silently pressed on her cheek; and her firm resolve to be worthy of being trusted, by always being strictly honest, which the grace of God enabled her ever after to be, was the result of her sad lesson at the candy-drawer. Ruth still lives. She has remembered that candy-package over twenty years, and has told you the story, that you may be led to listen carefully to conscience, and always run away from temptation before you take even one little look.—*Child at Home.*

EYEBROWS.

Upon a little subject,
With but a little time,
I have a little notion
To write a little rhyme.
If any larger person,
With any larger mind,
Would wish a larger subject,
A larger he can find.

Much has been said of beauty,
Regarding but the *eye*,
The black, the blue, and hazel
And gray are not passed by.
But I would speak of eyebrows,
And (more than you'd believe)
From these, black, blue, and hazel,
Their prettiness receive.

I hardly dare to mention
Which strikes my fancy best,
Or which, of all the various kinds,
Stands first among the rest;
For some are straight, and beautiful,
And some are arched, and fine,
And some look well, though very dark,
And some, though light, divine!

And to describe the handsomest
Of every different kind,
Might but offend the different tastes
Of every present mind.
I only wish to say that much
Of beauty eyebrows claim;
Though straight, or arched, or light, or dark—
For all choose not the same.

'Tis, after all, much like the eye,
Or like the form, or face;
We ever think them beautiful,
If joined with mental grace.
Now, as for me, I like a brow
That arches o'er an eye
(I dare not say or black or blue)
That speaks a purpose high—

That melts with words of tenderness,
Or flashes with delight;
That welcomes every greeting smile
With glances warm and bright.
I know a brow which spans an eye
That answers this full well;
And as you know of many such,
This one you can not tell.

And now, it strikes me, those of yours
Are very much the same:
The brow is arched, the glance is sweet
The color—I'll not name.
In short, there is an eye, a brow,
That's dearest to you all,
And each can think unto himself,
Which handsomest to call.

But if beneath an open brow
The eye smiles friendship true,
You may be sure that brow and eye
Are just the ones for you!
And now my little subject
Exhausts my little time,
And with the little word good-night,
I'll close my little rhyme. OCULL.

HOLIDAY LESSONS.

"OH, Herbie! I've such a grand secret to tell you! We're going to Uncle Sidney's to spend the summer," said Bella Oakley, breathlessly, as she came whirling down the staircase to meet her brother on his return from school.

"Oh, yes; that's always the way with you girls—always brimful of secrets that you can't keep—secrets indeed!"

"Well," said Bella, "call it what you please, but we're going right away, and the dressmaker is here, and we're ever so busy, up to our eyes in work."

"Ahem! aint we considerable, though? Pray don't fatigue yourself, Miss Bella."

Bella turned back and went leisurely up the staircase, her ardor somewhat cooled by Herbert's rudeness. The fact was, Herbert didn't like the idea of Bella's getting the news first, so he must needs give her a dash of cold water to dampen her enthusiasm. Herbert

was not really a bad-tempered boy, but he had a very exalted opinion of his own dear self. He liked to be first in everything, and it was really astonishing how much he knew—or thought he did.

Now, if you ever noticed it, those that imagine themselves the wisest, are the very ones that know the least; they go through the world with their eyes shut, and scorn to pick up the shining grains of knowledge in their pathway, for fear some one will think they don't know it already. They're the sort of persons that need to live more than one life, to know how to live.

Not long ago a wealthy man, in making his will, left means sufficient to give an adopted son a collegiate education, stipulating that he should first serve an apprenticeship in a printing-office, to teach him the necessity and value of an education. That's the idea; we must first learn the worth of a thing before we are willing to put forth the necessary effort to obtain it.

Bella was not at all like Herbert; every one said she was mother's child. To a kind, affectionate disposition there was added a love for knowledge; to her, the world was one great school, and she seemed bent upon making the most of it, and there were not only 'sermons in stones,' but in every bud and flower and bird carol, they were voices from the unknown, and had a revelation to make.

Uncle Sidney's home was away among New England's breezy hills, not many hours' ride by rail, but quite far enough to tire our young travelers, and right glad were they to find themselves there at last. It was a dear cosy country home, with no lack of flowers and fruit, pigs and chickens, cows and colts, comfort and plenty, a land flowing with milk and honey.

"With appetites wonderfully improved, they all gathered about the well-filled table, and Herbie declared they all went through a regular course of stuffing, as turkeys do just before Thanksgiving. But there was no refusing those tempting custards and jelly cakes and honey the whitest and richest that bee ever gathered, besides various other things, too numerous to mention, that country farm-houses afford.

After a good night's rest, the children came out fresh and bright, ready for all sorts of expeditions; and when days had gathered themselves into weeks, but few places remained unexplored.

Bella could climb like a chamois, and went racing over the hills "as if to the manor born." She had a glad, free spirit that rejoiced in those wide-spread pages of nature, and she roamed about searching for treasures everywhere. When Uncle Sidney was at leisure,

they wandered farther than they dared to alone, and learned many a lesson not found in books.

"Now Uncle Sidney," Bella said, one bright summer's morning, "please do go over to Greyrock with us."

"That's asking a good deal, puss, of a busy farmer," returned her uncle; "but you may rally your forces, and you sha'n't lack a leader."

Very little preparation was needed (that's one of the beauties of the country), and they were soon on their way. Once out on the wild, breezy hills, they all grew young again—that is, the elder ones—the bracing air and gipsy-like freedom drove away care, and now and then a hearty laugh came gurgling up from that hidden fountain that is too often buried and forgotten!

Greyrock usually passed for quite a respectable mountain, with its plumy pine-tree crest and rugged sides. But no ways daunted, the merry group moved on, and gained the loftiest outlook at last, and then paused for breath, and some return for the outlay. What a picture was spread out before them! Just beneath lay the beautiful valley with its pleasant homes, looking like birds' nests in the surrounding foliage, its wide, rich fields dwindled to door-yards, and the broad stream to a glittering thread 'broidered in wavy lines o'er the velvet sward; little clusters of houses, yclept villages, were scattered here and here, looking like snowbanks in the distance.

For awhile the children gazed in wonder, and thought they could never tire of that beautiful picture; but after a time they might have been seen exploring the nooks and crannies for geological specimens, and the wild flowers that nestled here and there.

"Oh, mamma! do come, please," called Bella from some out-of-the-way place; and answering the call, they found her kneeling beside an opening or fissure in the rocks. Herbert ventured to peep down, too, but not seeing anything very remarkable, only said "Psha!" Bella reached down and brought up "a wee modest blossom," delicate and fair as if grown in a hot-house.

"Oh, uncle! how could that grow away down there, on the bare rock?"

"Very likely the wind has carried a little soil there, and a seed perhaps, and some plants need very little nourishment through their roots; they take it from the air, through the pores of the leaves, each one serving as a mouth."

"What a funny idea!" laughed Bella, "as if plants knew enough to eat."

"Plants do some very wonderful things," returned her uncle;

"there is a plant called Venus Fly-catcher, that is furnished with as many mouths as it has leaves. The leaves are formed very like the two leaves of a book, but the edges are fringed with a row of stiff bristles, and these bristles, when the leaf closes (as it does when a fly alights thereon), interlace like the fingers of the hands when clasped; and thus they are provisioned."

Herbert began to think there might be a thing or two that he had not learned yet, and he condescended to listen.

"And there is the Side-saddle flower, a tasty little pitcher that is always supplied with water; this is a favorite resort for insects; but once in, it's not so easy getting out; for the interior is lined with bristles that prevent their return."

"Well, what next?" said Bella; "I wonder can plants think and feel?"

"There is the Sensitive plant that one would think could, as it shrinks at the slightest touch; and I have read of a wonderful plant that is always in motion day and night—it is called the Hedysarun Gyrans, or moving plant of India. They move like the second-hand of a time-piece, by a succession of little jerks, each leaflet describing the arc of a circle with its point. Take, for instance, two leaves just opposite each other—while one is rising the other is falling; their movements are independent of light, but are rendered more active by heat; the leaflets describe the arc in about thirty or forty seconds; the movement then stops for about a minute, and is again resumed in a contrary direction."

"Well, that must be the perpetual motion so many are searching for," said Herbert.

"Such wonderful things as God has made! will it be the same in heaven, mamma?" asked Bella, thoughtfully.

"I think," returned Mrs. Oakley, "if our Father has taken such pains with our earthly home, what would he not do in a heavenly one, where we are to live forever. It seems to me that new wonders will be constantly unfolding there, and we shall never tire of its wondrous scenes and lessons."

"Now," said their uncle, "it is time we were homeward bound;" and the little party filed down in Indian fashion, and arrived at the farm-house in time to do justice to a bountiful dinner, and there we will leave them for this time. EULA LEE.

RICHES may decay, prosperity may change, but goodness is unfading.

THE BRIDE OF THE SPIRIT-ISLAND.*

BY KRUNA.

FROM the "Spirit-Island," shrouded
In its spray-encircling pall,
Where the golden sun at setting
Crowns the "Laughing Waterfall;"

Once above the silent forest
Rose the smoke-wreath's curling spire,
And amid the glade's deep twilight
Gleamed the wigwam's peaceful fire.

Once beneath the whispering branches
Of the pines beside the door,
Sat an Indian mother, listening
Through the plunging Cataract's roar

For the rustling of a footstep,
Dearer than the water's song,
Wondering why the evening shadows
Mocked her eager gaze so long;

Till the Cascade's blithesome laughter
Slowly, strangely seemed to part
With its music for the wailing
Of a crushed and bleeding heart;

And the fading embers flickered
With a wild and doubtful gleam,
Flashing through the open doorway
Like the specters of a dream.

And the merry laugh of children
Grated harshly on her ear,
Seeming in its gladsome ringing
But a mockery of her fear.

Half a score of smiling summers,
Bright as that which crowned her bride,
When her maiden vows were plighted,
Standing by the warrior's side,

* Cataract Island, below the Falls of St. Anthony, called "Spirit Island" since the occurrence of this incident.

Had in turn their fairest garlands
  Gayly showered along her way,
Dancing in and out their welcome
  Each returning bridal day;

And the weight of twice five winters
  Had not bowed her spirit more
Than were bowed the stately cedars,
  'Neath the feathery flakes they bore.

Love had lighted all her pathway,
  Bore her burdens, shared her joy,
Bade her play with sternest trials,
  Like an infant with its toy—

Clasped her glossy raven tresses
  With pure bands of shining gold,
And bright upon her dusky cheek
  The rose's crimson leaf unrolled.

* * * * *

Quick she hears the well-known footfall,
  Springs to meet the loved embrace;
Starts—draws back—to watch strange shadows
  Chasing darkly o'er his face;
For the counsel of false brethren
  In the warrior's heart found place.

"Well thou know'st how I have loved thee,
  As I ne'er can love again;
But thy cares are all too many—
  Let my words not give thee pain.

"I have seen another maiden—
  I will bring another wife;
She shall be thy willing servant—
  Thou the blessing of my life."

Not a word replied Ampato;
  To the ground her dark eye fell,
As beneath the sudden death-wound
  Falls the arrow-pierced gazelle!

Silently the bolt had fallen,
Severing strongest cords in twain,
Which no magical Bushkiton*
Had the power to weave again!

When the stranger crossed the threshold,
Softly stole the stricken wife
From the home of ten bright summers,
To a home of changeless life.

Love and grief and pride held combat;
Love was wounded—pride gave way;
Grief unclasped the raven tresses—
Gave them to the wild-wind's play;

Mocked the smile that love had lighted,
Plucked the roses love had brought,
Threw its dark, untimely shadow
Over *all* that love had wrought.

From the bark upon the river
Rang a death-song's plaintive call,
Answered by the fearful requiem
Of the "Laughing Waterfall!"

And the brave, yet broken-hearted,
With her children by her side,
Sleeps beneath the foaming waters—
Sleeps no faithless warrior's bride.

And the smoke-wreath for the spray-wreath
Has exchanged its curling spire,
And no longer points the stranger
To the island-wigwam fire.

Only whispers now the spray-wreath
Of the mist-encircling pall
Thrown around the Indian mother
By the Laughing Waterfall.

* An annual festival of reconciliation among the Indians of the Mississippi Valley.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

AN OLD SETTLER.—An extraordinary tree is stated by Sir J. Emerson to exist in the island of Ceylon. It is known as the "Bo-tree" of Anarajapoora, and is, in all probability, the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted 288 years before Christ, and hence it is now 2,147 years old. Ages varying from one thousand to five hundred years have been assigned to the *baobabs* of Sengal, *eucalyptus* of Tasmania, the dragon-tree of Grotavo, and the chestnut of Mount Etna. But all these estimates are matters of conjecture, and such calculations, however ingenious, must be purely inferential, whereas the age of the Bo-tree is matter of record; its conservancy has been an object of solicitude to successive dynasties, and the story of its vicissitudes has been preserved in a series of continuous chronicles among the most authentic that have been handed down by mankind. Compared with it, the Oak of Ellerlie is but a sapling; and the Conqueror's Oak, in Windsor Forest, barely numbers half its years. The yew trees of Fountains Abbey are believed to have flourished there twelve hundred years ago; the olives in the Garden of Gethsemane were full grown when the Saracens were expelled from Jerusalem; and the cypress of Soma, in Lombardy, is said to have been a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar; yet the "Bo-tree" is older than the oldest of these by a century, and would almost seem to verify the prophecy pronounced when it was planted, that it would "flourish and be green forever."

A GENTLEMAN, whose attention at breakfast was apt to be monopolized by reading the morning papers, remonstrated with his wife for coming down to breakfast in curl papers, when the lady replied, "If you indulge in your papers, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy mine."

"I SEE the villain in your face," said a Western judge to a prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

"How well he plays for one so young!" said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy performed with his monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him!"

"MARY, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, papa; I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory." "Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?" "Oh, yes. What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet, done up, a pea-green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation Honiton col-

lar, a lava bracelet, her old eardrops, and such a fan! Oh, my! Oh, my!" Mother—"Well, my dear, your memory is improving."

Scientific Music.—Alex attended church last Sabbath, where they have *scientific* (quartette) *singing*, and was surprised at the difference between scientific singing and that he has been accustomed to in the backwoods. He brought me a specimen of the style, which he copied from the original:

Waw-kaw, swaw daw aw raw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw;
Waw-kaw taw thaw raw vaw yaw braw
Aw thaw raw-jaw saw aws.

Which, rendered into English, reads as follows:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

Alex says that in the country they are green enough to think it necessary for good singing that the words of the hymn should be sung. How very verdant!

A QUESTION IN LONG DIVISION.

A WRONG BEGINNING MAKES A WRONG ENDING.

A BOY named Richard Walters was on his way to school one day, with his slate and books neatly strapped in a bundle under his arm, when he felt a hand resting on his shoulder, and, on turning round, he saw a pleasant-looking gentleman, who said to him—

"On your way to school, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Richard.

"I see you have a slate in your bundle, and suppose you have an arithmetic, too. What do you cipher in?"

"Long division," said Richard.

"Will you let me try and work a question in long division on your slate?" the man asked.

Richard looked at him in astonishment, and scarcely knew what answer to make. He did not know but the man was crazy; for who ever heard of a sane man stopping a boy in the road and asking permission to use his slate for ciphering? However, Richard thought he would see what the man would do, and he unbuckled his bundle, and handed slate and pencil to the gentleman. The stranger took them without saying anything, and stepping to the side of the path,

figured away in silence for two or three minutes. By the time he had finished, some half dozen of the schoolboys came along, and stopped to see what was going on.

"Good-morning, boys—I'm glad to see you," said the gentleman. "Here's a question in long division I've been working out, and I want you to look at it, and see if it's right."

Richard took the slate, while the boys looked over his shoulder at these figures:

```
29)384605(12572
  29
  --
  74
  58
  --
 166
 145
 ---
  210
  203
  ---
   75
   58
   --
   17
   --
```

"Wrong!" "Wrong!" "It is wrong!" shouted several voices at once.

"What's the matter with it, boys? Where is it wrong?" said the gentleman.

"Why," said Richard, "you made a mistake almost at the very start. Nine from eighteen leaves nine, and you've got it seven."

"And is that the only mistake?" said the man.

"That's all I saw," answered Richard.

"I guess the rest is all right," said another boy.

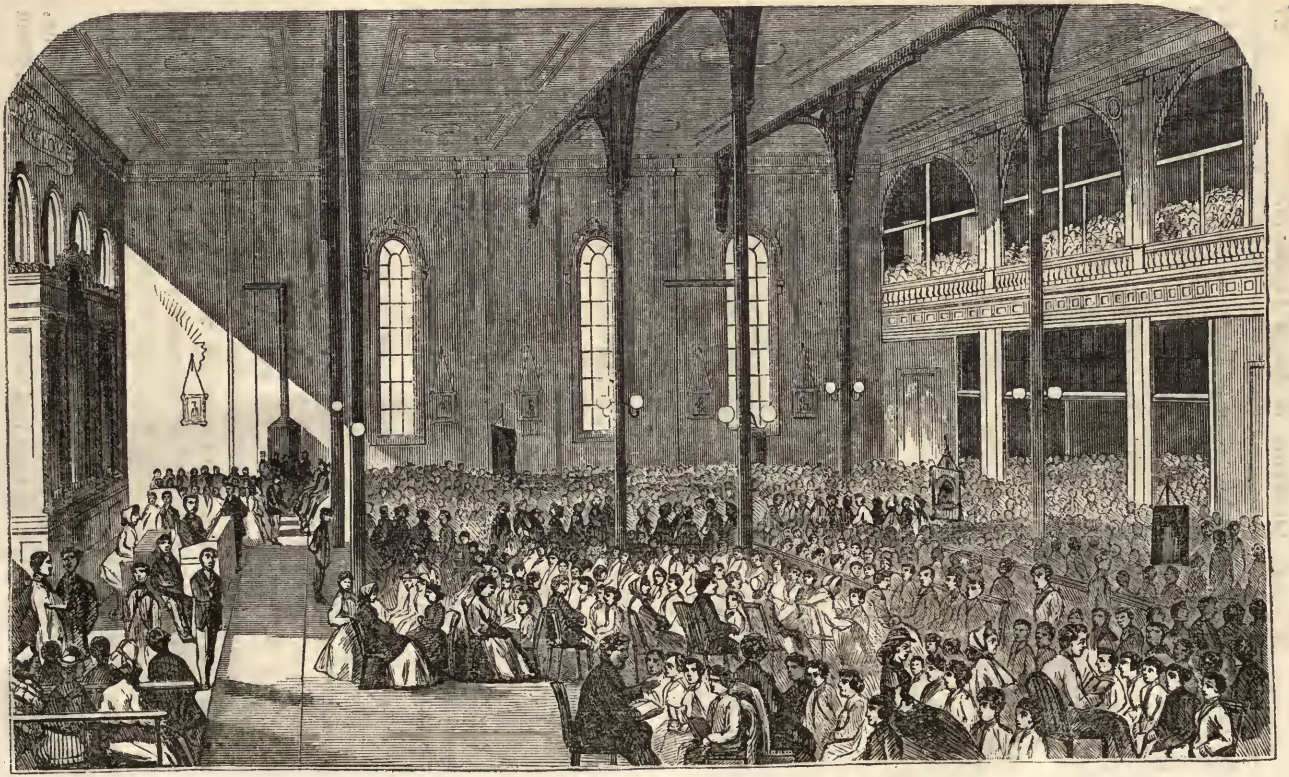
"Work out the question yourself, and let me see the result," said the gentleman to Richard.

Richard did so, and handed the slate to the man, who at once said—

"Your quotient is 13,262, and is right. Mine was 12,572, and was wrong; and the boys were all wrong in saying that the only mistake was that made in the beginning; for, as that was wrong, everything that followed it was wrong. Those figures, though right in themselves, gave me a wrong answer, because of the error in the commencement.

"And that is just the way you'll find it through life. A wrong committed while young will cling to you in some shape or other as long as you live. And though you may afterward repent and do right, yet the results of your life will be different from what they would have been had you always done right; for life is like a question in long division, and you are daily working it out. The results which will be seen at the day of judgment will be the quotient. The boy who lies, or swears, or is dishonest, is making a mistake in the commencement of this great question which will very seriously affect the quotient when the work is finished."

By this time the school-bell rang, and the boys went on their way, thinking that the strange man had taken a strange way to teach them a very useful lesson.



Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SINCE our last monthly gathering we have made a hasty but pleasant trip to the Western States, and taken many of the Merrys by the hand, and enjoyed a chat face to face. We missed the "raspberries and cream" promised by Jennie Enwood, of Ohio, last month, but presume she had no trouble in disposing of all she had. At Cleveland our stay was short and pleasant—met several Merrys at the various Sunday-schools we visited, and was glad to find them in such a good place.

In Detroit we took our dear friend Kruna by the hand, and enjoyed our visit and chat very much. She is one of the real and true friends of the MUSEUM, and loves to write for its readers quite as much as they all love to read her interesting and instructive articles. Of course we called upon Juno, and received a Merry welcome. Our visit at Detroit will long be remembered.

Chicago was our next stopping-place, and here we found hosts of friends. We shall not commence to name or number them, for it would take too much time, and we must tell you all about one Sunday-school we visited in the afternoon, called Railroad Mission. It was a beautiful sight, and a really wonderful school. It was organized by "Father Kent" some years ago in a railroad car on the track of the Michigan Southern Railroad, with seventeen scholars. From this small commencement it has grown to be one of the largest in the country, and now numbers over twelve hundred. The chapel in which they meet was built three years ago. It is 60 feet by 100, and with the organ cost $20,000. The interior is beautifully decorated, and every pains taken to make it attractive and pleasant. We give a sketch of the school on the opposite page. The building stands on Griswold Street, near the corner of Van Buren, and is visited every Sunday by many strangers who happen to be in the city. E. S. Wells, Esq., is its superintendent, and is every way fitted for the position. The chapel is located in one of the most degraded and wretched districts of the city. The school is composed of both white and colored children taught by some of the best Sunday-school talent in the city. Father Kent and Uncle Merry addressed the school the day we were present. You see what great results flow from small beginnings. This school has increased from 17 in a railroad car to 1,200 in a twenty-thousand-dollar chapel. Despise not the day of small things, nor neglect to attend to the little matters which daily and hourly come before each and every one of our numerous family.

We must omit any account of our trip through Indiana, hoping every one we did not see on the route will immediately send a spicy letter to the Chat. We will give way to the Chatterers.

June 6, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I have rarely seen anything in the Chat that pleased me more than Herman's proposal. I consider it very sensible, and desire to second the motion to the extent of my ability.

Cousin Herman, if I had written this epistle a month ago, I should have said, "I am a school-girl still;" but in that short time the fates have metamorphosed me into a teacher. If you could look into a certain school-room, every morning from eight to one, you would behold me in my chair of state, keeping guard over a multitude of young damsels, sometimes explaining, sometimes scolding, and sometimes—alas! far too often,

I fear—*laughing* with them. "O! when shall I be sober?" is my frequent cry.

Eula Lee's story about Grace's reply reminds me of a similar one my little cousin Arthur made. Arthur was playing one day, when Georgie came up and said, "Let me do it, Arthur; let me show you how." "No, Georgie, I want to do it myself," said the little one, frowning. But Georgie persisted, smiling, "I can show you a *real* nice way; let me do it." When Arthur unexpectedly rejoined, "Oh, well, Georgie, you may do it—I didn't know you would speak to me in such a pleasant voice." That tells the story.

One word more to the Cousins—a word of love and welcome to Blue Bird and Snow Flake.

If you will write, Moss Rosebud, I will answer, gladly.

Jennie Enwood, you ask where is Charlie F. Warren. It is almost two years, Jennie, since our Cousin fell asleep on earth to wake in heaven. Though his voice can never greet us more, I love to think he is with us still—that all the dear ones of our band who live on high see us and care for us.

DAISY WILDWOOD.

Thank you, Daisy, for your letter and the little "story." We would like all the Merrys to send less private messages in their letters, and moré stories, descriptions, and matters of general interest. Do not remain away so long again, Daisy. We have been looking for you for a long time.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—Don't, Uncle dear, commence looking so sternly at the hatchet and me, as if something dreadful was going to happen. We will do very well if you will only try us this once.

Cousins all, I am glad to meet you again. Isn't Uncle kind to let us have such a nice time in the parlor?

Snowbird, I like you; will you write to me? Ditto Fairy.

Merry May, I think you must enjoy yourself this month; and which of the Cousins that have entered the parlor does not feel merry and happy. I do think Uncle is very indulgent to his nephews and nieces.

But I am talking too long, and must go. Cousins, all of you, please write.

Auntie, I want your picture, so shall send you mine I hope soon.

With much love, BLUE BIRD.

CLAVERACK, N. Y., *June* 7, 1867.

DEAR COUSINS ALL:—Here I am again. I can't stay long away from you, because it is so pleasant in the parlor, and because you'd forget me if I did, I fear.

Minnehaha, I looked, but did not see it.

Moss Rosebud and Violet Forest, so you pass by my offers in silent contempt.

Snowbird, can we not be friends?

Kittie Clover, don't you take "Our Young Folks?"

Mamie, thank you very much; won't you talk to me? *Please.*

Eula Lee, I don't think your little Gracie can come up to my little sister Gracie.

Fannie Belle, Rose of Alendale, and all new-comers, here's a hearty welcome to you.

Won't somebody else waste pen, ink, and paper on this Coz? if so, I'll waste too, by return mail. Lots of love to Aunt Sue.

Uncle, if I'll send my photo, will you return the compliment?

Oh! please spare yours, lovingly,

DOLLY WIN.

Why didn't you tell us about your little sister Gracie?

TO ALL IN ARREARS.—To all those who have not paid for the MUSEUM for this year, we would ask that they send the amount by return mail, as we need every dollar of it, at once. We send a bill of the amount by mail, and trust it will receive immediate attention.

LAKE-SIDE SERIES.—"Luke Darrell, the Chicago Newsboy;" "Mabel Ross, the Sewing Girl," and the "Broken Pitcher, are the three books which comprise the series. Published by Tomlinson Brothers, Chicago.

They are deeply interesting and instructive books, suitable for the family and Sunday-school libraries, and are among the best books we have ever read for the young. They are written in a fascinating style, conveying moral and religious information and instruction, and we cheerfully commend them to all seeking for good books for the children and youth of our land. They are neatly and substantially bound, and we wish much success to this enterprising Western publishing house.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

wins the prize for correctly answering the greatest number of the May puzzles.

Why did we have such a small class that month? All the questions, except Nos. 106 and 123, were correctly answered, so that we ought to have had a list of 27 answers for the best.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

160. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 6, 16, 22, 19 is an animal.
My 3, 11, 9, 2 is generally before you.
My 1, 23, 20 is a tool.
My 21, 7, 13, 14 is a piece of wood.
My 8, 12, 7, 5 is a vehicle.
My 10, 20, 22, 15 we all like to be.
My 24, 4, 11, 17, 18 we do not like to be.
My whole is the name of a poet.
Bob White.

161. I am composed of 30 letters:
My 26, 10, 21 is sometimes a necessary calamity.
My 16, 14, 1, 18 often floats on the water.
My 13, 6, 7 is an article of food.
My 15, 5, 12 is an abomination.
My 30, 24, 25, 17 is part of the body.
My 27, 28, 20 is a pronoun.
My 19, 28, 11 is a weight.
My 29, 22, 23, 8 is a part of cheese.
My 2, 11 is a preposition.
My 15, 9, 3, 4 is to soothe.
My whole is the name and address of the writer.

162. When may men be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?
Blue Bell.

163. Youenseelle Areobeeahtea. *Rena.*

164. Transpose 56 *toes* into some flowers.
Max.

165. Transpose a coin, and make the same in Latin. *W. R. Q.*

166. Take two insects, add a letter to each, transpose, and make two other insects. *H. C. Hazen.*

Fill the following blanks with the italicized words transposed:

167. Is *not a liar* ——? *Georgius.*

168. You need not try to *help a bat* to learn the ——. *Rubie Linden.*

169. *Ida sent it on* to its ——. *F. F.*

170. Oh! —— that is a *sad lie!*
Allie Frank.

171. *I hire parsons* for the ——. *Cricket.*

172. The ——? *No sir, it aint mad!*
Frolicking Fan.

173. I am a word of five letters, and contain—1, a story; 2, a jump; 3, to allow; 4, to knock; 5, white; 6, to consume; 7, a head; 8, a soft tap; 9, tardy; 10, a loud noise; 11, to drink, and 12, an excuse. *Pearl.*

174. A hadsy hessfrens, fraches grinwhir,
A tillet pigpin fo fale-dih dribs,
A truflet fo swing, a luffit ringtirs,
A docul ot het drawseat, wonsy sa serud. *Lulie C.*

175. Entire, I am a weight; behead me, and leave an animal; again, and leave a verb signifying to exist.
Albert Amerman.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

176. A moonlight shadow. *Genevieve.*

177. One hundred on shelter. *Euclid.*

178. Something in the pantry cried.
Fred.

179. Encountered a file of soldiers.
Metacom.

180. Cut the board, Mr.! *Ego Ipse.*

181. Stow away the old. *Blue Bell.*

182. Why are pitchers like cats?
Roguish Kate and Oddity.

183. What part of an animal's head could we put in a bouquet?
S. Harp.

184. Curtail a fish, and leave a fish.
Geo. T. McKinney.

185. To a man add part of his head and part of his foot (minus the first letter), and make a tree.

Give me the names of the authors of the following quotations:

186. "Men are but children of a larger growth."

187. "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

188. "Music hath charms to sooth a savage breast." *Hassan.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me on or before the 8th of August. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞ *Letters for the* CHAT *must be addressed to* E. H. FALES, 172 *William Street, New York.*

Answers to Puzzles in May No.

102. Mr. Pickwick.

103. Coleridge.

104. Magpie, ape, pig.

105. Beetle, betel, beet, bee.

106. If "we" leave "wheat," "hat" remains.

107. Often (of X).

108. G would make lager lagger. (*Wolverine* says "G would made beer begger." *Minnehaha* says "letter alone [let her alone.]")

109. Mirabeau.

110. A puzzle in cipher I think you would like;
I will make you up one in a minute;
It will please you, I know, to unlock it, although
There may be no great value within it.

111. Blackamoor.

112. Lover.

113. Wedlock.

114. Hour-glass.

115. Cellar (sell her).

116. Pacificate.

117. Crimea.

118. Hermitage ("parsonage" credited).

119. Pillage. (Various answers were sent to this — "countersign," "shovel ditches," etc.)

120. One is an imaginary line that divides the earth; the other is a real line which unites it.

121. Homestead.

122. Enunciate.

123. Chondropterygii.

124. Appetites.

125. Tyro, tory, Troy.

126. Rose, sore, ores.

127. Ragged, dagger.

128. Hesitate—she ate it.

129. Intemperance is the grossest abuse of the gifts of Providence.

130. Be honest always upon principle.

Of the above 29 Puzzles—

F. R. S. answers all but 104, 106, 123, 128—25.

Belle answers all but 106, 108, 109, 116, 118, 123—23.

Max answers all but 102, 104, 106, 110, 119, 123, 130—22.

Gilbert answers all but 104, 106, 110, 116, 118, 119, 121, 123—21.

Minnehaha answers all but 104, 106, 108, 109, 111, 118, 119, 123, 125, 130—19.

Hassan answers all but 104, 106, 108, 113, 116, 118, 119, 120, 123, 125, 127, 130—17.

Gipsy Girl answers all but 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, 110, 115, 118, 119, 123, 125, 127, 128—16.

R. C. L., Jr., answers all but 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 113, 115, 116, 117, 119, 120, 123, 125, 128—15.

Wolverine answers 103, 107, 117—3.

Notices to Correspondents.

Mrs. C. H. R., if you smear the paper all around the covers of your preserves with paste or gum, and sprinkle it while it is wet with cayenne pepper, it will prevent mice, ants, or cockroaches from gnawing through. They are certainly very a-gnawing, but they can't stand the pepper; I guess it gives them toothache.

Wolverine, I am always delighted to exchange photograms with the Merrys; send me yours, and mine will be promptly returned.

Rubie Linden and *Pearl* prove that a cat has three tails (or any other number), thus: "No cat has two tails; a cat has one more tail than no cat, therefore a cat must have three tails." *R.* L. propounds, for the benefit of Roguish Kate and Oddity, this problem:

Three men, A, B, C, and their wives, want to cross a river where there is a boat that holds but two. The husbands are so jealous, that no wife must remain in the company of a man unless her husband is present, long enough for the boat to cross the river. How did they get across?

Mollie, is that "thread and needle store" pretty well patronized?

Max, see notice to Wolverine.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Minx, F. R. S., Max, Belle, and Gipsy Girl.

ROSE, AND HER "CABINET" OF SHELLS.

BY KRUNA.

"I SUPPOSE you have seen the nautilus, uncle?"

"Yes; I have several of these shells, which I will show you. There are a great variety of species under this name, some of which are more rare and curious than any which I possess. The glassy nautilus is one of the most choice and uncommon shells; this I have never seen. The more common, spiral nautilus, I have."

He took Rose into a large room, adjoining the breakfast-room, which was elegantly fitted up with singular and handsome cases, whose neatly arranged and well-filled shelves of curiosities caused her wondering eyes to sparkle with delight. From a neatly carved rosewood case, where Uncle Gerald's choicest treasures seemed to have been bestowed, he took from a shelf a large dark-looking whorled shell.

"This," said he, "according to modern naturalists, is a species of nautilus. The last whorl of the shell, you see, is very large, enveloping all the others. There are several of these inner whorls; and

they are divided into chambers, as you can see more distinctly by this one which I have sawed in two."

"How curious!" said Rose.

"Yes; the animal that inhabits *this* shell," continued he, taking up a smaller species of nautilus, "is more curious than its house. In fair weather, many of these shells may be seen with sails spread, moving lightly on the water; but if the wind should rise, or anything else occur to disturb them, the animal has the power of drawing in the water and filling his ship until it becomes heavy enough to sink him out of danger. He has four arms, two of which answer for oars, and are let down into the water on either side; and two shorter ones, between which there is a thin, film-like sail stretched, which takes the wind, and speeds the little sailor, guided by his oars, rapidly away. When ready to sink, he draws in his arms, and is soon out of sight."

"I would like very much to see a live nautilus," said Rose.

"They are very curious," said her uncle; "capital little sailors, and have little to fear for storm or shipwreck. Although some have called their sailing by means of oars a fancy, it is too pleasant a one for me to relinquish without proof."

"This is a beautiful piece of *coral*," said Mrs. Herrick, after Uncle Gerald had finished his description of the nautilus, holding up, as she spoke, a large branch of a peculiar form, resembling a cluster of leaves.

"Yes; it is a rare species of coral. It has been called the Yarrow-leafed Antipathes, from its shrub-like appearance. I have several fine specimens of coral."

"Have you the red coral, uncle?" asked Rose.

Uncle Gerald opened a drawer, and took from a number of choice specimens a branch of coral of a bright vermilion.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Rose. "I have often wondered whether the coral of the shops had been colored, or was just as it had been found."

"There is a great difference in the coral we see in shops. There are many imitations which pass for coral, and can not be easily detected by persons who know but little of the true coral. This is the natural color of this species. It is the bone or skeleton of the animal; the flesh which covered it was of the same color."

"Are there other colors besides these, uncle?"

"Yes; in the Mediterranean and Indian seas there are several species of black coral; and other kinds are of a brownish color, as the first specimen you noticed."

"How is coral obtained, uncle?" said Rose.

"It is fished up from the sea by coral fishers. They have regular seasons for the coral as well as pearl fisheries. The time for coral is from April to July. Several men go out in a boat with a net or machine made on purpose. This is generally composed of two beams, crossing each other, and hung with weights, which cause it to sink. Strong nets and loose hemp are attached to the beams, by means of which the coral is entangled, and broken from the rocks to which it is attached, and then the net is drawn out by ropes."

"How deep are they obliged to sink the nets?" asked Mrs. Herrick.

"The coral is found at different depths. The rocks at the coral fisheries of the straits of Messina range in depth from three hundred and fifty to six hundred and fifty feet."

"Is this the kind of oyster which contains pearls?" asked Rose, holding up a shell much resembling that of the common oyster.

"They are sometimes found in the animal of that shell, and sometimes in the common oyster and muscle; but those of the East India pearl oyster are generally superior to any others. The most common pearls are those called seed, or ounce pearls," he continued, "being small, and usually sold by the ounce. Some pearls are much larger; and they have occasionally been obtained as large as a pigeon's egg."

"Is the pearl found in the animal?"

"Yes; they are formed of the same material as the shell, and consist of several perfectly smooth, regular layers, which have been compared to the coats of an onion, spread regularly over each other."

"Are the pearls improved by polishing, as shells are?"

"No; the polish they have when formed can not be improved. The pearl is formed by some extraneous or foreign substance introduced into the shell, or from some accident or disease connected with the animal. The Chinese cause a kind of muscle to create pearls, by throwing into the shell, as it lies open on the surface of the water, small beads, the friction of which produces artificial layers of the substance producing pearls, to be formed around them. In two years, if drawn out and opened, they will bear an exact resemblance to pearls. Many interesting experiments have been performed in this way."

"It is very singular," said Rose, "but I should think they would lose the oyster or muscle in two years, if they moved about at all."

"Sometimes they are inclosed in large boxes, perforated with holes, and made heavy enough to sink by weights being attached.

"Where are pearls found, besides in the East Indies?" asked Rose.

"They are found in many places: in Japan; in the Indian Ocean; and many superior pearls are found on the coast of Ceylon. In Scotland, too, in rivers flowing from lakes, small pearls are often found."

"I have read of pearl fisheries on the coast of Ceylon, in Miss Mitford's story of the 'Lost Pearl.'"

"Yes; they are taken by divers. In Ceylon, the first thing is to examine the oyster banks, and those deemed best for fisheries are sometimes sold to merchants for the year. Sometimes the government deem it more to their advantage to fish for the pearls on their own account, and then sell them to the merchants. The fishing season includes about two months, usually.

"The pearl fishers go out in boats, each boat having one or more divers. There are often two or three hundred boats on these banks. There are two seasons for the fisheries: one in the spring, during March and April; and the other in August and September."

"How do the divers manage to go under the water, and stay long enough to collect any shells?" asked Rose.

"They seldom remain under more than two minutes at once; though some have been known to stay four, and even five minutes, at one time. They attach a heavy stone to their bodies, which enables them to walk more steadily on the bottom, and have also a stone tied to one foot, which causes them to descend more speedily. They are obliged to pull the oysters from the rock to which it is generally pretty firmly fastened. Sometimes they use a small iron rake for this purpose; but more frequently have the hand protected by a leathern glove or mitten. A net is attached to the diver's neck by a very long cord, which is also tied to his boat, and in this his oysters are placed, and the cord serves to pull up the diver when he wishes to ascend for air, or has filled his net."

"I should not think," said Rose, "they could do much toward filling a large net in two minutes."

"They acquire great dexterity; but the exertion is violent and fatiguing. They sometimes plunge sixty feet under water, and lose no time, I assure you, in tearing off all the oysters within reach, as they run from side to side, gathering and putting them into their nets with great haste."

"How do they get up by their cord when they are ready?" said Rose.

"They pull the rope, and those in the boat pull them up. Sometimes they are alarmed by the appearance of a shark, which will

spread consternation among all the fishers, and often cause their work to cease for a day or two at a time."

"How are the pearls taken out of the oysters," asked Rose, "after they have been caught?"

"The boats are unloaded, and the oysters placed in pits dug in the sand, a yard or more square; then they are covered with heaps of sand, raised several feet above them, and left in this way for the united action of the sun, wind, and rain. The shells in this way are obliged to open, the animal dies, and gradually decays, and the pearls become free and drop into the pit."

"And then are they sifted out?" said Rose.

"Yes; the sand is carefully sifted; and then the seed pearls sold by weight, and the others at auction, or to those who will give the most for them."

"Do the divers own them at first?"

"No; they are hired for their work; often paid by a portion of the oysters they have obtained, bearing the risk of their value themselves."

"I don't exactly see," said Rose, "why they need go to so much trouble about burying the oysters, and covering them. Why can't they just break open the shells, and get the pearls right out? I thought they were loose, inside the shell."

"No; they are a *part* of the animal. They are formed in the flesh, and the flesh must be decomposed entirely, before they are obtained."

"How singular!" said Rose. "That makes me think of the soul in the body. It is so mixed up with the body, that the body has to perish before it can be free, and its whole value known. But the soul doesn't have to go into the ground," she added, thoughtfully, "and I'm glad it isn't a good comparison, all the way through."

* * * * * * * *

Rose was delighted with her excursion with her uncle, and felt sad when the day came for her to turn her back to the sea and return home.

"I am not going to let you leave me," said Uncle Gerald, as she came up slowly to bid him good-bye, "without giving you a nautilus, as you seemed so pleased with them. Here is a little box I have filled for you from among my treasures," he added, smiling. "Find room for them in your cabinet; and, when tired of their beauties, let them still remind you of Uncle Gerald."

Rose kissed her thanks; and when, a few days after, she opened the little box and took out the nautilus, and several specimens of different colored corals, she felt that her uncle's present added not a little to her happy visit.

The "empty shelf" had been nearly filled before; and her new treasures were joyfully placed in a handsome case which her father presented her on the morning after their return.

"I never thought Rose Herrick would have so beautiful a cabinet," said Laura Hughes to Anna Lee, as she met her in the grove of the seminary, after a visit to Rose. "I shall have no more to say about 'rocks and sand-bars.' She is a real naturalist, and it will never be laughed out of her."—*Pleasant Paths.*

IF you do wrong, or get into trouble, go at once to your mother, and tell her about it. She is your best friend, and will be your safest counselor.

DON'T be always telling what you are going to do. Do something, and that will speak for you.

MY MOTHER.

"A mother is a mother still—
The holiest thing alive."—*Coleridge.*

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
Can I e'er forget thy smile?
Can I e'er forget the fondness
Thou hast ever borne thy child?

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
Age is stealing o'er thee now;
Once the soft and raven ringlets
Thickly clustered round thy brow.

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
Now the silvery thread of years
Gleams so frequent 'mid thy tresses,
That my eyes are dimmed with tears.

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
Still thy love is as of yore;
Though the world is fading 'round thee,
Yet thou lov'st me more and more.

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
Though no more my cheek to thine,
As in hours of childish fondness,
I upon thy breast recline;

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
Still it is a rapturous bliss,
In the quiet hours of midnight,
Oft to dream I feel thy kiss.

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
Time's resistless wasting wave
Bears us onward; I may never
Meet thee more this side the grave.

Mother, mother, gentle mother,
When above we meet the while,
Though seraphic hosts surround thee,
I will know thee by thy smile.

C. W. C.

PRINTING.

THE art of printing was invented by John Guttenburg, a native of Mayence, about the middle of the fifteenth century. He resided for some years at Strasburg, where he practiced the art of printing with movable types, which he endeavored to keep secret. In the year 1450 he returned to his native village, where he obtained the services of John Faust, a wealthy goldsmith, with whom he entered into partnership; he took into his employment Peter Schaffer and others.

The first method of printing was by smooth blocks reduced to the size and form of the page of the intended book, and on one side was a piece of paper on which was transcribed the words intended to be engraved; thus, in printing a book, there was required as many blocks as there were pages. The process was tedious and expensive. Since that time there have been a great many improvements, such as

presses, movable types, etc. Previous to this, books were written with pen and ink; they were very expensive, and but few persons could buy them.

In 1465, Guttenburg abandoned the art that had proved ruinous to him; he died February 24th, 1468. About the year 1459, Faust and Schaffer produced the celebrated "Psalter," printed with large cut type. This is the first book that has the name of the printer, date of the printing, and place where it was printed. In 1460 the celebrated "Latin Bible" was printed. Within fifteen years from the time the "Psalter" was printed, the art had spread to every noted town of Christian Europe. Copies of these early works are eagerly sought for by book collectors.

A book printed at Venice in 1471, was sold in 1811 for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds, which is eleven thousand and three hundred dollars ($11,300). And the copy presented by Caxton to Queen Elizabeth was purchased for one thousand guineas, which is $5,000. Caxton was the first English printer. The first book printed by him in England was the "Game of Chess," which was completed the last day of March, 1474 ELVIRA.

THE BEE WORKERS.

DID you ever think what dainty, delicate workers the little bees are? All day long they work among their sticky wax and honey, and yet they never even soil their gauzy wings. How daintily they must finger it! How different from our way of handling their luscious honey-combs! If we take one in our hands, for half a minute, we must wash them off before we go about anything else. Now a bee can leave his hive and tramp right off over the whitest lily leaf and never leave a track.

The way the bees handle honey, so we ought to "touch pitch," when we can't possibly help handling it. A boy is sometimes obliged to be among wicked companions, and if he is not very careful, his mind and soul will be defiled by their wicked ways and words. Let him remember the little bee workers. Let him keep his own hands and garments clean, and there will be no fear for him. There is only one thing that can be a sure guard round about us in such times of temptation. It is the love of Jesus in the soul. That will build up a wall all around us that no dart of Satan can pierce through.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER XI.—TOM JONES AND JIM BEARD.

TOM was the son of Mr. Edmund Jones, who lived in what was called "Pike Row," a long block of houses close by the turnpike road, and within sight of the mill. Mr. Jones worked in the mill, and was "boss roller."

In rolling-mills, as many of you know, they have large furnaces in which to heat blocks and slabs of iron; and heavy and small rollers to draw out the hot iron into bars or sheets for further use. These rollers are placed one above the other, and fit into each other by grooves, and are so arranged that the space between them can be lessened or widened according to the design of the master workman, who is dubbed "boss." These rollers are driven by means of wheels, which are in turn driven by either water or steam. If by water, the first, or water-wheel is very large, and revolves slowly, but with great power. There is then a very large wheel, entirely different in shape from the water-wheel, which is, however, connected with it by means of cogs; this is the *fly*-wheel, and turns so fast that it is very difficult sometimes to distinguish its arms. This *fly* or fast wheel connects with the rollers and gives them speed.

Now, the "roller," as he is called—by which we mean the chief among the workmen—stands between and close by the iron rollers and the furnace, and receives the piece of iron all white and melting, and thrusts it into one of the grooves of the rollers, and as they are turned very fast, and with great power, they draw it through, of course lengthening it. It is then shoved over again to the "boss," who seizes it with a pair of tongs and puts it through the roller another time, flattening or lengthening it, as his duty may be, and so on, until the piece of iron which came out of the furnace is changed into the shape and size desired.

Tom was known in the mill by the very plain and unrefined name of "Pull-up-and-greaser," not at all a taking name, to be sure, but one that indicates a responsible position in a rolling-mill. It was his duty to pull up the great square door of the furnace whenever iron was to be put in or taken out; and this was the meaning of "Pull-

*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

up;" it was also his duty to keep grease to the necks or *gudgeons* of the rollers, to prevent their burning and increase their speed, and this was the meaning of "greaser."

Mr. Jones earned good wages, while Tom's amounted to *five shillings* per week—about one dollar and twenty-five cents of our money. Tom was allowed to do as he pleased with his money, and you will remember his loud talk about it in a former chapter. Not only was he master of his own money, but of his time also, for out of work-hours and on the holy Sabbath nobody interfered with Tom, and he swaggered his own way. The example set before him at home was indeed wretched and debasing. His father was a very profane man, and had not been inside the church since the bells rang out their merry peal on his wedding-day. His Sabbaths were either spent in loafing about the mills, or in a neighboring alehouse, where he parted with a large share of his hard-earned cash.

There were several children besides Tom; but Mr. Jones seemed entirely void of natural affection, for he never indulged in hearing their innocent prattle, and the merry voices and dancing eyes of the little ones had no charm for his ear. His footstep on the door-sill, or the sound of his voice, was the signal for the children to huddle together in the most distant corner, or to set up a cry of fear and dart out into the common playground.

How little like *home* is such a picture! How could piety grow in such a place, or happiness shine like day? And just here, my dear young readers, before we pursue the little account of Tom Jones, let me speak to your parents.

A digression in a few words to parents.

Holy genial influences, such as are shed over every Christian hearth, must quicken first the religious life of the child. The atmosphere of home will chill or nourish. Childhood is the age of confidence; that confidence ought not to be misplaced in the home circle. Childhood is the age of warm, gushing love; care should be taken to hold that love, and train it God-ward. The words, acts, attitude, and daily self-possession of the intimate loves and guardians of children are the trellis-work around which the young and tender life entwine. How careful, then, should we be that the supports which we give to our children do not incline them in the wrong direction. Childhood is an age of inquiry, and the opening mind, as the opening flower of delicate nature, must be shielded from the blightings of winter blasts, such as come from false thoughts of God and truth.

Home literature ought not to be neglected; alas, that it is! The

toys we bring our children are too frequently selected with no regard to congeniality or fitness. The little pages with pleasing cuts are not always chosen with foresight and with an eye to the hungerings and thirstings of child-mind. The conversations kept up in their presence, and the little stories they beseechingly drink in from our lips, are not always conducive to happy results.

We are too apt, in the loss of our tried patience, in the press of daily engagements, amid the topsy-turvy of an ill-regulated household, to forget that immortal spirits fill those little trundles, or grace the "high chairs," whose future is placed largely in our hands. *Home patience* should be found side by side with home literature.

Acts of disobedience and breaches of deportment on the part of our children may not always prove a *bad* intention, while the manner of treating those delinquences may inject a pernicious poison which may embitter the whole life. Impatience at home breeds sorrow to all.

It may appear necessary, in the press of cares, to turn abruptly away from that little inquiring face, or coldly repel its timid approaches with, "I have no time to attend to you now." Such words have often made "mother seem so ugly, that I can hardly like her any more." Little hearts have mountain burdens which can generally be removed by a smile; and a few moments given to canvassing the grievance of your Nellie or Tommy will make them happy for a day. "I have no time," is the common cause of much winter in the little lives at home.

But above all, let us have *home religion.* And this may be the mother of errors. We do not advocate a stern, rigid, exacting discipline which makes religious duties irksome, and therefore distasteful alike to all. Religion at home, as elsewhere, must come upon all, as the gentle snowflakes come upon the earth—falling *soft, but sinking deep.* A religion that tastes of the austerities of the monastery or the gloom of the cloister was never intended for us, and surely can not bless the gentler things of home.

If you would enjoy God's spring, open casement and door; let the singing of birds come wafting in upon the morning zephyrs as they bring their precious freight from the mountains and fields, and let the sunshine dance upon the floor. *So,* if you would have religion at home which shall lead your children to heaven, and ring the chimes of content and peace in every family heart, open window and door of every-day life, let God's approving countenance like spring sunbeams diffuse through the house. Let the memories of your heart

be the birdies that shall keep up the song of mercy, and let God's blessing be spread before the children, as full of fragrance and affection as the tokens of a doting father's heart. Let the incense that you burn on the altar be family incense—the season of prayer, the children's communion with heaven. Have love and kindness without ostentation and effort; simplicity without flattery; cheerfulness without restraint; government without dictation; and piety without gloom. These will not only make our homes beautiful, but will keep verdure and fragrance in the hearts of our children until broken ties are linked again in heaven!

End of the digression.

No such influences cheered and blessed the home of Edmund Jones. And in the absence of these, what can we expect in Tom? He had already learned to imitate his father in using bad language, and in indulging in other habits just as loathsome and sinful. He was a great tobacco-eater, and his mouth and breath were always polluted with it. Tom thought he could not be a man and not chew tobacco, smoke a pipe, and drink beer. Did he not make a sad mistake? There are plenty like Tom in these respects whose home examples and training have been much better than his.

I wish I could say that these were all the bad habits which spoiled poor Tom, but they were not, but simply a few of the larger ones. One of his delights was *cruelty to animals*. He seemed to rejoice in giving pain to poor dumb creatures, especially flies. He would drive them over the window, up and down, up and down, and then, weary of the sport, thrust a pin through their quivering bodies, or tear away their little feelers and wings. His Sabbaths were often spent in birds-nesting, with congenial company; and after robbing the poor birds of their eggs, killing their little birdies, or tearing their nests to pieces, he would cruelly stone the mother birds, sometimes with fatal results, for they would fall, with a broken wing, bleeding to the ground, uttering a cry which would bring tears to your eyes, only to be further tormented, and then murdered outright.

In short, Tom was a rough, wicked, self-willed boy, caring for nobody, and an enemy to himself. In the mill he was always persecuting Ike, and in the fields, the birds. At home he was profane and disobedient, the daily plague of his mother, and terror of his younger brothers and sisters; abroad, he was a filthy, swaggering boy, a fair candidate for prison or the gallows! *Poor Tom Jones!*

It remains now to give a short account of *Jim Beard*, and of his life up to his appearance in a former chapter. In some respects he

was very unlike Tom Jones. Instead of being headstrong, he was easily moved and led. His father was Solomon Beard, who also worked in the mill, and was known as "the Shearer." It was his work to take the long flat bars of iron and *end* them or cut off the broken and uneven ends by means of large cutters or shears, which opened and shut their strong jaws by the power that turned the rollers.

Mr. Beard did not earn such large wages as Mr. Jones; but being a very close, careful man in money matters, he managed to keep plenty of bread in the pantry for himself and family.

Jim worked also in the same mill, and was known by every one as "Hook-up." It was his duty to stand at the opposite side of the rollers to Mr. Jones, and as the last end of the bar or slab of iron came through, to catch it on a lever which was suspended by means of a chain from a beam aloft, and heave it up and drop it on the top of the rollers, when it was seized at once by Mr. Jones, drawn over to his side, and in a moment put through again. This was not very heavy work for Jim, but it required a good deal of skill. Jim's wages were just equal to Tom's. His father allowed him one shilling a week for himself; the rest went toward the support of the family.

At home, Jim was mostly silent, for he feared his father, who was a very austere man. When among other boys, he was ready for any scheme that promised mischief and fun. We can not call him as wicked as Tom Jones, but he was in a fair way to become so, and, as we have seen, loved to get Tom's shillings by shooting marbles; and he had no equal at persecuting Ike. He was entirely uneducated. He could not name the letters in the alphabet. His parents did not fear God, and much resembled Mr. and Mrs. Jones in their home habits. They were very disagreeable and stern to each other, and often cruel to their children.

Jim did as he pleased on Sundays, and was always to be seen with such boys as Tom Jones, bent on robbing an orchard, or seizing such opportunities for sport or crime that might present themselves. In two respects he was entirely unlike Tom: he did not use tobacco; whether it was because he dared not, or chose not to do so, we know not; but certain it is, he could not be induced to touch it. It was no pleasure to him to torture and kill poor birds, for he was known often to oppose killing them after taking their little nests and eggs from them. These were good traits in his character, as far as they go; but for all, Jim was a profane and violent boy who had never known the pleasure of doing good. He obeyed his father—not out

of love, but fear. In the house he was sulky, and mostly sought the quiet of a chimney-corner. Ignorant, profane, surly, and quarrelsome, Jim was indeed a sad picture to behold. But with all these things against him, he was better than the majority of mill boys. There was deep down within him a tender heart and a teachable conscience. He was easily impressed, and his impressions influenced him. If he was impulsive and rash, he was also tender and true. If in one breath he would do a boy an injury, in the next he would implore his forgiveness. Had he been blessed with a different home, Jim would have been a most noble and gentle youth, a pleasant companion, and an obedient son.

But we have left him under the potent charm of our Ike, who was sent to be his good angel, and through whose influence we shall see him growing into a beautiful and useful manliness, blessed and polished by the grace of God. *Happy Jim Beard.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUNTING SHELLS.

EVERY person who has visited the sea-shore knows how much pleasure is derived in hunting after shells and pebbles that old ocean casts upon the sands. What an endless variety! How many different shapes—and how delicate and transparent are some! It is a pleasure that does not soon tire us, for each day some new and curious treasure is found. Then how nice it is, after we have made a collection, to show them to our friends who may chance to call on us—to tell them at what place we obtained them, and what fun we had—who were with us—and so on. Whenever we look at the shells, they remind us of our pleasant visit. But what is that rat doing—in the above engraving—with that large shell just a few feet from the water? He surely is not admiring it, for his nose is inside, and he must be smelling it—I suppose in search of something to eat. I wonder if he is brother to the one I once heard of, who was caught in a very novel rat-trap. His home was in a cellar. Some clams in the shell had been put there one day, and as Mr. Rat

went a little too near one, it caught him by the tail and kept him prisoner. He ran and got in his hole, but the clam was so large that it would not go through, and the poor rat was thus kept a prisoner until some one pulled him out. Did you ever hear of such a rat-trap before?

"OUR BABY."

Tread softly!
Dainty baby, little baby sleeps above;
By her cradle kneel the angels Hope and Love,
Rocking baby, dainty baby,
To and fro;
What her life shall be hereafter,
Who can know?
Thus the dainty little baby came into a world of trouble.

Look, mother!
See the cunning little baby clutching tight
All the tiny little bed-clothes, red and white,
Covering baby, dainty baby,
From the cold!
So may angels keep her safely
From woe untold!
Thus the dainty little baby came into a world of trouble.

Speak gently!
For the dainty little baby's pure as love,
And she's sent by His own kindness from above,
So that we may climb the ladder
Sent from Heaven,
And through dainty little baby
Be forgiven.
So shall cunning little baby take from us a world of trouble.

Tread softly!
This shall be the baby's mission, little Blanche;
And again upon Life's river we may launch,
And while sailing toward the ocean,
We may know
That the dainty baby saved us
From world's woe.
This is little baby's mission coming to a world of trouble.

Jolly Jingle.

THE SOLDIER AND THE THISTLE.

LITTLE Winnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on a sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said, pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it, they engrave it on the national arms," said mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie; "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said mother; "they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were almost up to the spot. Just at that moment a barefoot soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. That sound awoke the sleepers, and each

man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So, you see, the thistle saved Scotland; and ever since it has been placed on their seal as their national flower."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully.

"God can make use of small things as well as great to accomplish his purpose; and it is said that very small circumstances often turn the tide of battle. In the war of 1812 the British fleet were sailing in the harbor of New London, and were asked after why they did not destroy the town when they could have so easily done it.

"'I would,' replied the commander, 'if it had not been for that formidable long fort whose guns commanded the harbor.' That long fort, he then learned, was an old rope-walk, and the many guns were the small windows in its side. I presume the New London people looked with new eyes on that old rope-walk after they learned what a good service it had done them."

OPOSSUM CARRYING HER YOUNG.

THIS American animal has a pointed head, sharp teeth, small eyes, long tail, and sharp toes. Its young grow rapidly, and are carried upon its back; but when danger comes, the mother thrusts them in a pouch with her feet, out of sight; the opossum abounds in the swampy regions of the South, affording much sport in hunting it.

Its habits resemble the otters, with which it was long classed. It is an excellent diver and swimmer, and feeds upon small fish and other aquatic animals.

SUMMER RAIN.

Patter, patter, falls the rain
Gently on the window pane,
On the grass, the trees, the flowers;
Blessed are our summer showers.

Stifling air and scorching heat,
Aching heads and dusty feet,
Leaves are crisping far and near,
E'en the grass grows brown and sear.

As each day our hopes have fled,
And old Sol looks down o'erhead,
"When," we ask, "shall come again,
When will fall the summer rain?"

O the joy with which we see
Gentle breezes stir each tree!
And dark clouds come floating on,
Soon to bring the welcome storm.

Now it comes; a deluge pours,
Close the windows, shut the doors;
See the lightning brightly flash;
Hear the thunder roar and crash.

Timid children hide with fear
When the thunder crash they hear,
But look forth, all bright and gay,
When the storm has passed away.

Every shrub, each grassy blade
Looks refreshed, and will not fade
If the cheering summer rain
Comes with coolness soon again.

Thanks to Him who rules on high!
Storms, and winds, and calm blue sky,
Each should tend our hearts to raise
In loving gratitude and praise.

Cousin Jennie.

IDLE WORDS.

"COME to me, Edin, my boy," said Mrs. Ashworth to her son. "I want you to listen to me for a few minutes while I speak to you about your besetting sin. Almost unconsciously, you are daily guilty of falsehood."

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Edin, "I am sure I could not be so mean as to tell an untruth."

"You say things sometimes that are not *strictly true*, my son, and mimic actions in a very exaggerated manner. Who can ever say how much mischief has been caused in the world by such *idle words!* Many homes have been rendered miserable, many true friends separated, simply on account of words spoken at random."

At that moment Mrs. Ashworth was called away, and the conversation thus interrupted was not renewed. Indeed, I am almost afraid that, although Edin at the time made some good resolves to try and conquer his besetting sin, he soon forgot his mother's warning, until they were recalled to mind by a painful incident. Edin was a day-boarder at a school not far distant from his own home. He was a bright, intelligent boy, full of fun and mischief, and very popular among his schoolfellows. He had the gift of mimicry to an extraordinary degree, and in this amusement Edin was encouraged by his schoolfellows. There was, however, one of Edin's companions who used to expostulate with him on the danger of the habit he had acquired. Little Charlie Elmore was an only son. Early in life he had lost his father, and it was only by exercising the strictest economy that Mrs. Elmore was able to provide the means of sending Charlie to school. Owing to an accident he was crippled for life. A gentle, quiet, diligent little fellow was Charlie Elmore; and yet, with all his gentleness and yielding disposition, he could be very firm in the cause of right. Not the gay, high-spirited Edin could resist temptation nearly so well as did his little companion. Between the two boys a friendship had grown up, notwithstanding the marked difference in their characters—a friendship that was encouraged by Dr. and Mrs. Ashworth; for they wisely judged that Edin could not have a better companion. The school clock was striking twelve as the boys came rushing out into the play-ground attached to Dr. Graham's house. Edin was among the number of those who were about to enjoy an hour's recreation.

"Here, Ashworth," cried Harry Frier, "do come and tell us what

Charlie Elmore was saying to you before school. I know he was lecturing you."

"Lecture, indeed! who cares for him, I wonder!" shouted another.

"Do tell us what he said," repeated Harry. "Here, boys, Ashworth is going to act Elmore. Do it well, Ashworth."

If Edin had paused a moment to reflect, that which followed would never have happened. As it was, he gazed at the little group around him, "waiting for the performance to begin" (as Harry remarked), and his pride was gratified. There were boys much older than himself there who wished to be entertained by him. Urged on by the merriment of the thoughtless group around him, Edin forgot every other consideration, and exceeded far beyond the bounds of truth as he caricatured Charlie, putting himself into the most ridiculous postures, and bobbing about in imitation of the little cripple. Suddenly the shouts of applause that greeted him on every side died away, and a dead silence followed. Edin looked up hastily to ascertain the cause, and encountered the fixed strong gaze of Charlie Elmore himself. He stood just opposite to him. One glance at the little boy's pale, agitated face told Edin but too truly that he had been a witness to the whole scene.

For a moment Edin stood silent, then he cried, "Charlie, Charlie, don't look like that; speak to me, do speak to me!"

The strange unnatural expression vanished from Charlie's countenance, but he shook off the hand that Edin laid on his arm, and merely casting one sad, reproachful look, he moved hastily on. Long afterward that look followed Edin; there had been no anger depicted there, only intense surprise and grief. In the secret retirement of his own room Edin recalled to mind his mother's words, and wept many and true tears of repentance. On the morrow he determined to seek Charlie and implore his forgiveness; surely, when he knew how Edin grieved for his misconduct, he would overlook his fault, great though it had been. With these reflections Edin fell asleep. Charlie Elmore did not make his appearance at school the following day, and the next he did not come. As Charlie was a delicate boy, and was often kept away from school by illness, his non-appearance did not occasion Edin much uneasiness, though he longed very much to see his friend and make his peace with him. A week had passed away. Edin knew that his father attended Charlie, but he did not believe him to be very ill, until he was startled one evening by Dr. Ashworth's observing that "it was a bad case with little Elmore this time."

"I can not account at all for this last illness; he appears to me to have received a severe shock to his nervous system. I questioned him about it, but he seemed to wish to avoid the subject, and I was afraid of agitating him."

"Papa," said Edin, the next morning at breakfast, "it is a holiday to-day—may I go and see Charlie Elmore?"

"Yes; I do not think it will do him any harm, only let your visit be a short one, and do not talk too much."

With a very trembling heart an hour later Edin knocked at the door of Rose Cottage. Mrs. Elmore herself let him in, and thanked him, with tears in her eyes, for coming to see her boy. "How is he this morning?" Edin asked.

"Not much better, thank you," the widow sorrowfully replied. "It is Dr. Ashworth's opinion, and my own, too, that he has something on his mind. I have no doubt he will be delighted to see you; he often mentions your name in his sleep."

Ah! little did Mrs. Elmore think why the vision of Edin troubled her boy. Edin followed the widow noiselessly to Charlie's room. They opened the door and softly entered. Edin was deeply shocked at the alteration that had taken place in his friend's appearance in that one short week. His pale cheeks were almost as spotlessly white as the pillow on which his head rested. As Edin walked to his bedside, Charlie opened his eyes languidly. He immediately recognized Edin, and a faint flush rose to his cheeks, his lip trembled, but he held out his thin hand. Edin seized it eagerly, and, bending over it, burst into tears.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie," he cried, "do you really forgive me? You can not think that I ever intended to grieve you so. I know now how wicked and cruel it was, but I never thought, until I saw you, how wrong I had been."

It was a long, long time before Charlie got strong again; but his illness had not been without at least one good effect—it effectually cured Edin Ashworth of his sinful habit of indulging in heedless conversation and *giving way to exaggeration.* And he who had once been the first to amuse himself at the expense of others, was always after remarkable for his consideration for the feelings of his companions.

"Yes, mamma," he exclaimed, when Charlie was better, and he was giving his mother a relation of the whole affair, "yes, mamma, you were quite right when you said that no one could ever tell the misery caused by the utterance of a few idle words." D. M. T.

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—No. 5.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND is a small kingdom of western Europe. It has an area of thirteen thousand (13,000) square miles, and its population is about three million (3,000,000). The Hague is the capital, and is a very handsome city. The Dutch are characterized by great patience and perseverance, and are said to be very ingenious. The women have fine complexions; they wear wooden shoes, and large straw hats which are adorned with pictures of animals, etc. The men wear wooden shoes, and dress in the same style as the women. The Dutch are very fond of butter, and the poorer classes almost always take a butter-box in their pockets when going on a journey. They will never put themselves to any inconvenience to help others with whom they are not acquainted. The houses in North Holland are richly furnished, but the owners live in the cellar or attic, and keep the best rooms for show. There are two doors in every house; one of which is never opened except on two occasions. When there is a marriage, the bride and bridegroom enter at this door; and when there is a death, the body is carried out at the same door; it is then closed and never opened until there is another death or marriage. The houses have a pleasant appearance, and are kept clean and neat, the doors and windows are generally painted green. In speaking of the appearance of these houses a writer says: "The beds and tables are covered with the finest linen; the rooms are adorned with pictures, and the yards and garden with flowers."

The soil of Holland is fertile and the climate mild; cattle and horses are numerous. The custom of smoking is very common in Holland; they will sit for hours and not speak a word, nor do anything but smoke their pipes. Most of the inhabitants are Dutch. The largest city is Amsterdam, it is also the chief commercial city; its population in 1860 was three hundred thousand (300,000).

BE kind to the little ones; they will often be fretful and wayward. Be patient with them, and amuse them. A whole family of little ones may be restored to good-humor by suggesting a new play, or telling them a pleasant story.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

WATER THAT WILL NOT DROWN.—All travelers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the mind of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head, and my feet crossed, I floated on the very surface of the lake with at least one third of my body above the water. Upon a warm summer's day there would not be the slightest difficulty in going to sleep upon the lake, and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; only one would need an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun. It has been stated that three buckets of this water will yield one bucket of solid salt; but as water will not hold above twenty-five per cent. of saline matter in solution, and if more be added it is instantly deposited upon the bottom, the estimate is, of course, too large. On inquiring of the Mormons engaged in procuring salt, they unanimously stated that for every five buckets of water they obtained one bucket of salt, which gives the proportion as no less than twenty per cent. No visitor to the lake should omit the bath; the sensation in the water is most luxurious, and leads one to think himself floating in the air.

Two kangaroos have been brought to San Francisco from Australia. They stand erect about four feet and a half high, resemble in color the common black-tailed deer, and are said to be the most docile and beautiful pets that can be imagined. The same vessel brought some full-grown Japanese fowls, for a pair of which a quart pot would form very comfortable quarters, leaving room for half a dozen to roost very comfortably around the top edge, they are so diminutive.

WHEN Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,
Short is her life and impotent her sting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.—*Churchill.*

HE who would raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit on a wheelbarrow and try to wheel himself to glory.

THERE is a woman in Troy who is 103 years old. When she was a girl she used to have many "poor spells," and those who knew her

"thought she wouldn't never live to be a woman." There is not a single person now alive with whom she was acquainted when she was twenty years old.

IT has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

WE know a preacher who, when speaking, constantly hammers the desk with his fists, to *rivet* the attention of his audience.

FOOTE, being onee annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

Mistress—If the B MT put:
If the B. putting:
Servant—How can I put: when there is such a-der?
(Solution—If the grate be empty, put coal on. If the grate be full, stop putting coal on. How can I put coal on when there is such a high fender?)

The Paper having the Largest Circulation.—The Paper of Tobacco.
Paper for the Roughs.—Sand Paper.
Paper for Marriage Certificates.—Noose-paper.
Paper containing many Fine Points.—The Paper of Needles.
Ruled Paper.—The French Press.
The Paper that is full of Rows.—The Paper of Pins.
Spiritualist's Paper.—(W)rapping Paper.
Papers Illustrated with Cuts.—Editorial Exchanges.
Drawing Paper.—The Dentist's Bill.
YELL-*ow Paper.*—For Concert Programmes.
The favorite Paper on Railroads.—Car-*pet* Paper.
A Taking Paper.—Sheriff's Warrant.
The Paper that most resembles the Reader.—'Tis *you*—Tissue—Paper.

THE egotist is one who would fire his neighbor's house to cook his own egg.

"THE undevout astronomer is mad." No deep student of nature was ever an atheist.

WHY are some fortunes like ships? Because they are built on the stocks.

QUERY.—Is a lawyer's carriage a legal conveyance?

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THERE are so many Chatterers this month to be heard, that Uncle Robert will remain silent. We trust the heated term will not lengthen out your letters too much. A short talk to the point, and let others be heard, should be our motto. Here comes Eula, always welcome:

What *has* become of the Merrys? The parlor is "like some lone hall, deserted." I look around, and there's only Daisy W., and Dolly W., and a little "Blue Bird." Won't somebody "In the Corner" speak? Has "W. A. R." ceased? (to exist). Perhaps you are all ruralizing, and are unspeakably happy. Well, if so, just lift the curtain a "wee bit," and give us less favored ones a glimpse of the beautiful far-away.

When the MUSEUM comes, we turn to the Chat as one does to letters from far-off friends.

Have you ever looked for letters that never came? Well, then, that's how we feel.

Now, Dolly Win, suppose we compare pets. Mine is a fat, jolly little elf, but very decided withal.

"Come, Gracie," says Charley, "let's go and play in the back-yard."

"No," she replies, pleasantly; "it's too sunny."

"Yes, do, Gracie," persists Charley, teasing, in boy-fashion.

Gracie turns to him in her resolute way and says, decidedly, "When I say no, I *mean* NO, don't I, Charley?"

Charley "subsided" at once, to use one of his phrases.

Nearly every household has its pet—dear, thoughtful, observing little creatures; and this thinking our own the nicest is quite natural and pardonable, Dolly.

Laugh on, Daisy Wildwood; if you can win children's hearts, it's a short road to their minds, and you'll surely find the key.

You'll make a good "school-ma'am," I know. Please give us another story; there's more where that came from, as true as you live.

Hoping to hear from half a score of you next month,

I remain yours, believingly,

EULA LEE.

GARRET-STAIRS, TOP STEP,
July 17, *Tea-time.*

Oh, dear! how they stick—the flies. Shake, twitch, slap—away goes the pesky thing, for a moment—comes again, and bites like a hungry alderman. Don't know why, unless it's to show their bad *taste;* and "the patter of their little feet" on our devoted head is anything but pleasant, as we indulge in a "fighting cut" during hot weather. One is tempted to say "darn those flies," unless he has an amiable disposition—and "you may bet" that's not me. However, they have awakened me thoroughly; and one of them, looking over my shoulder, says, Time *flies*—write to the Chat. Now, that's a yarn, you'll say. And speaking of yarns, why can not we bring once more together our old time-honored Cousins and bind them in a monthly social by means of yarns. Kings, Queens, and "sich" are "played out," and we can make the Chat a source of amusement and profit by relating simply "yarns"—some of our adventures, or some occurrences with which we are familiar; not that I advocate the gratification of an idle curiosity, by relating every-day affairs, but the good old-fashioned times when we used to get in a ring, and all take turns and tell a good, healthy story.

What say you, Merrys, shall we yarn it, or continue this twiddle-twaddle? Many of my correspondents express themselves as tired of the nonsense, and as we all owe the MUSEUM much in return for all the kind friends we've made by its means, let's rally round the Chat, shouting the battle-cry of yarns.

Come, Merrys, wake up! or I'll set some of my dear little pet flies at you—let's have your opinions of the subject and suggestions of something better.

Those of you who receive my photo, please bear in mind I don't make any condition of an exchange; but all who will favor me in that line will be most gratefully remembered. My reason is this: each succeeding year brings its changes. The circumstances of life and death make sad inroads in our Merry circle; is it not well, then, to exchange these mementoes of our social intercourse, so that, in days to come, when age and space forbid this our monthly greeting, we can, by gazing on these re

membrances of the past, awaken a train of pleasant reflection which will keep us ever young and merry. Besides, as we seldom or never meet, as Paddy says, "What harm!" W. A. R.

Yarn it. R. M.

May 3, '67.

DEAR MERRYS:—It is more than two years since I made my first and last visit to you. Since then I have read the Chat with great interest, but have been so busy, while attending school, in studying, and, during vacation, in trying to keep away from all school matters, that I have found no convenient time to write. Now, however, during a vacation of several weeks, I mean to take time to inform you of my existence and interest in your affairs. As I enter the parlor, I see many familiar faces. Now don't say you do not remember me. It is very embarrassing to rush up to one whom you consider an old acquaintance, so glad to see her, and have her look so amused and say that she does not recognize you.

Herman, years ago I remember asking "ma" if boys and girls *really* wrote those letters in the MUSEUM. She told me that they did, and, since then, I never have had a thought of doubting it.

Cousins, those of you who do not live near the water, I pity you very much, but you will never know how much you miss. If you could only spend one summer in some little village near the shore of Long Island Sound, and try the rowing, sailing, bathing, and fishing, you would never want to spend one elsewhere.

Uncle, when I came before, I expressed a desire to see the Merry Album. It is a long time since then, but I still retain that desire, and, as a certain worthy but rather eccentric old gentleman in these parts, says, "I'll endeavor to try to see if I can" gratify it. KATE M.

Liberty says she has lived too near the water for a long time past, and is perfectly willing to have the rain descend upon other parts of the land. The Album can be seen at any time at 172 William Street.

THE HALLS OF LEARNING, *June* 3, '67.

I wonder how many of the Cousins remember a bashful maiden who presented herself for admittance some time ago. Several members of our circle can testify that I have not been idle all the time I have been silent.

Tommy, a mutual friend commended you highly as a correspondent; are you willing I should have an opportunity to judge myself from personal experience?

Herman, suppose you set us the example, by telling us what you do, and how you behave.

Peace, I called at 111 about the 1st of April, but found the "bushes" uprooted. Was the distance too long for you to see where the "sladdles" grew?

Roguish Kate, wrote long ago; but I have been told you are rather an irregular correspondent.

Rubie Linden, did the inclosure in my last so astonish you that you are unable to write?

As there seems to be two classes among our number, I propose that those who wish to discuss royalty and power go by themselves, and those who wish to converse on sensible and improving subjects form another party; only let it be understood that they are not to interfere with each other. If there are schoolteachers among us, I will shake hands with them. But brevity is the soul of wit. *Vale.* LIBERTY.

OAK OPENINGS, *May* 10.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:—Another new comer, humbly asking for admission to the Merry circle. I have often heard of the famous circle, and have wished I was a member. May I walk into the parlor and take a seat?

Metacom, my Indian brother, can not we smoke the pipe of peace? Do you live at the old camp-ground?

Hero, I believe you — there is fun ahead. Let's pitch in, and bring down the "rickety pile."

Jennie Enwood, won't you help us start the "Dartmouth Oracle" from his dizzy height? Yours, NIX.

SPRINGFIELD, *June* 7.

DEAR COUSINS:—I come again after a short absence.

Marigold, write to me. Uncle has my address.

Fidela, welcome.

Bluestocking, we would like to hear from you again.

Herman, I agree with you. It would be more interesting to the readers of the Chat if we would tell what books we like best, and what books we study, etc.

Cousins, do not forget

FANNIE BELLE.

Did you forget R. M.?

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT, AND ALL THE CHATTERERS :—A Merry time to you all, this warm season, for between the heat and the musquitoes, and you can have a Merry time, you ought not be deprived of the privilege of having one.

Dear Daisy Wildwood, what trials you must endure in your new position! You are not the only one who suffers from laughing at just the right time and place. The better way to get "sober" is to join the Temperance Society. But to remedy laughter, we might follow the deacon's method, as set out by Beecher in his story—put your handkerchief to your nose as if you had the nose-bleed, and go out of meeting.

That reminds me of a scene that occurred in my school-days, where the teacher—and a *man*, too!—was thrown off from dignity by an amusing incident. At the H—— Institute, a knock being heard at the door, the Professor ushered in a party of two ladies and one gentleman to see the school—rather the Professor, as he was unmarried and handsome—as visitors were always welcomed. Prof. seated them respectfully, and then returned to his class. Presently a crack and then a crash was heard, and on turning our eyes in the direction of the catastrophe, we saw the tallest guest, a lady of no small dimensions, among the ruins of a broken chair. To witness such a spectacle was excruciating to our risibles, and it requires but a small matter to create a laugh in school, so some of the seventy or eighty present literally tittered, at which the Professor arose with an air of dignity, raised his finger, and Hush-h-h! came from his lips. All were instantly calmed, when he turned his head to see if his assistance was needed to elevate prostrated dignity, when, lo! his own fell, for on casting his eyes that way, he instantly turned on his heel, and an audible sound proceeded from his mouth, *sans* the aid of laughing gas! The effect may be imagined; he could not say Hush-h-h! this time.

Poor me had to suffer from it, for after school, which was shortly closed, Prof. apologized for the chair, saying Kate had sat in it all winter, implying—as the Merrys who have seen me know—that I am neither a "myth" nor a shadow, and that if anything would support me, it would any one. So there the laugh came in—if a solid body could be sustained by a certain frame, why or how could said frame be demolished by so many airs.

Jolly Jingle, I "didst (n)ever hear of one E. G. B—l," but my friend S. B. M—n has. She is none of your post-office sex, but a "female woman," and no other man.

Merrys, how did you all spend the Fourth—the glorious Fourth? I spent it at the famous "Equal Rights Convention." Looked all day to see a Merry, but not one did we see; probably no advocates of the cause are in the Merry republic. Let's hear from the circle the opinion of "taxation *sans* representation," and "equal compensation," from the Merrys who trouble about politics—either in the Merrys' Republic or Uncle Sam's. ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY.

July 12, 1867.

COUSINS ALL :—Have you any idea of what Joan of Arc was made of? If not, I will tell you. She was Maid of Orleans. A short time ago I came across an anecdote, which I liked very much, and I will give it here for the benefit of those who have not seen it. Little four-year-old Freddy was just beginning to learn his letters, and had got so that he could readily tell S, A, and B. Then Auntie, who was teaching him, thought it was time for him to learn another. So she showed him R, and asked him "what he thought it was?" The little fellow looked at it very attentively for a few minutes, then, glancing up into Auntie's face with a bright smile, he said, "I guess that's B with its foot up, taking a wittel walk."

Dolly Win, I had no intention of treating your offer with contempt. If you will write to me, *via* Uncle, you may be sure of a reply.

Taghconic, please explain the meaning of your remark to me in the March MUSEUM. I have received no letter.

Annie F. May, thanks for your love, and accept mine in return. Let the next letter you write be to

VIOLET FOREST.

RICHMOND, VA., *June* 7, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS :—I come again after three months' absence, and I suppose of course you are "awful" glad to see me. I can't stay long, however, for I am bound for Philadelphia. How I wish I could get as far as Brooklyn! Aunt Sue, I should certainly call on you.

Teresa, I shall be very glad to make your acquaintance, and any of the Merry Cousins who choose to write. Uncle has my address. Yours, Merryly, SASIE.

BOSTON, *July* 6, 1867.

UNCLE ROBERT AND COUSINS: — Once more I come, and it is with pleasure that I write these lines. As I made the proposal some months ago, that we should write on subjects of general interest, I hardly expected that so many Cousins would take up the subject and give us little glimpses of their every-day life, their house, their kitchen, and their school-room, etc.

Some of the Cousins have favored me with letters since I wrote the first few lines for the Chat, and I notice that there is a growing desire to make this department a specialty. I truly believe, if Uncle Robert would allow us a few more pages in the MUSEUM, we should all appreciate it.

A lady (Merry Cousin) wrote to me lately that she had nothing in the world to write that could interest anybody. This reminds me of two children playing in the garden; and mamma calling to one of them, said, "Charley, what are you doing there?" He answered, "Nothing, ma." "And what is Mamy doing?" "She is helping me." Now, Cousins, Charley and Mamy were certainly either doing or thinking something, and so are we all. The trouble with us is, that we hesitate in giving expressions to our thoughts, or that in our modesty or pride believe that they are only of value to ourselves and to no one else.

My compliments to Daisy Wildwood, Eula Lee, and others, for favoring us with their interesting letters, which are highly esteemed by HERMAN.

We will extend the Chat when the letters contain something else besides messages from one to another, which can not be understood and appreciated by all.

Kind words and pleasant chats are not objectionable, of course, and we have allowed more mere personal letters in the Chat perhaps than we should. We are glad you have started a different turn of thought, and hope it will meet with more and more favor by all.

OSTRANDER, OHIO, *July*.

DEAR DAISY:—I am glad you told about Charlie; but, oh! it made me sad. And is another Cousin gone?—gone from this world of toil, sorrow, sickness, and death to one of perfect peace, of spotless purity, of eternal blessedness? We should not weep for those who make an early and safe voyage *home*.

"They now are beckoning us to come
Where they in glory dwell."

Let us pray our Father that we may be prepared to join the "innumerable company."

Don't you "love little bits of scholars?" They sometimes say such funny things. I well remember once one of my smallest pupils got angry with his brother, and finally struck him. I talked to him a good while; told him how naughty it was to get angry, and asked him "what he would do if he hadn't Jimmy to come to school with him?" "I wouldn't care," said he; "I'd get all the dinner then." That was satisfactory recompense for my "talk," wasn't it?

Uncle, I am so sorry you didn't come a little nearer. Why didn't you? I would have been happy to welcome my dear good Uncle. Our raspberries were splendid! Accept my love, Merrys all.

JENNIE ENWOOD.

MOSSY DELL, *May* 13, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—Although it is not quite the season for Moss Roses, yet I am with you again for a brief period.

Mizpah. are you not L. F. G.? I think I understand your allusion to your "big brother." Didst receive a letter from me? Respond immediately.

H. C. H Douglas, I have not received that letter yet.

Rubie Linden, where is the petition? These eyes have not yet had the pleasure of gazing upon it.

Roguish Kate and Oddity—here is another vote for the Merry Republic. R. Kate, wilt thou employ some paper, stamps, pen, and a few leisure moments for the benefit of this Cousin? Uncle Merry has my address.

Best love and a kiss for Aunt Sue, if acceptable.

My thoughts are disturbed by a vision of scissors in the distance, so, Merrys, adieu. MOSS ROSEBUD.

July, 1867.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS ALL:—Some little time ago I knocked for admittance to the Merry circle, and Uncle cordially extended his hand to me, but did not bid me enter. Now, I am determined to enter without knocking, and as I am a new-comer, I hope you will excuse me,

for I feel that I almost know many of you, so familiar are your names to me.

Rubie Linden, I fully agree with you in having Uncle Merry reign over us; and whoever desires to see him descend from the throne, ought to be discarded as a traitor.

Aunt Sue, I received your letter, and was much pleased with its contents. Please accept my best love in return.

Marigold, I wrote to you some time ago, but have received no answer.

Who will write and exchange with,

Yours, lovingly, IXIA?

An open hand extended is always an invitation to enter and make yourself at home.

BINGHAMTON, *June* 17, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS:—I am afraid you have all gone "a visiting," for the Chat looked quite slim and summer-like this month. Now I do hope you are not going to desert the MUSEUM just as soon as it is pleasant weather, and return to your snug corners only when cold winds begin to blow. If you are seeing new and pleasant sights, and enjoying life generally, write and tell us all about it. Our friend Herman suggests that we tell more about ourselves, so I am going to lay aside my supposed "bashfulness" and set you an example.

I do assure you that it is my usual custom to attend church twice on the Sabbath, and Sabbath-school besides. I did, however, change my programme a little a few Sundays ago, for I moved, as also did the friends with whom I boarded.

Don't raise your hands in holy horror and vote to expel me from your circle—please don't, for it was very early in the morning, only about two o'clock, and so dark that no one could have seen us, had it not been for the terrible flames that were sweeping on to devour us.

Friend Herman, doth this suffice thee for the present?

Jennie Enwood, I like you; of course I shall have your vote. *You* won't be nominated—not a bit of it.

"Well, Mr. Hero, what do *you* think of scissors now? Shall I extend my commiseration?

Roguish Kate, I should be delighted to join that "admiration society;" please enlighten me.

Rose of Alendale, never fear for me; I shall mount no rickety pile; I want something substantial to rest on when *I* reach the "dizzy height."

Sans Souci and Annie F. May, write again.

Thank you, Uncle Merry, for your kindness, and be assured that I should be most happy to see all of you again.

Aunt Sue, what a pity it is that I haven't a knack at solving puzzles, then I should have an excuse for writing to your own dear self.

I would welcome Bob White and all other strangers. Come right in and have a Merry time with the rest of us.

Yours truly, COUSIN JENNIE.

P. S. I think it would be appropriate for Jasper and several others, to eat another piece of "humble pie" *in the corner.*

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

answers the greatest number of the June puzzles, and wins his *second prize.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

189. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 17, 7, 3, 12 is what most people love.
My 24, 13, 23, 22, 22, 16 is a way.
My 14, 1, 8 is an article of apparel.
My 2, 10, 20 is a portion.
My 5, 15, 4, 18 is a kind of wing.
My 9, 22, 21 is to win.
My 3, 19, 6, 21 may be flax.
My 11, 10, 6, 9 is to desire.
My whole is a maxim.
Robbie Eddoms.

190. I am composed of 4 letters:
My 3, 1, 2 is a wager.
My 4, 2 is an island.
My whole is a grandfather.
Tattler.

191. I am composed of 19 letters :

My 16. 7, 4, 1 is part of a house.
My 2, 17, 10, 5 is a town in Russia.
My 6, 14, 8, 11, 18 is a town in Sweden.
My 12, 19, 3, 13 is a schism.
My 1, 9 is an exclamation.
My whole many have sought for, but never found. *C. F. W.*

192. My first is an animal ; my second a metal.; and my whole a statesman of the present age. *Monitor.*

193. Join together a preposition and two verbs, and make an undesirable character. *Prairie Rose.*

194. My first can not reckon the particles of my second, which are more than my whole. *Fred.*

195. Mohtas Shinkop Ladategul saw het dounref fo teh Radforth Fead nad mubd Lymusa. *Effie.*

196. To a kind of leprosy add a letter, and you will have the mule on which Mohammed is said to have journeyed to heaven. *Violet Forest.*

197. What is the difference between a man who stops at the conclusion of a short sentence, and an interesting book finished at a semicolon ? *Vincent.*

ANAGRAMS.

198. Dan's team. *Fred.*
199. I sent Del. *Addie W.*
200. Pat rule Dice. *Ego Ipse.*
201. I nail my tulips. *Sigma.*
202. I do, Art. *Franc.*
203. Get mean rents. *F. R. S.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

204. Preserve a valley. *A. R. T.*
205. Approach alteration. *Bittersweet.*
206. Imitate a dog, Emma. *Alf.*
207. An island belonging to you. *F. F.*
208. Travel snare. *Elmer.*
209. Study a succession. *Comet.*
210. Curtail a boy's name and leave a verb that it distresses many to do ; transpose the verb and leave worse misery yet. *Cis.*
211. A word *on all fours* (four letters) has the chameleon-like faculty of several transpositions. It appears

1, as a thing that everybody owns :

2, as a confirming seal of what many say :

3, as a distinguishing ornament of a race :

4, as marking the disgrace of all races :

No. 3, curtailed, is the glory of creation.

No. 2, beheaded, redoubles that glory.

No. 3, succeeding a note of calamity, becomes the very crown of that glory.

Sam T. K. & Red Dick.

212. What does a lady wear that she might eat ? *S. Harp.*
213. What is that which is tried by all the courts in Europe and hung for telling the truth ? *Whist.*
214. Transpose something in particular into a spice. *Angie P.*

Give the authors of the following familiar quotations :

215. "Brevity is the soul of wit." *Belle.*
216. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." *Max.*
217. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." *Hassan.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of September. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in June No.

131. Berlin.
132. ALEDO : ale, lad, ode, led, doe, Leo, lea, old, lead, aloe, load, lode, dole, deal, lade, ado, do, la, Ed., Al., dale.
133. S. would make cream scream.
134. It is portrayed (poor trade).
135. Somebody.
136. Plunge, lunge, lung.
137. Marmaduke (arm a duke). ("William, ill I am," credited.)
138. Manis.

139. I stands for one and V for five, therefore IV must equal 15.
140. Don't misunderstand me.
141. George, gorge, gore, ore, or, O.
142. Roach, coach. (Others have been credited, "gar—car;" "carp—cart," etc.)
143. Plague, ague, lag.
144. Breathes.
145. BOOK-CASE: Bac, Ophelia, Os, knee.
146. Port Elizabeth. ("Fort Ann" and "Campbell" credited.)
147. Pasturage.
148. Perform.
149. Laudatory.
150. Oddities.
151. July.
152. Axiform.
153. Apogon, pongo. ("Bream, mare," credited.)
154. We should not render railing for railing.
155. Jetsam.
156. Slip, lips, lisp.
157. Teach, cheat.
158. Study, dusty.
159. Presume, supreme.

Of the above 29 Puzzles—

C. W. J. answers all but 134, 138, 148, 152, 155—24.

Belle answers all but 132, 134, 138, 148, 152, 155—23.

Max answers all but 131, 134, 139, 147, 148, 152, 153, 154—21.

Jeannie M. answers all but 131, 132, 134, 138, 139, 148, 152, 154, 156—20.

Clem answers all but 131, 132, 134, 138, 152, 153, 154, 156, 159—20.

F. R. S. answers all but 132, 134, 138, 143, 147, 148, 152, 154, 156—20.

Gipsy Girl answers all but 133, 134, 138, 140, 142, 143, 146, 148, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156—16.

Hassan answers 131, 132, 133, 136, 137, 140, 142, 144, 146, 147, 149, 150, 151, 158—14.

W. D. H. answers 131, 136, 140, 141, 142, 144, 145, 147, 149, 157, 158, 159—12.

R. C. L., Jr. answers 136, 137, 141, 144, 146, 147, 149, 150, 151, 157, 158—11.

Wolverine answers 132, 141, 142, 143, 151—5.

Minnie answers 141, 142—2.

Notices to Correspondents.

Gipsy Girl, had the *prize* depended upon that "item," it would have made a difference; but eighteen items surely deserve "credit." That "shad-shay," however, would not pass muster; though I suppose you alluded to the "one-horse-shay" that "we read of," but *not* in the dictionary.

W. D. H., it was too bad you didn't make a better guess at the name of the "county seat" when you had all the items correct.

R. C. L., Jr., did you forget the comment to the answer of puzzle No. 55, on page 159?

Belle, if you had written the items of 132, you would have been equal with *C. W. J.*

Jeannie M., go to Geo. B. Wooldridge's, White Lake Hotel, Sullivan Co., N. Y., if you are fond of boating and lake fishing. I spent a week there in June, and may go again. They have the nicest kinds of boats, and plenty of them; no extra charge for using them; "if you want one, go and take it." Board, ten dollars a week, and everything nice to eat. You can throw your peach-pits out of your bedroom window right into the lake, and watch one of the dear old greedy ducks dive after it, and try to choke himself to death with it. If, when you go out after perch, pickerel, or bass, you should catch some a little smaller than your dignity allows you to add to "the string," don't throw them away; bring them home to the ducks that will gather round your boat as you throw them the fishlets (short for "little fish"); it's great fun—I've tried it.

N. B. This notice is entirely gratuitous. When I go anywhere, and have a "*real* good time," I like to speak of it—that's all. In reply to your other question, see notice to *Max*, page 160.

Wolverine adds 27 words to the 22 in the *Scrap Bag*, each of which contains all the vowels.

THE PARROT.

BIRDS of the parrot family are representative birds. They represent those chatter-boxes which speak a great deal, and say but little. They utter words without meaning. They use speech mechanically, and put no thought into it. Polly says she wants a cracker, but she does not know what the language means. It is possible that a course of education may so inform the bird that she will make certain sounds to bring about certain results; after all, it is mechanical. This class of birds are the feathered mimics of nature. Their voices are unmusical, but their plumage is gorgeous. Like some of the devotees of fashion, they seem to make up in fine feathers what they lack in accomplishments. Having no conscience, and no knowledge of the meaning of language, they copy the oath of the sailor or the pet phrases of the household with equal avidity, though they differ very much from each other.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER XII.—IKE AT HOME.

OLD Father Cottle had ceased to watch the corner of the road for the appearance of his "laddie," and Susan had seated herself on the doorstep, with her hands resting in her lap, waiting for Ike to come to supper. It was something unusual for him to be at the mill so late on Saturday. The sun was no longer visible, and the beautiful twilight was settling down upon the cottagers, while the moon and stars twinkled with unusual brightness overhead; so it seemed to Ike as he turned his back on Jim's retreating form in the tram-road track, and with a bound, which kept pace with his thoughts, hastened toward the cottage. It is an impossible task to describe Ike's emotions as he almost flew to the happy home. He felt the sweet satisfaction which comes from a noble deed, an important work well done. He had set his heart on saving Jim Beard, and he could but feel that the beginning of his success was all that heart could wish. It is quite possible that he tried to look out upon the future, and pictured to himself Jim Beard, grown to manhood, respected and honored, intelligent and religious. Whenever his thoughts reverted to himself, there was much to make him happy. The sudden and unexpected increase of his pay, and the generous present from Mr. Lewis, combined with the prospect thus secured of entirely relieving his father of anxiety and banishing poverty from their cottage farm forever, would very naturally give life and joy to his expressions and paint his hopes in brilliant hues.

But, there he goes over the stile in a leap, and greets his anxious father and sister in the most extraordinary manner:

"Thirteen shillings a week and a suit of clothes, and Jim Beard's going to Sunday-school!" were the first words which greeted the ears of the cottagers.

"How wild you look! Ike," said Susan.

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

"Why, laddie, thee's breathless," exclaimed Father Cottle.

"Wild—breathless," replied Ike, with a radiant face and a twinkling eye; "why, father, you'd be out of breath too if you felt as I do. My wages are thirteen shillings—here they are—hold your hand; and what's more, look at this bit of paper—read it, Susan, and see if it isn't an order for a bran new suit from top to toe, and all for minding my work and being honest, Mr. Lewis said. And better still, which you won't easily believe—wasn't I talking with Tom Jones and Jim Beard, and didn't Jim promise to go to Sunday-school to-morrow, and that he wouldn't shoot marbles again for shillings! and—oh, oughtn't I to be out of breath, though, when all these things happen at once?" and thus ran the happy tongue and rejoiced the honest heart. The last item concerning Jim was indeed a cause for surprise as well as of thanksgiving.

It was a matter of moment to the simple hearts that Ike's means of providing for daily wants were multiplied, and they were very far from being indifferent to the fact, that Mr. Lewis appreciated their boy; but their charity for others exceeded their regard for their own welfare. They could live on the plainest fare with sweet contentment, conscious of doing good. They could pray for the safety and salvation of the proud and rich without feeling anxious of their station and wealth. They could sympathize with, love and bless the very poor who begged from door to door in the name of Jesus, and not feel scornful and haughty. Hearty charity lodged in that cottage, and surrounded that little hilltop with the halo of sunrise. They felt themselves to be God's stewards as well as pensioners, and with royal hearts and hands they dispensed their treasures. To be sure, their abilities and opportunities were not great and many, but it is seldom that we can say of any one, "he employs all his means and opportunities." A quiet simple happiness was theirs—a happiness which could only live in a little cottage, shut in by vines and ivy, and that could have no occasion to envy the sunshine.

You will not wonder, then, that the fact that Jim Beard had already begun to reform, became at once the topic of conversation and the cause of great gladness in the cottage.

The frugal meal was sweetened by Ike's plain, unvarnished account of all that happy day's occurrences. There were moist eyes, and hearts too, quite too full to be restrained at many points in the narrative. What an appetite a little interest in others gives us! How sweet plain bread is when we eat it in the company of a good conscience, and when it is seasoned with the remembrances of good

done for some one! How brightly the fire burns, and how musically it seems to crackle and flap, and sigh and simmer in the cottage hearth of an evening, when it burns and glows for unselfish ones, when our evening's meditations are not marred and embittered by the thought of having injured or tried to injure any living creature!

Do we not all know that it is a dark evening to us when we have to tuck ourselves in a corner away from the cheerful circle, sullen and sad, because we are not able to bury the thoughts of the good we might have done, and the evil we did, during the day! Do we not, my young friends, all remember when we crept up to our little chambers noiselessly as a cat would tread, as though we would steal away from our own consciences, because we could not face the dear ones who loved us, and confess how bad and selfish we had been all day? And when, at last, trembling in our cot, making resolutions for the morrow, dropping a tear or two in the dark silence, do we not remember how we longed for the sweet peace and sleep of those of whom we had read or heard, whose lives seemed spent in the service of others?

There is no happiness equal to that—it is the never-failing fountain in this sad and troubled world. Such was the happiness of our cottagers that evening.

Soon everything was cleared away from the supper-table, the cloth neatly folded and laid in the drawer, and the chairs carefully set aside, and the family grouped for the familiar conversation and worship. I wish you could have heard Father Cottle pray. Not that his prayers were eloquent or grand, or long, or anything very peculiar, but somehow they seemed to go straight to God; they seemed to hold the heart still, and you couldn't help feeling that he was talking with God, and that God listened. But the worship that night seemed more solemn than usual. Ike thought so; and even Susan, who was usually very calm, couldn't help giving vent to her feelings in copious tears. I can not explain the exact cause. Perhaps it was because Mr. Lewis was so kind to Ike, or perhaps she pitied poor Jim Beard, or perhaps she loved God so much that she could not see His great goodness without weeping in gratitude; or perhaps *all* these things might have filled her mind and made her weep in quiet joy! However, it doesn't matter now; we know how tenderly the finger of God touches us, and how a view of kindness, ordered through friends or by direct providences, brings the warm tears from our eyes.

But now the evening prayer is over, and Father Cottle gives Ike

the big Bible to replace, and you shall just have one good look at their quiet faces before saying good-night. Here they are gathered round the hearth. Father Cottle sits in his great chair right before the fire, his feet are carefully wrapped in flannel and rest easily on a little stool close by the fender. How contented! Take a good look. His long gray locks hang gracefully over his temples and down behind his ears; his eyes, a little dim, certainly, beam with a happy and satisfied light; he is a perfect picture of happiness full-grown. To be sure, his face is well furrowed, and many wrinkles wind around his mouth and down his cheek, but they seem to laugh for joy, and really appear like lines of radiant light playing about the dear old face. They have long since been shaken out, and his silvery head wears a heavenly crown to-day. On the left hand sits Susan, busily knitting, looking sweetly sad, while her eyes are gazing intently into the face of pussy, who answers her kind gaze with a most grateful purr. Ike sits at the right, near his father, and looks even more cheerful than the blazing hearth before them.

You can't see the angels roundabout—but they are there in the circle—glad to compose part of so happy and favored a family. Yes, they are there.

The flickering light from the hearth reveals to us the interior of the cottage. Look at it. Back in the far corner is the cupboard, three-cornered, and, as the door is open, we can just see the plates, cups, and saucers arrayed in rows, clean and bright. In the near corner is the stairway leading into the attic. In the middle of the floor stands the square, well-scrubbed deal table, while the floor on which it rests is made, not of wood, but flag stones, well-polished, joined, and sanded. All we see wears the appearance of neatness, and speaks a tidy housewife. No gaudy attire, no superfluous show, not even many of the conveniences of life does this cottage contain. Here we simply see "godliness with contentment," and how it "is great gain." You would not find it so now, for the cottage is deserted; its then happy occupants dwell in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where life shall know no bitter thing, and youth shall ne'er grow old.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF thy conscience blame thee though ever so little, despise it not, nor neglect the secret check; 'tis a message from heaven, sent to summon thee to thy duty.

A WHOLE DAY TO DO NOTHING.

"IF I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of *wishing* for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school, and they all envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry-tree and picked a lapful for pies; but when she carried them in, her mother said, "That is work, Bessie! Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know!" and the little girl went away, rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all her other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back, and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I hep you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said, wearily, "Mother, you don't *know* how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would *only* let me wind your cotton, or put your workbox in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gave us, we can't be happy."

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

CAUGHT!

FARMERS, and others, who own orchards, are generally willing to give to good-natured and honest boys and girls all the apples they need to eat; but they do not like to be imposed upon—"Ask, and ye shall receive;" steal, you will be punished. Look at that frightened boy hanging by his skirts on the limbs of a tree! He is

like a cheat who has suspended business. The coveted fruit has rolled from his pinafore and now lies upon the grass. He can not escape. The tree holds him a prisoner, and is a witness of his guilt. The farmer has discovered his dilemma, and, cane in hand, he is hastening to the culprit. What would that boy give to get out of the clutch in which he is caught? He has lost his appetite for apples. The "Seek-no-furthers" that tempted him, proved to be "apples of discord." The bastinado, a torn coat, and a guilty conscience will be his reward. Had he asked for a few apples, he might have filled his pockets and eaten them with a good appetite and a clear conscience. Now, like the fruit in the fable, they turn to dust at his touch.

OTSQUAGO CREEK.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Over the limestone ledge,
Under the fragrant hedge,
  Kissing the lily that grows,
Like a light in the sedge—
  The buoyant brooklet flows.

Waltzing through meadows sweet,
Dancing past fields of wheat,
  Shouting its soft encore,
Running on silver feet
  To the Hudson's green shore.

Talking of sylvan dells,
Whirling in crystal wells,
  Dashing the spray about,
While anglers in dreamy spells
  Fish for the speckled trout.

Mountains rise right and left,
Waters flow through the cleft
  Of the rocks in the pass.
Like sad orphans bereft,
  Leans the desolate grass.

HOLIDAY LESSONS—BEE ARTISANS.

RIGHT summer mornings in the country are just the sweetest, freshest hours the whole year has to offer us; the stillness sinks down into one's heart, and calms its feverish throb, and the air comes to you freighted with all the subtile perfumes that nature knows so well how to distill.

How eagerly Bella drank it in, as she followed closely in old Tim the gardener's footsteps! He had loosened the earth about the flowers, and was moving on in the neighborhood of the bee-hives, when she drew back and said, "Oh!"

"Wal, naew! if you aint afraid of bees! Don't you know you'd orter go right along as if you didn't care for nothin', and then they won't leave their work to bother you; they're a wise little folk."

"I don't think I like bees very well, Tim," said Bella.

"Mebbe you don't know much about 'em," returned Tim; "they're ahead of everything for work, and they understand 'most all the trades."

"Why, I didn't know they could do anything but make honey; they do *that* pretty neat, though, don't they, Tim?"

"Why," returned Tim, "they're the most ingenious critters there is a goin'. Naew there's what we call the Rose Cutter takes a round piece out of a leaf and rolls it up, then digs a hole in the ground six or eight inches deep, and puts it down there, and there it lays an egg, with food for it when hatched, takes its station at the door as body-guard, and never deserts. Then there are the Upholsterers—they are a little more tasty; they line their nest with red poppy leaves, turning down the lining so as to cover eggs and food, then close the hole, and let the young fry find their way out the best they can."

"A funny way to bring up children, I must say," said Bella.

"Perhaps the poppy-leaves keep them quiet," said Herbert, who had joined them. "Aunt Mary will have to get some to wrap up little Dick in, when he gets his tantrums."

"But bees don't have to cut teeth," said Bella, apologetically, for Dick was her favorite.

"But the Wood Piercers are the cutest of all," continued Tim; "they make a perpendicular hole in a decaying tree, about a foot deep, just where the sunshine is brightest and warmest, and there

deposit their eggs and food; then they put up a low partition of sawdust and gluten, then more eggs and another partition, a little higher, and so on, till the last one covers the hole; then they make another hole horizontally, so they can find their way out when old enough."

"Who learns them how?" asked Bella.

"Wal," returned Tim, "I guess it comes kind o' nateral; but maybe you know who learns the birds to sing, and paints the flowers?"

Bella nodded her head, and said, "Please go on, Tim, and tell us more, and I'll help you to pull weeds, so as to make up for the lost time."

"Wal," continued Tim, "there's the Mason Bee, that understands his trade as well as if he had served a seven years' apprenticeship; he chooses the sunny side of a wall, and then makes his mortar of sand and gluten—a tip-top article, I can tell you, just the stuff to stand all sorts of weather; then they go to work in good earnest, and build a cell with the greatest care."

"Oh, I saw one on the wood-shed, and tried to knock it down, but it was as strong as stone," said Herbert.

"Yes," said Tim; "and they place an egg and some provisions in each one, for there are always a number, and then cover in the whole, making it stronger than some of our work."

"Tim," said Herbert, after a moment's thought, "how is it you have learned so much?—you said you never had much schooling."

"No more I haint; but, you see, there's other places to learn besides school-houses; if a body's wide awake, and picks up a little here and there, they needn't be fools. I tell you it makes folks sharp to live up here; what we git, we git by the hardest, and it keeps us stirrin' lively; we can't sit down and have the bread-and-butter walk into our mouths."

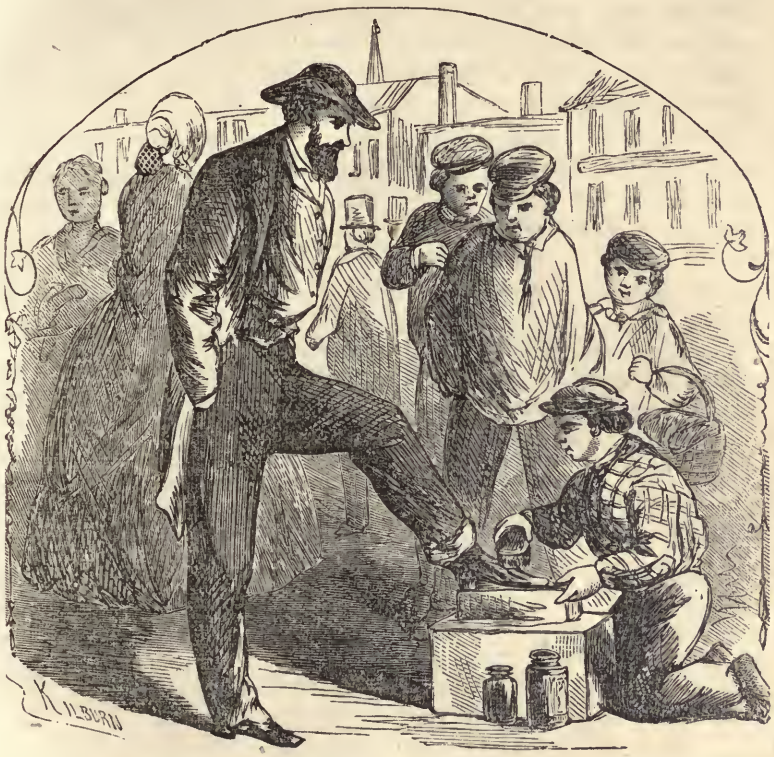
"I suppose not," returned Herbert, laughing; "so that's what set you Yankees to making wooden nutmegs."

"I don't know about that; but I *do* know a body has got to scratch around, with their eyes pretty wide open, to learn anything or do anything, 'most anywhere. It won't do to strut around with your hands in your pockets and your head in the air, as if the world owed you a living, and there was nothing more for you to learn. I'd like to tell you a story just here, but there isn't time this morning. I must be off to the harvest-field; you'll have to wait till another day."

"Mind you don't forget now, Tim."

"Never fear."

EULA LEE.



BOOTBLACKS.

THE sharp and wide-awake little fellows who earn a living by cleaning and polishing boots and shoes, are useful if not ornamental to society. Sometimes they push their solicitations beyond the limit of politeness, and their importunities to "black yer boots" are almost as rude and offensive as the efforts made by a certain class of clerks who endeavor to "dragoon" customers to purchase articles they do not wish to buy. The bootblacks at this season of the year seldom have boots of their own to black, and they rarely waste their material or their work on their own boots or shoes when they are so fortunate as to have them. Soon as any one of their number secures a job, all the idle ones within sight of the operator hasten to the spot and view the performance of brushing with as much apparent interest as though the sight was exceedingly novel and interesting. Whether they have any *reflections* save those which are found in the shining boot or shoe is a question I can not determine. Perhaps these juvenile artists

gather together at such times to compare their skill and criticise their workmanship, as some other gentlemen of the brush do. They certainly do not attempt to blacken each other's reputation, as some of the art critics do.

These lads earn considerable money. Those who are civil, pleasant, and industrious, and do not annoy their customers by offensive importunities, nor attempt to get more than the usual fee for their task, get a regular run of custom, as well as transient patronage. Now and then may be found prudent boys who save their earnings; but the majority give their parents only a part—often a small part—of their income, and the remainder they spend for candy, tobacco, cigars—and seats in the pit of the theater.

Now and then we find an old man, with box and brush, asking for the job of polishing "yer boots;" but the great majority of these "operators" are boys. There is a young man who lounges about the City Hall Park who figured conspicuously at a shameful prize-fight the other day. It appears that he has acquired the art of "polishing off" the victims of the prize-ring as well as polishing shoes—that he blackens eyes as well as boots. This class of boys, growing up like wild Arabs in this wilderness of marble and mortar, offer a wide field for missionary work. "The heathen are at our doors," as Randolph said of the negro slaves. GEO. W. BUNGAY.

SUMMER CAR-RIDING.

BY KRUNA.

PASSENGERS off in the morning,
Faces aglow with delight;
Little ones fresh from the "bandbox,"
In blue, pink, salmon, and white.

Dusty and wan by the noon-day,
Winking with cinder-filled eyes;
Marseilles and linen and brilliant
Lost in a murky disguise.

Gentlemen cueless, but powdered;
Waterfalls woefully dry;
Purple and crimson-stained windows
Giving light dresses the lie!

Bands from the rainbow stolen,
Spanning a cheek snowy white;
Dancing on ribbons and laces,
Till you are sick of the sight.

Dusty and hot; hot and dusty!
Eyes that are tired turn away
Out of the *un*stained windows,
Watching the forest trees play.

Sycamores, white-barked and lofty,
Waltzing with elm, oak, and beech,
Poplars white-powdered with silver,
Rushing the rivers to reach;

Cottages, bashful and child-like,
Playing bo-peep with gay flowers,
Dwellings more dignified, deigning
Glimpses of granite gray towers.

Villages starting before you,
Showing a spire through the green,
Darting behind the thick forest
Almost as soon as they're seen.

Patches of velvety meadows,
Patches of golden-hued grain,
Chasing a stump-covered wood-lot
Over a tree-girdled plain;

Horses, in pastures far roaming,
Stop not their death-doom to read!
Cows on the track walking slowly,
Screamed off with Gilpin-like speed!

Then, after many a whistle,
And many a shrill short "call,"
You hear just above the last steam-shriek
The name you most welcome of all.

A HOUSEMAID in the country, boasting of her industrious habits, said that on a certain occasion she rose at four, made a fire, put on a tea-kettle, prepared breakfast, and *made all the beds* before a single soul was up in the house.

TRYING TO BE A MAN.

AS I was going along the street the other day, I met a little fellow of about fourteen years of age, wearing a silk hat and carrying a cane. His hat was such as men wear, and of the latest style, and his cane was one of those dandified affairs which are carried as ornaments by "children of a larger growth." He was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, pleasant to look at, and no doubt pleasant to know; but it was very comical to see the grave air and measured gait he kept up, as though he was bent on forcing the public into believing that he was really a man. Why, it was about as far from the rim of his hat to its crown as it was from his head to his waist; instead of appearing dignified, he only put you in mind of Tom Thumb in full dress. As he strutted along the street, men and women turned around smilingly to look after him, and he seemed to be the occasion of no small amusement on the part of those ragged urchins who carry "the papers" and run on errands.

It is a very common wish among boys to become men; and a very proper desire it is, too, when they have correct notions of what it is to be a man. When they think, with the boy we have just described, that it consists in throwing off the jacket and loose cap, and putting on a long-tailed coat and high hat, why, it is a very foolish symptom.

Some boys even go further than the one we have named, and think it manly to smoke cigars and chew tobacco, and use those horrible words which we sometimes hear loafers indulge in. But do boys ever think, I wonder, that a grown-up human being may wear fine clothes, and may look like a great strong fellow, and yet not be a man, in any good sense of that term? If such a person has vices and degraded habits, he is no more a man than a boy is a "good fellow" among his playmates if he is selfish and quarrelsome.

What is it, then, to be a man? and what should boys imitate in men? Why, it is manly to be brave in time of danger. It is manly to be respectful to your superiors, reverential to the aged, generous to your equals, kind to your inferiors, charitable to the poor, and forbearing with your associates. It is manly also to honor God and obey your parents.

Imitate men—good men—in these things, my dear young friends, and you will be manly, no matter what kind of clothes you wear.—*Moore's Rural.*

FILL YOUR OWN PLACE.

IT takes all sorts of characters to complete this world-drama, and somebody must act them. In other words, I believe that every man was made on purpose; that every man has his place in the world; and that he was made specially for that place. It is only by earnestly filling that place that he fulfills his destiny, and answers the end for which God created him. Confusion and disappointment only arise from our efforts to get into some other place than the one for which we were intended. The range of our choice is limited by the character and the faculties God has given us, and the circumstances by which he has surrounded us, and which have modified that character and developed those faculties. Each man is created with certain possibilities which determine the direction he must go, and the height to which he may rise. We need not, therefore, remain in doubt as to our duty. Our path lies so plainly marked out for us, that it is easy for us to find it if we choose. Our work is so near us that we need not seek long for it, if we have willing hearts and willing hands to do it.

> No man is born into the world whose work
> Is not born with him; there is always work,
> And tools to work withal, for those who will.

The same power that created you and trained you for your work, has brought that work to you. Do not go out of your way to seek for something grand and imposing to do, but take up at once the simplest and plainest duty that lies before you, and you will not go wrong. Do not stand waiting for signs and wonders to reveal to you what God would have you do, but listen to the voices within you and around you calling you to work. Trust those voices, and have faith in humble things; then God will seek you, and light and strength be given to you as your path opens wider and higher before your advancing footsteps. I believe God *calls* men to humble duties as well as great ones, for to him all duty is equally great; and woe be unto him who disregards that call. We are willing to recognize this *call* to the ministry, then why not to the other pursuits of life? Is preaching the gospel the only duty that God recognizes? It is because we wait for God to manifest himself in the lightning and the thunder, that we fail to hear his voice in our hearts, and in the indication of circumstances about us, and thus go astray, groping our way blindly, and stumbling on through life in darkness and doubt.

PROF. WILSON.

NED.

BY FRANK T. GUERNSEY.

A CHEERFUL and very happy fellow was little Ned. He lived out in the country, far away from the dust and din of the noisy city, where he breathed the fresh, pure air of heaven and roamed through the beautiful green fields. All day long he went about singing, for he felt light-hearted and merry. Indeed, I think no one had ever known him to be sad. But though up to this time his life had been a joyous one, free from sorrow and care, he was, alas! soon to meet with trouble which he little thought of, and prove in his own experience the uncertainty of all things earthly.

One day, while taking his usual ramble, little Ned came to a large forest. He had been close to this forest many times before, but was always afraid to enter it. This time, however, as he was looking into its vast depths, and saw but a little way off some beautiful wild flowers growing near an old oak, he could not resist the temptation to venture in and see them. At first he felt a little afraid, but soon he began to roam among the trees and flowers, and in a few minutes felt perfectly at home. And now he went farther and farther into the forest without a thought of danger. In a little while he came to a small brook, flowing through the forest, whose waters were as clear as crystal. Ned thought he would take a drink, as he felt thirsty, and was about doing so, when suddenly he was seized from behind by a tall, ugly-looking giant. The giant was many, many times larger than Ned, and was so delighted at his capture, that he opened his mouth and made a noise that sounded terrible to the little fellow. He now started off, carrying his trembling, unresisting captive; and after traveling a long way, the giant reached his house—a most gloomy-looking place—which he entered. He then thrust his captive into what Ned thought was a prison, for there were bars all around him.

You may imagine that the little fellow was very much frightened at this treatment, for he had never been shut up in this way before, and he could not understand at all why it was done. The giant now gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water, and left him. But Ned could not eat, for he felt so badly. He was left alone until the next morning. The giant then came, and was very angry when he found that none of the bread had been eaten, and he took little Ned and crammed some of the bread down his throat. When he had done this, he went away again.

All that long day, shut up in his prison, poor Ned felt very sad. He thought how happy he had been in his own pleasant, comfortable home, and of the many nice things he had to eat. Now he was deprived of his freedom, and the thought of this almost maddened him. How hard he tried to get between the bars of his prison and escape! —but it was all in vain.

By-and-by the giant came again, and told Ned that he wanted him to sing a song—one of the songs he used to sing at home. But poor little Ned felt too wretched to sing. Then the giant took him out of his prison, and said he would make him sing, or kill him. But he could not force him to sing. The poor little fellow now felt the giant's finger tightening around his throat. He screamed and struggled, but to no avail. The next moment he sank back dead in the giant's hand!

This is a true story, my young friends, though you may think it a rather strange one. Can any of you guess who Ned was? But I will tell you. He was a little bird; and the giant was a cruel boy!

Now you understand the story, do you not?

THE KING'S HEART'S-EASE.

A FABLE.

THERE was once a king who had a very beautiful garden, with grounds arranged with taste, to please the eye, to afford refreshing shade, retired walks, commanding views, and besides, all the delightful fruits that could be procured. There was one superb old oak, so high and grand that it could be seen for miles around. There were roses and lilies, and flowering shrubs of every kind; in short, nothing was wanting to make it a most perfect spot. One day the king's head-gardener came and exclaimed:

"O king, pray come and see what is the matter with your garden—everything is wilting, drooping, and dying!" While he spoke, the other gardeners came running in, and all had the same story to tell. So the king went out, and there found all as they had said. He went up first to the grand old oak tree, his pride and admiration, and said:

"Why, oak, what is the matter with you, that you are withering and dying away?"

"Oh!" said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I bear no fruit or flowers, and I take up so much

room; and besides, my branches spread so wide and thick, that it is all dark and shadow under them, and no flowers or fruit can grow there. Now, if I were a rose-bush, it would be worth while, for I should bear sweet flowers; or if I were a peach or a pear tree, or even like the grape-vine, I could bear you fruit."

The king next went to his favorite rose-bush and said:

"Well, rose-bush, what is the matter with *you?* Why are *you* so drooping?"

"Why," said the rose-bush, "I am of no use; I can bear no fruit; I have nothing but flowers. If I were an oak, like that one in the middle of the grounds, I should be of some use; for then I could shelter you, I could be seen for miles around, and be an honor to your garden; but as it is, I might just as well die."

The king then went to a grape-vine, no longer clinging to the trellis and trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said:

"Grape-vine, what is the matter with you? Why are you lying so dolefully on the ground?"

"Ah!" said the vine, "you see what a poor, weak creature I am. I don't even hold up my own weight, but must cling to a tree or post. And what can I do? I neither give shade like the oak, nor bear flowers like the shrubs. I always must depend for support upon something else, and surely I am of no use."

On went the king, quite in despair to see his place going to destruction; and it grieved him to think that for all the kind care and attention he had lavished upon his garden, he was to be repaid by murmuring and repining. But he suddenly spied a little heart's-ease (a small flower) low down on the ground, with its face turned up to him, looking as bright and smiling as possible. He stopped and said:

"You dear little heart's-ease, what makes you look so bright and blooming when everything around you is withering away?"

"Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought you wanted me here; if you had wanted an oak, you would have planted an acorn; if you had wanted roses, you would have set out a rose-bush; if you had wanted grapes, you would have put in a grape-vine. But I knew what you wanted of me was to be heart's-ease; so I thought I would try to be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I could."

"I'LL take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

LITTLE MARY'S THOUGHT.

LITTLE MARY had just come from the window, where she had been gazing out with evident pleasure, and had sat down on her little stool at papa's feet.

It was just at sunset; and a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure.

"Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?"

"No; what *do* you think of them, Mary?"

"I always think they are God's *vails*. Doesn't he have beautiful vails, papa, to hide him from us?"

"True enough, little one," thought I; "the clouds which vail Him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them, if we will see it; they shine with mercy and truth."

Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's? and does it not remind you of the time when the vail shall be parted, and He shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see Him?

CHARLIE AND JOE.

BY FRANK T. GUERNSEY.

LATE one pleasant afternoon in the early autumn, as I sat near my open window, I heard the following conversation between two boys who were just then passing by our house on their way home from school. Listen, young MERRY friends, while I repeat their conversation:

"I suppose you will be out on the green after supper," said the first speaker. "The boys are going to have a grand game of base ball, and you must be sure and come, for you are one of our best players."

I knew that all the boys were greatly interested in the base-ball question (what boy is not, just now?), and that they were particular to be promptly on hand when a game was to be played, so I listened for Charlie's reply.

"I should like to be there, Joe," was the answer, "for I like a game of base ball as well as any one. But I can't play any to-night —I have got to go down town and do some errands for my mother."

"Oh, never mind the errands to-night," said Joe, in a careless tone. "What a bother they are, anyway! and, somehow, they are always interfering with our sport. I should think you would hate to do errands!"

"I *don't* hate to," replied Charlie, "for I like to do *anything* my mother wants to have done, and I—"

But I heard no more, for the boys had passed out of hearing.

And then I fell to thinking about those two boys, Charlie and Joe, and thought the words that I had heard them use were an index to their characters. How plainly Joe's love of self was shown by the answer *he* made! and what a noble answer that was of Charlie's—"I like to do *anything* my mother wants to have done!"

I thought Charlie must be a boy who would willingly deny himself a pleasure for the sake and for the good of others, and that Joe was a boy who cared only for himself and for the interests of "Number One."

I wonder if I was right! What do you think about it? and which of the two boys do you think is the happiest?

PRAISES are valuable only when they come from lips that have the courage to condemn.

SUMMER.

I WALK the pleasant grass;
And, as I pass,
The butterfly and bee
They go with me,
Spreading their little sail
Along the vale,
Now here, now there,
Or near, or far,
Or rising high, and higher—
They never tire.

And thus we kindly go together
In this fair and sunny weather,
Without will,
And without word,
Each intent
His own content
To fill
Unheard.

What flowery things!
What sound
Teems all around!
Whence comes it? Small care I,
So that it also brings
The quiet of the sky,
The woodland's murmur nigh,
And tells
Of secret dells,
Where birds
(Not butterflies and bees)
Make music 'mong the trees—
A music sweeter than all words—
Not knowing that they make,
Without design,
All through the wild embowered brake,
A melody divine.

The brook joins in the song—
The brook that sung so long—
As if its music were to be
Forevermore a melody.
Now all is cool, and moist, and sweet
In this delectable retreat.
These pebbles love their sound for aye,
Once used to ocean's rougher sway;
It is the simple sound of yore,
And therefore sought and loved the more.
The little fishes, too, are cool,
And poise and dart about the pool,
Like children idly at their play
The whole livelong sunshiny day.
And here I sit, and here would dwell,
Where all is peace, and all is well. F. G.

A LETTER mailed with the following superscription,

Wood
John
Mass.,

was correctly forwarded. Who was it for, and where did he live? John Underwood, Andover, Mass.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

THE FROG.—The long, free, bifid tongue of the frog, covered with papillæ, and muciparous (mucus) follicles, is the all-important instrument for the procuration of food. It is attached by its apex to the inner surface of the under jaw, the base being loose and free in the back part of the mouth. A frog will never touch any save a living insect, and of this fact it requires such positive and conclusive evidence, that the latter often escapes before the former is sufficiently stimulated to attempt its capture.

When once a frog fixes his eye on a lively living insect, his whole appearance is suddenly changed. The passive, sluggish animal of the minute before has suddenly assumed the aspect of ferocity. If it be a fly at some distance from the frog, on the carpet, the latter, his eyes full of malignity and craft, stretches out his limbs to their utmost capacity, and creeps toward the insect in the most stealthy, noiseless manner possible. As soon as he arrives within a certain distance of his victim, the tongue is thrown out so rapidly that it escapes detection; but the fly has been struck—glued to the tongue by the mucus on the surface, and returns with it into the frog's mouth.

The senses of hearing, sight, and smell are wonderfully acute in these animals. No one would believe that a fly alighting on the surface of a carpet would be accompanied by any appreciable sound, and (so far as our sensations are concerned) this is quite true. Not so with a frog, however; the fly may alight at a distant part of the room, and the frog's back be turned from that direction, yet he hears it instantly, turns round, and proceeds to effect its capture, in which he very rarely fails.

The mode by which a frog is enabled to seize its prey is in this wise: stimulated by the sight of it, the tongue becomes injected with blood, through the influence of the imagination, until it is quite turgid or erect; at this instant it can be thrown out and used. The action is like letting the back of the hand fall quickly from the elbow-joint, without moving the wrist, and allowing it quickly to rebound. The process requires to be swift, for the breathing of the frog is suspended so long as the mouth remains open.

There is not in nature a more harmless or valuable animal than a frog, nor one whose presence in gardens should be so much encouraged, for they consume only insects, spiders, and slugs, and the quantity of these they destroy is quite incredible.

SEVEN OLD WONDERS, AND SEVEN NEW.—The seven wonders of the world were: 1st, the Egyptian Pyramids. The largest of these is 393 feet square and 409 feet high, and its base covers 11¼ acres of ground; 2d, the Mausoleum, erected to Mausolus, a king of Caria, by his widow, Artemisia. It was 63 feet long and 35 feet high; 3d, the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. This was 425 feet in length and 229 feet in breadth; 4th, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon. These walls are stated by Herodotus to have been 87 feet thick, 350 feet high, and 60 miles in length; and the statement is deemed credible by modern antiquarians; 5th, the Colossus of Rhodes. This was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet in height, standing at the mouth of the harbor of Rhodes; 6th, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, at Athens, which was made of ivory and gold, and was wonderful for its beauty rather than for its size; 7th, the Pharos of Ptolemy Philadelphus. This was a light-house 500 feet high, on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria, in Egypt. A fire of wood was kept burning on its summit during the night, to guide ships to the harbor.

The seven wonders of the world are: the art of Printing, Optical Instruments—such as the Telescope and Microscope—Gunpowder, the Steam-engine, Labor-saving Machinery, Electric Telegraph, and the Photograph.

THE Swiss journals speak of an archæological discovery that has lately been made at Basle-Augst. A peasant, while engaged in digging in a field near the amphitheater of the Augusta Rauracorum of the Romans, came upon the remains of a building, the walls of the chambers of which were covered with painted stucco, and the floors were in a good state of preservation. In one of the chambers was a fire-place. Handsome large iron clasps were also found, as well as brass utensils, all equally well preserved; and what is not the least curious, a glass vessel of considerable thickness, with charred grains of corn inside.

A FRENCH writer has said that, "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

A WESTERN editor, in one of his papers, says, "For the effects of intemperance, see our inside.

WHY may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never *saw* it.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

UNCLE ROBERT is once more in the sanctum after so many wanderings. The country never appeared so pleasant to us as this summer. At Saratoga, where we stopped a few days, we enjoyed a chat with "Mamie" and other Merrys very much, and then passed on for Lake George, Fort Ticonderoga, and Lake Champlain. Lake George is our favorite. The clear, bright sparkling water of the Crystal Lake, the pure, fresh, bracing air of the grand old hills, and the beauty and quiet loveliness of the charming scenery of variegated hill and valley all combine to win the heart and elevate the soul. The water is so transparent that you can look down fifty feet and almost see the hosts of heaven mirrored in the clear bosom of the lake below. We lingered upon the quiet banks, laid down under the shade of the beautiful trees, and felt a deeper, purer love than ever before. The vision of St. John passed before the mind where he says, "he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal," and also the "tree of life, the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations." We left this lovely spot with great reluctance, promising ourselves, however, another and a longer visit.

We next found ourselves among the mountains of New Hampshire—our native hills. This is an ever-welcome spot, always dear to our heart, and more dear as year by year we make our accustomed pilgrimage. Every year our wonder increases why any one—especially a young man—should desire to leave the country and push for the city to attempt to better his fortune or his morals. The chances are more than two to one that in both he will suffer. Better be content and do your duty where you are than attempt to make the change. But I must not forget that others have turned their faces toward the hills, and will listen that they may be heard.

Here comes Aunt Sue, as fresh and sparkling as the waters of both Saratoga and Lake George. We will first hear what she has to say.

JEROME PITNEY'S, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.
Aug. 14, 1867.

MY DEAR UNCLE ROBERT: — You've been to Saratoga, and know all about it, I suppose; but I don't believe you came just the same way that I did. Let me tell you all about it.

On the evening of the 5th inst. Uncle Sue and I, the horse (Dan), and Peggie, the dog, left New York in the steamboat CONNECTICUT, bound for Troy; we hoped to reach that place early, so as to get a good start for Saratoga in the cool of the morning; but, alas! we got aground at Athens. The GOLDEN GATE took off a great quantity of our live freight; and after some of the weighty ones got off, our boat floated once more; but between Albany and Troy the water is terribly shallow—isn't it? Well, we got Dan comfortably harnessed up at last in the classic city, and started for Saratoga, making a call first at the post-office. I looked round for W. A. R.—saw a very nice-looking individual in a blue flannel (?) coat, white vest, and white felt hat;—was that you, W. A. R.? It was a very warm day, so we drove slowly. About twelve o'clock, as we drove along, I saw a tavern the piazza of which was more than half covered with vines.

"John," said I (that is Uncle Sue's given name), "let us stop here awhile—it looks tempting." So we stopped; had Dan taken out of the buggy and his coat taken off, his face washed and his teeth cleaned, and cooled him off in the shade. Peggie had a good time too, tumbling round in the grass. The place was Mechanicsville. Don't forget to stop at the tavern with the vine-clad porch. We left there at two o'clock, and reached Saratoga at six P.M. When we turned into Broadway, oh, what a rush of things! it nearly took away my breath! "John," said I, "I'm afraid I can't stand this!" John mildly answered "te-he!" Such a crowd! such a stir! such a mix of women and children, and cherry ribbons and green chambreys, and lace and parasols, and babies and nurses, and horses and carriage-dogs, and liveries and ruffles, and frizzed hair and puffs, and lawns and buggies, and photographs and fast horses, and express-wagons and colored waiters, and bead-work and bows and arrows, and brass bands and young men, and canes and Grecian waists, and bead trimmings and hand-organs, and ponies and hurry-skurry and "clear the track!"—I think I never got into. I am getting used to it. I've been to the opera and to the races, and visited Mr. Lo—"Lo! the poor Indian," you know, and drank intemperately (now don't send me a peck of Temperance papers, Uncle Robert, before you finish my sentence) from all the springs. What a wonderful curiosity the "High Rock" spring is! a spring bubbling up in the center of a conical rock, thirty-five feet deep. No wonder the Indians called it "the medicine spring of the Great Spirit."

Then we drove out to the Lake, and took a sail in the baby steamboat; tried our alm at the iron general in the shooting-gallery, and I hit him in the heart and rang his bell the very first shot. Then we went to the fish-ponds, where Mr. Moon keeps all the live fish that are brought to him. Oh! such splendid trout and bass! I wonder if I couldn't coax Mr. Moon to let me have a day's fishing in the big pond? Isn't it a good idea to have a Mr. Moon there? One can find a full-moon after every meal.

My letters have all been forwarded to me, and now I must look them over and see who has won the prize for July.

With a great deal of love to all the Merry Cousins, I am, Yours truly,

AUNT SUE.

DOWN CELLAR, *August.*

DEAR MERRY'S:—Don't any of you say anything about hot weather—please don't! I am making prodigious efforts to keep cool, and forget it's August.

W. A. R., you're gay! 'Tis jolly here in the parlor when you make your semi-annual visits. Your chattings are brimful of spirit, and I guess your spirit is brimful of chatting. But neither squibs, "yarns," nor "twiddle-twaddle" will henceforth be the rage. The paramount duty now resting on each and every Merry is to begin at once and write a glowing autobiography, "beautifully illustrated." Uncle will serve them up, one at a time, of course, on account of space, and to make them last longer. I feel that I must be very orthodox—sandwiched side of Herman, last month.

By the way, W. A. R., it seems you are distributing photos gratuitously. The blessings of Merrydom rest on your magnanimous spirit! Send this way, do, *please*, and you will be abundantly supplied with thanks.

Yes, Nix, here I come fearlessly to your side, and will help to rouse our sovereign from his comfortable quarters up on the summit. But we will not catch him napping; some one pictures him "lank and lean," and I know his pen is mighty; but

If one *should* be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, not the wolf!

Roguish Kate, you are deeply absorbed in politics, aint you? Do you aspire to fill the chair Presidential some day? If ever you are raised to such a high position, I pity your successor! Who would want to risk the "chair" after "Kate had sat in it."

Thank you, Cousin Jennie, the attachment is mutual; nevertheless I couldn't electioneer for you if I *should* be nominated; for then "charity would begin at home." Mizpah, write *via* 172. Nix, Iowa Boy, and Kate M., ditto.

JENNIE ENWOOD.

P. S.—If any Merrys think of attending the Ohio State Fair in September, and are destitute of badges, let me offer a suggestion: tie a bit of pearl gray ribbon conspicuously around your neck, or bow it on your sleeve; we'll recognize each other readily on account of its uncommonness as a badge. Remember the suggestion—we are going, and will look for pearl gray.

GOTHAM, *Aug.* 3, 1867.

If there's to be any "yarning," W. A. R., I've an idea I ought to say a word, being the old sailor (?) of the Chat, and so I will come up on the top step with you and spin away. You're right, Cousin Jennie; we *ought* eat humble pie again, and here's my piece "*out* of the corner" of the good old-fashioned oblong pies—none of your flat, round, city pies. Here's my yarn, Uncle.

I have a cousin (or he is somebody else's cousin just now, but I expect will soon be mine!) who has reached the ripe age of three. His father is a shoe manufacturer, and a few weeks since his mamma and cousin (his real cousin!) were teaching him his lesson for the coming Sabbath. He was to recite this verse: "A wise son maketh a glad father;" and after repeating it two or three times, he was asked to say it alone. He began, and managed to get as far as "a wise son maketh—" and there stopped. "Maketh what?" they asked. He hesitated awhile, and then said, very wisely, "shoes!" They despair for the *soul* of that shoemaker's son!

You are right, Uncle Merry; our Chat *should* have "something else," and I'll engage that no party of boys and girls are more capable of it than our Merry band. Permit me to say my few words, which are meant to be words of wisdom.

There are boys who read these pages just as I read them years ago, and though I am anything but "old" now, I trust they will permit me to suggest a few things for their benefit. Many of you are now at school—some, very likely, about entering college; let me beg of you that every moment of this favored time be well improved. Now, you do not appreciate its value; but when you reach years of manhood, every wasted hour and every lost opportunity will be sources of regret. You can never overestimate the value of education. Whatever station you may occupy, no matter *what* your business may be in life, *that* is the true leveler, and the thing which will most surely make you happy. Let one who never enjoyed your advantages—yet wasted the few he did have—warn you from the same errors.

I would urge every boy at school, and every young man about entering college, to read faithfully and prayerfully "Todd's Student's Manual," in which may be found the soundest advice in the pleasantest form a student ever received. Above all other things, in all your gettings, "get wisdom, get understanding."

No man, no boy, is so much respected (even though some are ridiculed) as he who has firm Christian principles, and shapes every action and thought and ambition by them. They only live who accept the Bible as their standard and guide in all things, and happy are you if in your youth ye accept the pearl of great price. Habits formed in youth will carry their influence through your whole life. How carefully, then, you ought to be to form those which are right and manly. You see around you men in power who are perfectly unfit for the positions they occupy, and you lament that such should be the case. Do you ever think how short a time it will be before you will be called upon yourselves to fill these places, or control their filling, and are you preparing yourself honestly for those duties and responsibilities. This is a progressive age. We all grow rapidly, wonderfully fast, and we are men almost before we know it. And I tell you, my young friends, our country calls for great things from this rising generation, of which we are a part.

I do not propose to mention special evils to be avoided; but the vice of intemperance is so tempting, and so many are led into it thoughtlessly, that I feel constrained to say a few words of warning.

I spent three years among that class who of all others are most addicted to liquor—sailors—and though they are as a class generous-hearted and noble men, they are the most degraded, because of that very vice. As you value your character—your health—your hope of a pleasant eternity—*don't trifle with strong drink!* You can no more trifle with it, and come out unscathed, than you can with fire. Men will despise you—disgrace will overtake you, and God will surely punish him who destroys not only his soul but his body likewise.

I would be glad to say a word to the girls, and tell them how much we need womanly women as well as manly men—how foolish the frivolity and nonsense of the present day is, and how much more the true woman is respected and loved; but I must close, indeed I fear Uncle has already shorn me of half my locks. But it's only once in a while, Uncle, so you must pardon this lengthy epistle. Very sincerely, yours,

JASPER.

OFFICE—NEW YORK, *July* 25, 1867.

Uncle, you made me long to be free, when you spoke of the country in the June number, but since then I have had a slight sniff of country breezes, and, oh! it was delightful.

I have long watched for some *Hermonites*, but have found none, and now to be one myself and "tell how I spend my evenings," I need only say, usually I eat, rest, and sleep. Is not that good employment for a "business man?"

I used to feel at home in the "Chat," but a "strange people" have grown up "who know not Joseph." There used to be a Sunbeam, a Delia, and one calling herself Lizzie E. H., and Fan Frolic, etc., etc, bu now, where are they? Married, I s'pose. Oh! cruel fate, that in one short year bereaves a man of all his hopes, joys, and COUSINS.

But, adieu, ye squabblers; when you have your everlasting politics settled, I hope you will write letters.

With love to all, I am, perspiringly yours, TAGHCONIE.

WEST HARTFORD, CT., *July*, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS:—A long time it has been indeed since my last letter to you, but I hope no one imagines I have forgotten my Merry friends as a consequence, or any of you fancied "Flib" was not in existence, and straightway fulfilled the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind."

For the past year I have been at the famous Mt. Holyoke Seminary, in the "Conn. River Valley," and guarded over by Mts. Holyoke and Tom. From the position of the two mountains, the river flowing between, the following story was originated:

The river flowing from the north, came easily as far as this ridge, but struggled here in vain for an outlet.

It called on Titan in its distress, who, placing his shoulder against the mountains, rent them apart, and formed a channel for the river to go on in peace. Shortly after he died, and his coffin was placed in the river, just this side of Holyoke and Tom, where it may be seen to this day, still called "Titan's Coffin."

Of course, surrounded by all these romantic and beautiful things, I was in duty bound "to be a good girl," and happy as possible. I succeeded nicely in this, as did all the members of the "J. S. S. O. M. H. S." Almost as famous as Winnie's mysterious initials are these no less mysterious ones.

For the benefit of many who *might* wish to know, I assure you I was greatly pleased with the school, and enjoyed everything exceedingly. Also, that many are extremely mistaken in the character of the school and its motives. I wish I could convince them all of it. I have a great number of messages to send you all, dear 20,000, but not only does Uncle Merry's favorite motto prevent, but possibly I agree a little with him in regard to the sending of them, so, good-bye, without them, for the present. Your *gay* Cousin, FLIB.

July 8.

DEAR MERRYS:—I would like to join your Merry band. I hope you will not object. Uncle Merry wishes us to tell a little about ourselves. I can not tell you much. I live in the country. I do not go to school at present, but I study at home. My eldest sister teaches me. I like to study at home. Now, Uncle, are you satisfied.

Daisy Wildwood and Dolly Win, I wish you would be so kind as to write to me, Uncle has my address. I would like to hear from any of the Cousins.

I am afraid my letter is too long, so I must bring it to a close. No more at present from your loving friend,

LILLIE C.

SPRINGFIELD, *Aug.* 12.

DEAR UNCLE:—You must not think I forgot you. Please excuse me for not talking to you.

Marigold and Dolly Win, I thank you very much for welcoming me so kindly. I would like to sit near you.

Eula Lee, I would like to see your dear little sister. I love "little bits of girls." They talk and act so funny. No one can help loving them.

Daisy Wildwood, I used to wish *my* school teacher would laugh. I thought it would make me feel *cooler*. I do not go to school now, but my sister teaches me at home.

Coy, have you left us? We would like to hear from you once more. Please write to me. I would like to see you all. I hope you will not forget to write me. Uncle has my address.

No more at present from your loving friend, FANNIE BELLE.

THE TRAVELS OF J. JINGLE, ESQ.

CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR CHATTERERS :—Having made my last failure at Dartmouth (of freshman year) and wriggled through divers examinations, I am able to say that "I still live," and am spreading myself. Abigail Dodge's "Gala Days" were nothing to this "vague sense of jam and idleness." I write from the center of learning and literature, Cambridge, Massachusetts, within half an hour's ride of the Hub of the Universe. It is only needful to add that my "Websterian intellek" is more expanded than ever, and the inspiration of the place is wonderful.

By the way, I honored the Hub with my presence a day or two ago. Bostonian Chatterers, I congratulate you on your residence; I congratulate you on your crooked streets, on your fine stores, and your interesting Common—and, of course, your Great Organ. I envy you from the bottom of my heart. Such beautiful pictures as delighted my eyes! Now, I'm not an artist; I don't always appreciate fine landscapes. I've not a passion for statuary; but there's enough romance in my composition to send me into a mild delirium upon the subject of beautiful faces and fancies.

Just let me mention "Love's Melancholy," the picture of a young girl with "bright hair blown about her serious face," and a sweet, sad expression. Cynical friends have remarked that this "divinest melancholy" has not evidently preyed upon her, for she is certainly no "fragile flower;" but I pass over such suggestions with the haughtiness that is natural to me.

If from my verdancy you judge that this is my first visit to Boston, you are quite mistaken; I can find my way upon (parts of) at least two streets!

Do any of the Chatterers know and love old Cambridge, with its beautiful trees and quiet walks? Every one is aware that here is "fair Harvard," the leading college of America—I say it with tears. From where I write, I can see the gray walls of the Library; can see the beautiful shades of green in grass and trees; the Museum, and Grey's Hall (which, it must be confessed, is far more agreeable than the other dark, dingy, and forlorn dormitories wherein students dwell). I have a wholesome awe for Boston and Cambridge; I have been led by sad experience to confess that there is no State in the Union suitable to emigrate from but Massachusetts. Still, though it were my last word, I'd be obliged to confess that Bostonians *did* feel their inches.

Yours continuously,

HILARIS TINNITUS,

—which signifieth, JOLLY JINGLE.

August, '67.

MERRYS ALL :—I, too, like some others of the Cousins, had begun to fear that the warm weather was driving all the Chatterers from out the Merry parlor; but the goodly array of interesting letters in the August MUSEUM convinced me that my fears were groundless, and that the Merrys were still true to their allegiance.

W. A. R., I think your proposition an excellent one, especially for those who possess the knack of spinning a good yarn; but alas for the unfortunate ones who have neither the talent to invent nor the ready-made material at hand for the production of said yarn. What is to become of them? I am almost tempted to wish that I, too, were a school-teacher; for then I might have some little story or smart saying to place before you for your amusement.

Nix, my friend, I am not of the kind that smoke, even if it is the pipe of peace; nevertheless, we will let the hatchet remain buried (where Sid has placed it), and be good friends.

Violet Forest, was Joan of Arc made of—Orleans molasses? If so, how sweet she must have been!

May Clayton, Mamie, and Sunbeam, why don't you let us hear from you occasionally? METACOM.

MERRYS :—Long has my pen refrained from the direful war of words which has so long been waged between the luminaries of this immortal system. But flatter not yourselves that I shall always be quiescent. Again shall the mobile ink trace upon the unresisting paper long lines of Virginia worm fences to agonize the souls of the shrinking Cousins.

Ye stars of our Merry firmament, who in olden time illumined the nooks and corners of the Chat with your electric fire, whither have you gone? Alas! this torrid heat has withered them till naught is left save the dim remembrance of their former glory.

Sid, return! and allow the least "among ten thousand" Cousins to grasp your honest palm.

Rubie Linden, wilt exchange? My beauty is imperceptible to common eyes,

but a vivid imagination like your own might perhaps discern some traces.

May Clayton, why complain that you are forgotten, when you so long withhold yourself from the light of day? Do not entirely forsake your Cousins.

Tennessean appears to have been so completely withered by Cousin Jennie that there is nothing left of him. Wonder if he is reconstructed?

A glitter of something polished reminds me of the fate of lingerers, and I mizzle incontinently. FORREST.

NEW YORK TO ALBANY.—The People's Line of Steamers are so inviting and pleasant, that travelers will hardly take any other route after once trying them. The fine boats, St. John and Drew, are among the best afloat, fitted up with every comfort and convenience, and we always enjoy a good night's rest, and save the dust and fatigue of a railroad route. They leave foot of Canal Street, New York, at six o'clock every evening.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

answers correctly the greatest number of the July puzzles, and wins her first prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

218. I am composed of 14 letters:

My 5, 14, 3, 10, 4, 2, 3 is to withdraw.
My 3, 2, 11, 6 is part of an animal.
My 13, 7, 6, 12 is a metal.
My 8, 1, 6 is a bird.
My 9, 5, 7, 8, 12 is to muse.
My whole is a noted bridge.
Perseverance.

219. I am composed of 14 letters:

My 3, 10, 13, 2 is a kind of beverage.
My 8, 12, 11 is a great ally of cleanliness.
My 11, 14, 2 is an emblem of industry.
My 6, 10, 11 is a part of the body.
My 10, 13, 8, 5 is a preposition.
My 3, 9, 14, 1 is a bird.
My 4, 5, 12 is a pronoun.
My 7, 2, 3, 14 is a girl's nickname.
My whole is a well-known publication. *J. H. D.*

220. I am a word of 5 letters, containing—1, an animal; 2, to satisfy; 3, perched; 4, to yield; 5, an herb; 6, to decline; 7, a body of water; 8, a chair; 9, a game; 10, a beverage; 11, a Roman coin; 12, a preposition; 13, devoured; 14, the latter part of life; 15, something very useful at night; 16, obtained; 17, an entrance; 18, to obtain; and 19, to consume. *A. R. T.*

221. I made a visit to three cities. The first was "open fortification;" the second, "crazy pronoun boy;" and the third, "mineral water town." The number of weeks I was away is ascertained by dividing *clocks* by *cloci*. *Delia.*

222. My first is a plaything; my second is a reptile; and my whole is a reptile. *E. C. Wood.*

223. My first is a weapon; my second is a passage-way; my whole is to assume. *Genevieve.*

224. Add a pronoun and a conjunction to a boy's nickname and make a literary man. *A. Wolf.*

ACROSTIC.

225. Who prince among the Huns did stand;
A plant that grows in rocky land;
A mountain near old Jacob's well;
Those who near it once did dwell;
Now place the initials in a row,
The finals, too, and they will show
What should be given every day
To help the needy on their way.
William R. Quinan.

226. Of what bird could we make a flag?
J. M.

227. Entire, I am what young ladies often do; transpose, and see what soldiers do; now behead, and you will see how the pretty girls look, and what the soldiers sometimes pass beneath. *Harrie B.*

FLOWERS, PLANTS, ETC.

228. Two girls' names. *Loyalty.*

229. A bird and its food. *C. M. W.*

230. A brier and a fruit. *Snowdrop.*

231. The gait of an animal; to hide; and a hollow sounding vessel. *Robbie Eddoms.*

232. Part of a theater. *C. F. W.*

Paraphrase the following into good sense:

233. Quaker vessel is more potent than relative fear. *Max.*

ANAGRAMS.

234. A late bore. *Fred.*

235. Is Ned sped? *Ego Ipse.*

236. Tony, I call Sam. *Vincent.*

237. Stir in copper. *A. O.*

238. H. is no carman. *Bluebell.*

239. Pear-tree. *Snowdrop.*

240. Find five adjectives, comprising 23 letters, out of which may be made every word of the first verse of the 15th chapter of Proverbs. *A. S.*

241. What word (of more than one letter) is unchanged if read wrong side up? *F. F.*

242. O 90015010. *Belle.*

243. 1010500. *Prairie Boy.*

244. Insert a letter in the middle of a mineral and make the work of insects. *M. E. W.*

245. When is the letter S like poisoned wine at a feast? *Minx.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of October. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in July No.

160. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

161. William Duane Holden, Turin, New York.

162. When they are sage.

163. Uncle Robert.

164. LIVTOES=VIOLETS.

165. Dime, idem.

166. Ant, bug; gnat, grub.

167. Rational.

168. Alphabet.

169. Destination.

170. Ladies.

171. Parishioners.

172. Administration.

173. Plate: 1, tale; 2, leap; 3, set; 4, tap; 5, pale; 6, eat; 7, pate; 8, pat; 9, late; 10, peal; 11, lap; 12, plea.

174. A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds,
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

175. Dram, ram, am.

176. Nightshade.

177. Content ("concave" credited).

178. Piebald.

179. Mettaline.

180. Saucer.

181. Package.

182. They can't lick their ears. (These *negative* questions are scarcely fair; if we should say "they could neither of them play upon the flute," it would be a correct enough answer. So don't let us have any more such questionable questions.)

183. Cowslip.

184. Dare, dar.

185. Manchineel.

186. Dryden.

187. Pope.

188. Congreve.

Of the above 29 Puzzles—

RUBIE LINDEN answers all but 161, 184—27.

W. D. H. answers all but 182, 184, 188—26.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 161, 184, 186—26.

Allie Frank answers all but 161, 184, 186—26.

F. R. S. answers all but 161, 178, 184—26.

Clem answers all but 161, 184, 186—26.

Ixia answers all but 178, 182, 184—26.

Ora Webster answers all but 178, 182, 184—26.

Belle answers all but 161, 162, 174, 184—25.

Jeannie M. answers all but 170, 174, 178, 182, 186—24.

Hero answers all but 161, 182, 184, 186, 188—24.

Max answers all but 166, 175, 179, 182, 184—24.

Gilbert answers all but 161, 162, 166, 182, 184—24.

C. W. J. answers all but 165, 172, 173, 178, 184—24.

R. Eddoms answers all but 161, 163, 165, 176, 184, 185—23.

Gipsy Girl answers all but 161, 163, 164, 166, 172, 178, 182, 184—20.

Hassan answers all but 162, 164, 165, 166, 170, 172, 177, 178, 182, 184—19.

Minnehaha answers 162, 164, 166, 167, 168, 169, 171, 173, 174, 175, 177, 180, 181, 182, 183—15.

Wolverine answers 160, 164, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 173, 174, 175, 177, 183, 186, 188—15.

R. C. L., Jr., answers 160, 164, 165, 169, 170, 173, 174, 175, 177, 179, 180, 181, 183—13.

Minnie answers 160, 162, 167, 168, 169, 175, 183—7.

Willie H. B. answers 164, 168, 169, 175, 183, 187—6.

Mizpah answers 160, 187—2.

Notices to Correspondents.

Hero, I am very glad the "heart" puzzles you; I will send you the solution when you give it up (which of course a "hero" will *never* do). Certainly it can be done: do you think I would be a party to a swindle! I don't like practical joints—such as put the victims to trouble or annoyance—never countenanced one in my life, though there is no one loves *real* fun better than I do. So if you have not already solved the puzzle, you can try again with perfect in the possibility. If I don't return my photograph for yours by the next mail, it will be because I am rusticating for a season.

Wolverine, I hope you received the ex. in good condition. Thanks for "scraps."

Mollie, the inclosure was duly forwarded. Your remarks on "long and wide" remind me of the conundrum, "What do we often look for that we don't want to find?"

Gilbert, your list of answers, although post-marked "6th," did not reach my box until the 10th; my Puzzle Drawer was already in the printer's hands, so my "excusing your tardiness" didn't do you much good, and your twenty-one good answers (exclusive of the "goaks") came very near getting no credit at all. You were the only one who correctly answered No. 134 ("portrayed").

Max, Wolverine will be happy to exchange photograms with you.

Pussy would like to join the "circle," and would like to correspond with some of the Cousins. She gives me her age and height, but I'm not going to publish the figures.

Kruna, thanks for the paper; my kind regards to the "chairman."

C. W. J., I think you did pretty well to get twenty-four answers in one day.

"*Lemmie*," those who have sent me photogs will, I know, give me credit for prompt response.

Ixia, do you and Ora study at the same table?

Gilbert, you will sometimes find in "Worcester's Unabridged" what you can not find in Webster.

Cousin Jennie, try the Anagrams, just for an "excuse" (!).

Moss Rosebud, that "kiss" was very acceptable. I do love a moss rosebud, and would like to kiss one every day.

Sasie, why *don't* you come?

Pussy, do you ask the names of those authors for your own benefit? or do you already know them?

A very respectable list of answers must remain uncredited because there was no signature attached. All that the postmark told me was "WILLA—". Who claims it?

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Roguish Kate and Oddity, Gipsy Girl, Wolverine, Ixia.

THE CHILDREN'S HYMN.—p. 98.

From "Hymns for Mothers and Children."

THE CHILDREN'S HYMN.

SING to the Lord the children's hymn;
  His gentle love declare,
Who bends, amid the cherubim,
  To hear the children's prayer.

He at a mother's breast was fed,
  Though God's own Son was he;
He learned the first small words he said
  At a meek mother's knee.

He held us to his mighty breast, —
  The children of the earth;
He lifted up his hands, and blessed
  The babes of human birth.

Although he is the Son of God,
  Our gracious Saviour too,
The scenes we tread his footsteps trod,
  The paths of youth he knew.

And from the stars his face will turn
  On us with glances mild:
The angels of his presence yearn
  To bless the little child.

Sing to the Lord the children's hymn;
  His gentle love declare,
Who bends, amid the cherubim,
  To hear the children's prayer.

GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all thy flock doth keep,
  Leading by waters calm,
Do thou my footsteps guide,
To follow by thy side:
  Make me thy little lamb.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER XIII.—THE LORD'S DAY.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

IKE raised his voice, and Father Cottle and Susan joined in the melody.

The crickets had ceased to crick, and the glorious sun sent his golden beams through every part of the cottage. Outside all was beautiful. The summer flowers opened their lips to receive the early sunshine and the morning breeze, and the summer birds carolled a cheerful Sabbath song.

Presently the church-bells began to sound forth their musical calls to the villagers and the adjacent communities, to prepare for the rational and religious employment of the holy day.

The events of the past week had inspired our cottagers with more than usual fervor, and the expectation of introducing Jim Beard to Sabbath school, and, as he hoped to a new life, lent a charming excitement to Ike.

"He'll not fail me, father,—Jim won't,—for there was a tear in his eye when he promised, and he wrung my hand with the strength of a settled resolve."

"No, my lad, I do not fear that your friend will fail you; but I am anxious for the result of this day's work. Solomon Beard has brought his family up without reference to religion; and I fear that Jim's great trial will be, not in going forward to school, but in facing his ungodly father's wrath."

"True, father; but you don't know Jim. It's my faith that he will not only prove himself true, but a zealous worker; and I feel that he will not rest until the whole family is safe in the Ark of Salvation."

"Well, Ikey, I share your hope and trust, my boy; and I can say no less than that such faith will remove mountains.

*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

"And, laddie, listen to the words of one whose experience of God's goodness has been lifelong, and as a co-worker with Him for more than a quarter of a century. Such faith can work as well as shine, and strengthen in use. Pray and work is the true watchword, and nothing will be too hard for you, my boy. Set Jim on this road. Let him see what a task is before him; and encourage him to set about it, and to persist — persist — persist, until the end is obtained.

"But it is time for you to go, Ikey. Go, my dear boy, and take a poor father's blessing; and may God in mercy give you the everlasting honor of turning many to walk in the good way."

Ike was not long in reaching Granny Benjamin's, where, as he expected, he was soon joined by Jim, who presented on the whole not a very likely appearance. His face was well washed; but mill-dirt has the faculty of burying itself almost in one's flesh, until the skin becomes rough and dark.

Jim's face was clean; and his check shirt, though not ironed, was a very respectable garment, which was shown to advantage in the absence of a coat. His pantaloons were somewhat short, but it was because they had not been pressed after washing; while his shoes were well greased in honor of the occasion.

"Will I do, Ike?" whispered Jim, as they turned towards granny's cottage.

"Do! why, Jim, you are fit to be a nobleman, and you will be when every man gets his deserts. Not in this world, Jim, — don't stare so, — but in heaven, where there are no poor, and no masters, and no sorrow, and no death. O Jim! God will make kings of us, — which is a figure, father says, — and seat us on a throne, — which is a figure, too, — but, Jim, a figure means something; and, when the Bible speaks of these things, it is to show us how rich God is, and how much glory he will give to us who serve him."

Nothing could have been more beautiful than the cordial greeting Jim received from granny and Mary. For a time he was bewildered, but recovering his self-possession he soon became talkative and cheerful.

A good-morning to granny, and the three are soon hastening to Beverly Parish Sabbath School. Here were strange sights to Jim. The exercises were new to him, and the sweet singing made the tears start. He could not help contrasting home and

Sunday school, — the pleasant faces in the one and the uncouth manners of the others.

So completely was he carried away with what he saw and felt, that he was sorry when the little bell tapped to go home. But Jim learned one very sad lesson that day: it was the lesson of his ignorance.

How he stared at those who seemed much younger than himself, while they answered promptly and correctly the questions asked by teachers!

How he wept when he knelt down with the rest, because he did not know his Maker well enough to speak to him, as he expressed it! Altogether, he resolved, first, that Sunday school was the sweetest place on earth; he resolved, second, that he had been cheating himself of very great pleasure, and that he was a bad boy; third, that he would hereafter stick to the Sunday school, and thus try and be good.

Such a conclusion was both wise and good, and gave evidence that the root of the matter had been planted within him.

With a great deal of self-respect, and with a beaming countenance, Jim reached home after the hour of noon.

A scene of confusion met his gaze. The children were trembling and weeping in the corners of the room, as though some strange, sad event had taken place. And, indeed, there seemed to be cause. Jim's disappearance in the early morning, and his continued absence during the greater part of the day, gave ground for serious fears in the mind of his father.

"Do ye know what's 'come of our Jim, Nancy?" asked Solomon Beard grimly.

"Don't know; don't kere neither," was the unmotherly reply.

"Well, Nan, I'm thinkin' you'd kere some, ef the word comes as he's at the bottom of Vaughn's Pond," slowly mumbled her perplexed husband.

"What d'ye mean, man?"

"I means as Jim, Nancy, — our Jim, — 'asn't been spied about the place since seven of the clock; and now it's two, by the sun, and no signs of him yet."

"What's all that to do, Sol Beard, with the bottom of Vaughn's Pond? Tell me, quick, quick!" and Nancy Beard sprang to her husband's side, and seized his arm convulsively.

"Nan, sit down. Only this: that the word 'as come to the mill that two vagabonds, out of a lot as went swimmin', was

drowned in Vaughn's Pond, not an hour gone, and how'd I know that our Jim ain't one of them two?"

The mother triumphed, and Mrs. Beard shed hot, bitter tears, for the first time, probably, in her life. Did she love her boy? Doubtless she knew little of the nature, strength, and beauty of that affection; but she could not think of his sad death with calmness.

"Why don't you go and see fer yourself, Solomon, like another man? Poor, poor Jim!"

"There, Nanny, stop them screams; I'm only waitin' till dinner, to see if Jim'll come home, afore I scours the pond."

At that moment Jim made his appearance at the door, safe and sound. He had not even heard of the sad and tragic occurrence at Vaughn's Pond. He was that day snatched from death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.

FORTUNE, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand petty gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing, and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself — others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful. Never fear.

NEVER speak when you are in a passion, nor to any one that is in a passion.

LIVING IN AN OMNIBUS.

A TRUE STORY.

"CHIPS, ma'am? Only five cents a basket," said a little voice, as I stood at my gate one morning, deciding which way I should walk.

Looking around, I saw a small yellow-haired, blue-eyed boy, smiling at me with such a cheerful, confiding face, that I took the chips at once, and ordered some more.

"Where do you live?" I asked, as we waited for Katy, the girl, to empty the basket.

"In the old bus, ma'am."

"The what?" I exclaimed.

"The old omnibus down on the flats, ma'am. It's cheap, and jolly, now we are used to it," said the boy.

"How came you to live there?" I asked, laughing at the odd idea.

"We are Germans; and when the father died, we were very poor. We came to this city in the spring; but couldn't get any place, there were so many of us and we had so little money. We stopped one night in the old bus that was left to tumble to pieces down on the flats behind the great stables. The man who owned

it laughed when my mother asked if we might stay there, and said we might for a while; so we've been there ever since, and like it lots."

While the boy spoke, I took a fancy that I'd like to see this queer home of his. The flats were not far off; and I decided to go that way and perhaps help the poor woman, if she seemed honest. As Katy handed back the basket, I said to the lad,

"Will you show me this funny house of yours, and tell me your name?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'm just going home, and my name is Fritz."

I saw him look wistfully at a tray of nice little cakes which Katy had put to cool on the window-seat, and I gave him one, saying, as he put it in his pocket very carefully,

"How many of you are there?"

"Six besides the mother."

I just emptied the tray into the basket, and we went away together. We soon came to the flats behind the stables, and there I saw a queer sight. A great, shabby omnibus, of the old-fashioned sort, with a long body, high steps, and flat roof, with the long grass growing about its wheels, and smoke coming out of a stove-pipe poked through the roof. A pig dozed underneath it; ducks waddled and swam in a pool near by; children, of all sizes, swarmed up and down the steps; and a woman was washing in the shadow of the great omnibus.

"That's mother," said Fritz, and then left me to introduce myself, while he passed his cake-basket to the little folks.

A stout, cheery, tidy body was Mrs. Hummel, and very ready to tell her story and show her house.

"Hans, the oldest, works in the stables, ma'am, and Gretchen and Fritz sell a many chips; little Karl and Lotte beg the cold victuals, and baby Franz minds the ducks while I wash; and so we get on well, thanks be to Gott," said the good woman, watching her flock with a contented smile.

She took me into the omnibus, where everything was as neat and closely stowed as on board a ship. The stove stood at the end, and on it was cooking a savory-smelling soup, made from the scraps the children had begged. They slept and sat on the long seats, and eat on a wide board laid across. Clothes were hung to the roof in bundles, or stowed under the seats. The dishes were on a shelf or two over the stove; and the small stock of food

they had was kept in a closet made in the driver's seat, which was boarded over outside, and a door cut from the inside. Some of the boys slept on the roof in fine weather, for they were hardy lads; and a big dog guarded the pig and ducks, as well as the children.

"How will you manage when the cold weather comes?" I asked.

She shook her head, and looked sober for a minute as she stroked the white head of baby Franz, who clung to her gown; then a smile broke over her face, and she answered trustfully:

"I do my best, ma'am, and keep a brave heart in me; for I remember that the dear Gott is a father to such as these; and he won't let them suffer."

"You may be sure of that," I said heartily; and resolved that her beautiful faith should be rewarded by finding friends close by her.

"We are saving to get clothes for Gretchen and Fritz to go to school in the winter, ma'am. Karl and Lotte make toy furniture, as the father taught them; and when the bad weather comes, they can sit warm in the bus, and make their bits of chairs and tables as well as ever. They can earn but little yet; still they are so good I can leave Franz with them, and old Spitz, the dog, while I go out washing when it gets too cold to work here."

"Perhaps some kind person would take one of the children, and so lessen your care," I said; for I rather coveted pretty Lotte.

"Ah, but no! I could not spare one even to you, best madam. They are my treasures, and I keep them all, all, as long as I can find bread to give them," cried the mother, gathering her flock into her arms, and feeling herself rich in spite of poverty. I said no more, but slipped a bit of money into pretty Lotte's hand, and said good-by.

A happier, healthier, busier set I never saw; each had work to do, and did it cheerfully. Often they had hunger and cold to bear, but bore it patiently. Very seldom did any of the pleasant things that children like come to them; but they were contented, and enjoyed playing with oyster-shells, old shoes, and broken crockery as much as many children enjoy their fine toys. Few mothers have more loving children, or do more for them than good Mrs. Hummel; and I think I never saw a happier family than those little red-cheeked, yellow-haired Germans, as they gratefully smiled and nodded at me from the steps of their funny omnibus home.

MYTHOLOGY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. COX, M.A., LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

I.

SOME of you may, perhaps, know a little about mythology. Mythology is a collection of tales or legends relating to the gods, heroes, demons, or other beings whose names have been preserved in popular belief. You may have heard some of the stories which are told about Apollo or Prometheus or Tantalus; and you may have thought them uninteresting or tiresome or horrible. The deeds which they are said to have done may have seemed to you (as they seemed to many good men among the old Greeks and Romans), the deeds of savages; and you may have asked, why should we learn these things at all, and what good will it do us to know them?

You may, perhaps, have been also puzzled by the many names which you were obliged to learn without attaching any meaning to them, and by the ranks or classes into which the gods and heroes were divided; and thus you may have seen nothing good or beautiful in your task to make up for what was dull or disagreeable in it.

And yet these old stories about Greek gods and nymphs and Titans are amongst the loveliest things which men have ever imagined, as you will see, I think, if you follow me in what I am now going to say.

Many ages ago, long before Europe had any of the nations who now live in it, and while everything was new and strange to the people who then lived on the earth, men talked of the things which they saw and heard, in a way very different from our way of speaking now. We talk of the sun rising and setting, as of something which is sure to happen; but they did not know enough to feel sure about these things; and so, when the evening came, they said, "Our friend the sun is dead; will he come back again?" and when they saw him once more in the east, they rejoiced because he brought back their light and their life with him. Knowing very little about themselves, and nothing at all of the things which they saw in the world around them, they fancied

that everything had the same kind of life which they had themselves. In this way they came to think that the sun and stars, the rivers and streams, could see and feel and think, and that they shone or moved of their own accord. Thus they spoke of everything as if it were alive, and instead of saying, as we say, that the morning comes before the sunrise, and that the evening twilight follows the sunset, they spoke of the sun as the lover of the dawn or morning who went before him, as longing to overtake her, and as killing her with his bright rays, which shone like spears. We talk of the clouds which scud along the sky; but they spoke of the cows of the sun, which the children of the morning drove every day to their pastures in the blue fields of heaven. So, too, when the sun set, they said that the dawn, with its soft and tender light, had come to soothe her son or her husband in his dying hour. In the same way, the sun was the child of darkness, and in the morning he wove for his bride in the heavens a fairy network of clouds, which reappeared when she came back to him in the evening. When the sun shone with a pleasant warmth, they spoke of him as the friend of men: when his scorching heat brought a drought, they said that the sun was slaying his children, or that some one else, who knew not how to guide them, was driving the horses of his chariot through the sky. As they looked on the dark clouds which rested on the earth without giving any rain, they said that the terrible being whom they named the snake or dragon was shutting up the waters in a prison-house. When the thunder rolled, they said that this hateful monster was uttering his hard riddles; and when, at last, the rain burst forth, they said that the bright sun had slain his enemy, and brought a stream of life for the thirsting earth.

Now, so long as men remained in the same place, there was no fear that the words which they spoke would be misunderstood: but as time went on, they were scattered, and some wandered to the south, and some to the north and west; and so it came to pass that they kept the names which they gave to the sun and the clouds and all other things, when their meaning had been almost or quite forgotten. In this way they still spoke of Phœbus as loving Daphne, after they had forgotten that this meant only "The Sun loves the Dawn." So the name of the dew had been Procris, and it had been said that the sun killed (dried up) the dew as he rose in the sky: but now Kephalos (Cephalus) became a man who, without knowing it, killed a woman named Procris,

whom he loved. Instead of saying any more that the moon came to see the sun die, they said that Selene came to look on Endymion, or that Antigone soothed Œdipus in his last hour. Instead of saying that the sun was the child of darkness, they said that Phœbus was the sun of Leto; and in place of the fairy network of clouds, they spoke of the robe which Helios gave to the wise maiden Medea. So, too, the dragon or snake, which imprisoned the rain in the clouds, became the Sphinx, and the sun who smote it was turned into Œdipus, who alone could understand her dark sayings and deliver men from the plague of drought.

But some of these tales, when so changed, became coarse, or horrible, or even disgusting. Long ago men had said that the sun, when he glared too fiercely, killed the fruits which his warmth was ripening, or that he dried up the streams over which he passed; but when they had forgotton the meaning of the old names, they spoke of the king Tantalus, who killed and roasted his own child and set him on the banquet table of the gods. It was the same with the stories told of Heracles (Hercules), which had once been only a name of the sun. We, too, might speak now of the sun as "coming forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber," as "rejoicing as a giant to run his course," and as "going about from one end of heaven to the other;"* we might say that wherever he goes the earth smiles under his pleasant light, and yields her fruit with gladness. But when, instead of thinking of the sun, they fancied that Heracles was a man, then the story went that, although he was strong and brave and kind, yet he never remained with those whom he had loved, but constantly found new brides in many lands; and just as we might speak of the sun as feasting on the fruits of the earth, so Heracles became a man very fond of eating and drinking, and at last was changed into something like a clown or a buffoon.

Thus, then, you see that mythology, as we call it now, is simply a collection of the sayings by which men once upon a time described whatever they saw and heard in the countries where they lived. This key, which has unlocked almost all the secrets of mythology, was placed in our hands by Professor Max Muller, who has done more than all other writers to bring out the exquisite and touching poetry that underlies these ancient legends.

* Psalm xix. 5, 6.

He has shown us that in this their first shape, these sayings were all perfectly natural, and marvellously beautiful and true. We see the lovely evening twilight die out before the coming night; but when they saw this, they said that the beautiful Eurydike (Eurydice) had been stung by the serpent of darkness, and that Orpheus was gone to fetch her back from the land of the dead. We see the light which had vanished in the west reappear in the east; but they said that Eurydike was now returning to the earth. And as this tender light is seen no more when the sun himself is risen, they said that Orpheus had turned round too soon to look at her, and so was parted from the wife whom he loved so dearly.

And as it is with this sad and beautiful tale, so it is with all those which may seem to you coarse or dull or ugly. They are so only because the real meaning of the names has been half forgotten or wholly lost. Œdipus and Perseus, we are told, killed their parents, but it is only because the sun was said to kill the darkness from which it seems to spring. So, again, it was said that the sun was united in the evening to the light from which he rose in the morning: but in the later story it was said that Œdipus became the husband of his mother Iocaste (Jocasta), and a terrible history was built up on this notion.

But, as you see, none of these fearful or disgusting stories were ever made on purpose. No one ever sat down to describe gods and great heroes as doing things which all decent men would be ashamed to think of. There can scarcely be a greater mistake than to suppose that whole nations were suddenly seized with a strange madness, which drove them to invent all sorts of ridiculous and contemptible tales, and that every nation has at some time or other gone mad in this way. You must not fancy that things so foolish and wicked were done, especially by that people who have left us the beautiful legends of Demeter and Niobe and Cadmus, of Helen and Œnone, of Perseus and Sarpedon. It may be very absurd to be told that Cronos (the father of Zeus, or Jupiter) swallowed his own children; but we know it is not absurd to say that time swallows up the days which spring from it; and the old phrase meant simply this and nothing more, although before the people came to Greece they had forgotten its meaning.

Thus we may look upon mythology as on something exceedingly beautiful, over which much dust has settled, disfiguring some

parts and hiding others. Most of this dust we are able now to sweep away, and then the jewels hidden beneath it shine again in all their brilliance and purity. You may be sure that in all these tales there is nothing of which, in its old shape, we ought to be ashamed, and that, when you have lifted the veil which conceals them, you will find only true and beautiful thoughts which are as much ours as ever they were the thoughts of men who lived in that very early time.

The task of removing this covering is generally as easy as it is delightful. Many of these tales, perhaps most of them, explain themselves. Phœbus (the shining one) is born in Delos (the bright land): he is the son of Leto (the darkness); he slays the children of Niobe (the clouds which are dried up by the sun). Europa (the broad shining morning) is the daughter of Telephassa, (who gleams from afar). The cattle of Helios (the sun) are driven to their pastures by Phæthusa and Lampetie, the *bright* and *glistening* children of Neaira (the early morning). So, as the sun goes from east to west, Europa is carried westwards, and Telephassa dies on the western plains of Thessaly, just as the twilight dies out in the western sky.

I need say no more to show you that these old stories contain the truest and the most touching poetry — poetry which may make us cheerful or sad, gay or grave, happy or mournful, just as we might feel it from a mountain-top we were to watch the short-lived glories of morning and evening tide. Nor is anything more needed to show you that in the mythology, whether of Greece or Germany or Norway, there is nothing which should make you less upright and simple, while there is much in it which you may be the better and the happier for knowing. All its disagreeable features are simply distortions, caused by forgetting the original meaning of words; and when these are removed, we shall see only things true and beautiful, lovely and of good report: we shall find there only the simple thoughts of childlike men on the wonderful works of God, and nothing which we can laugh at, or despise, or pity. Their words will make us feel, as we feel when we look on the glory and beauty of the heavens and the earth, that the thoughts of God are very deep, and that we have the same joys and sufferings, the same fears and hopes which were felt by these men and women of old time. And as you read some of these tales, you will begin to understand how God led them on, slowly perhaps, yet surely, to the consciousness that he was a

loving and righteous Father, and that it is he who made the sun and moon and all other things in their season. You will see that the Greek or the Roman did not pray to the Zeus or the Jupiter, who was unjust or coarse or tyrannical. The god to whom they prayed in times of need or sorrow was indeed *named* Zeus (or Jupiter), but he was, as their own poets expressed it, the great and holy God who made all things, and in whom all things live and move and have their being.

When you come to see this, you may be thankful that you learnt something about this old mythology, which grew up slowly without any wilfully evil thoughts in the minds of Greeks or Romans or any other people. The process was simple, and it could not be avoided. They never sat down to arrange their gods and heroes in ranks or classes. The order in which they are sometimes given is the work of a very late age; and if we fix our minds upon it, it will hinder rather than help us in our efforts to understand these legends.

I hope that what I have now said may be clear and intelligible to all. But if anything should still seem dark, it will probably not long remain so. The key now placed in your hands will unlock almost every door, and wherever you go, you will find something which will amply repay you for your trouble. It is scarcely too much to say that in these old legends we have a "fountain of delight which no man can ever drain dry;" and this delight will, I trust, be felt by all who read these stories.

HORSES sometimes form strange friendships, not only among themselves, but with animals whose habits are quite different from their own. A dragoon had a horse, which, being from age unable to eat his hay and oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left who ate with him. These four-footed nurses drew the hay out of the racks, chewed it, and put it before him; and also did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat. A celebrated race-horse formed a strong friendship with a sheep. He used to lift it into the manger to share his fodder, and would allow no one to molest it. Chillaby, an Arabian horse, whom only one of all the grooms dared approach, was very much attached to a lamb; and his little pet used to employ itself in butting away the flies from him.

SEEDS.

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless, utterly true,
For ever old and for ever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, — the seed that you sow.

Do thy best always, — do it now;
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

HOW ROUGH WON HIS MEDALS.

THE Sepoy war had been brought to a close, when, obtaining leave of absence from the regiment I have the honor to command, I returned to England, and hastened down to my brother's old place in the "West Countrie." I am but a poor younger son, and have had to fight my own way in the world in more senses than one; perhaps that is the reason why I have never married, while my elder brother has been married some years, and has a large family. However, I am not quite without companions, — a bouncing, curly dog, rejoicing in the name of "Rough," and a white cat.

Mr. Rough's pedigree is a distinguished one, and he has ever shown all the mettle, endurance, and intelligence of *race* in a remarkable degree. In the Crimea he was my inseparable companion, besides being the pet of the whole regiment, and returned to England with an established reputation for sagacity above his

fellows. When the mutiny broke out I took him with me to India, and there very nearly paid for my rashness by losing him. During our forced marches he suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst; and his feet were in such a deplorable state, that, had he not enjoyed the favoured position of being the "Carnal's dawg," as my servant styled him, and popular with the men, he would certainly have found a grave in the burning plains of Oude. As it was, we had to transport him on a baggage elephant, much to his evident discomfiture.

Under these circumstances I thought that it would be both selfish and cruel to expose the poor animal longer than might be avoided to the effects of such a climate; and I therefore sent him home by the first safe opportunity to my brother, who had offered to take charge of him, and from whom I soon heard that "the old dog, though pining for his master," had begun to console himself in the society of my nephews and nieces.

May I venture, then, to confess, that, as the train bore me rapidly westward, on its smooth broad gauge, not the least pleasurable anticipation on revisiting the home of my early boyhood was derived from the thought of my faithful follower's welcome? All who have possessed a canine friend, and who have appreciated him as he deserves, will sympathize with and enter into my feelings on the subject.

A troup of joyous children were romping in the avenue, as I got out of the hired vehicle which had conveyed me from the nearest station. My eldest niece caught sight of me at once, and had flung her little arms around my neck, and nearly smothered me with kisses and golden locks ere I could defend myself. After this I had to submit to a sort of triumphal procession up the avenue to the porch, when my small captors, darting in, screamed to "papa" and "mamma" the news of "uncle Tom's" arrival.

As we approached the house great was my delight to descry my old four-footed favorite in the distance; he had evidently already recognized me, for he was tearing madly across the park, "took" an intervening iron hurdle as gracefully as a deer, and the next moment was upon me, upsetting the youngest child in his headlong course, and testifying his intense satisfaction at once more beholding his master by a variety of somewhat uncouth and eccentric gambols.

I pass over the kindly greeting of my brother's wife, and the squire's cordial reception of me, as having nothing to do

with this story; nor did anything of special interest connected with Mr. Rough, who you must know is my hero, occur for some days. One very hot, glorious morning, however, after an exciting game at croquet, during which we had all talked at once, as is the prevailing habit of those who indulge in this popular pastime, and dispute over the merits of the game, I flung myself down utterly exhausted on a mossy bank, in the shade of some fine old elms, and began putting Rough through a course of tricks. The young ones soon formed a group round me, applauding excitedly.

Suddenly my niece, "Nina," a most bewitching damsel, of some eight or nine summers, nestling close to the old dog, exclaimed, "Uncle Tom, you promised to tell us some day why Rough wears those two silver medals on his collar. Will you tell us now?"

"Oh, *do;* it is too hot to play," echoed the younger ones, in chorus; "do, like a dear good uncle."

Thus appealed to I was fain to submit, after a little more pressing; so, with an urchin perched on each knee, and the rest clustered round, I began in the following words:

"When you, Nina, were a tiny trot, a great war was raging in the east of Europe; and I was sent out to a place a long, long way off, called the Crimea, to help to fight against the Czar or Emperor of Russia. At a famous battle called the 'Alma,' won by the English and French troops, I was wounded, and had to remain for some time in my tent, unable to walk and very weak. Rough, who had followed my fortunes, was at that time a real comfort to me, and could never be induced to leave me for more than a few minutes during the day.

"One evening, when I was better and able to sit up, dozing in my camp chair, dreaming confusedly of England and of bright, loved faces, and yet aware of the fierce storm of hail and rain pelting outside my tent, an exclamation from a brother officer who had been sitting with me, suddenly roused my attention. Slowly opening my weary eyelids, I saw——"

"What? what?" breathlessly inquired my eager listeners, whose bright eyes dilated in their wonderment.

"Ah! you will never guess, — why, I saw Mr. Rough there, creeping up to the fire, looking rather ashamed of his disreputable appearance; for he was dripping wet, and his hair, I assure you, was as much out of curl as yours, Nina, after you have been romp-

ing with uncle Tom, and teasing him until he is quite worn out."

At which remark the little lady darted a mischievous glance at me, whilst she tossed back the golden curls from her bright little face, and admonished me to "go on."

"Well, Rough, as I said before, stole softly up to the fire. There was nothing unusual about *that*, you are thinking. No; but what did appear very astonishing was the burden he carried in his mouth, as carefully as he would bring me my cane. It was a miserable-looking, half-starved white cat.

"When Rough laid the creature down at my feet I thought it was dead; but I did nothing to disturb the dog's proceedings, as I felt curious and interested to discover what could have induced an animal of his education to bring a vagrant cat into his master's tent. Putting his head on one side, as is his way when he is puzzled, Rough gave me a look full of grave perplexity; then dragging his prize closer to the burning logs, he began to lick her all over quite affectionately. By degrees Mrs. Puss, who had evidently fainted away for want of food, opened her eyes and gradually recovered.

"I expected when she saw a large dog solemnly gazing at her she would spring up and run away; but I suppose something in Rough's honest face reassured her, or perhaps she was too weak to move, and liked the warmth. At all events there she lay, and consented to lap a very little essence of milk I gave her from my store, Rough the while sitting by, never attempting to share in the delicacy, and looking uncommonly pleased when I patted his curly wig, and made him a complimentary speech on his humane conduct.

"Well, my darlings, to make a long story short, Puss soon got quite well, and too contented with her comfortable quarters to leave them. She became Rough's playfellow and bosom friend; the good old dog permitting her to share his food and my caresses amicably.

"I was so much impressed by my favorite's generous exploit, so singularly unlike the behavior of dogs in general, that I thought he deserved a decoration to distinguish him from his fellows; and accordingly I attached to his collar one of those silver medals which have so often aroused your curiosity. Do you not think he is worthy to wear them?"

"Indeed he is; dear, kind old Rough!" exclaimed Nina, hug-

ging him by way of enforcing her opinion; "but is it *really* a Crimean medal like yours, uncle Tom?" she added, incredulously.

"An exact copy of mine in miniature, most unbelieving of small mortals. You see how thoughtful and gentle to a suffering fellow quadruped a dog can be; do not fail to remember Rough whenever you have it in your power to do a kind action, and always *cheerfully* help those you may see in poverty or distress, as far as in you lies."

Nina looked grave, and whispered that she would "try and be good to others, like dear Rough," whilst the boys clamored for the story of the second medal dangling from their playfellow's neck.

"Ah! that adventure might have ended badly both for Rough and me, but for the dog's courage," I replied; "indeed he saved my life. On one occasion during the mutiny or rebellion in India, we had been marching by moonlight, and for some hours after dawn, until overpowered by the intense heat. Our brave soldiers were much distressed from exposure to the sun, and man after man fell out of the ranks, fainting from fatigue and parched with thirst, to lie down on the scorching ground to die.

"Determined to save as many of our men as possible, I called a halt at the first 'tope,' or grove of trees we reached, and ordered the regiment to rest and refresh themselves, intending to spend some hours in our comparatively cool retreat, so as to afford the stragglers a chance of rejoining their comrades. A small ruined temple formed the centre of a patch of trees, and as their stunted foliage promised but meagre shelter from the sun's burning rays, I crept into the building, followed by a brother officer.

"After satisfying our curiosity by a careless inspection of the interior, where crumbling masonry and hideous broken idols met our view, we spread our cloaks on the floor strewed with rubbish, and composed ourselves to sleep, not without unpleasant fears that snakes, or other equally dangerous reptiles, might disturb our slumbers.

"Rough stretched himself at my feet, but seemed uneasy; and, just as I was sinking into a state of dreamy unconsciousness, he aroused me by a low, angry growl. I bade him 'be quiet' in sleepy tones, and turning on my side fell fast asleep.

"The next thing I can remember was being startled by the report of fire-arms; and, before I could stagger to my feet, a heavy mass rolled over me, nearly blinding me with dust. I struggled

to free myself, shouting to my companions. F——, who had already been roused by the shot fired, helped me up, when a curious sight presented itself to our astonished eyes.

"A rebel Sepoy, or Indian soldier clad in the tattered remains of the uniform he had disgraced, lay senseless a few yards from us, a good deal torn about the throat and chest by the strong teeth of my brave dog; this faithful sentinel, whose untiring vigilance had saved our lives, lay across the rebel's prostrate body growling.

"Of course the noise of the scuffle had quickly attracted our comrades to the spot, and in a few minutes the temple was filled with faces expressive of various degrees of curiosity or alarm.

"My first thoughts were for my poor old dog; for to my great grief, when I called him off the Sepoy, he crawled to me feebly, leaving a track of blood on the ground as he came, and crouched at my feet with a whine of pain. I knelt down by him with sad misgivings, and began gently to examine his hurt, an attention he acknowledged by repeatedly licking my hand. To my relief I found that the knife (intended by the assassin for me, but aimed in the struggle at my protector) had glanced against the brass plate of his broad collar, and thus had only inflicted a flesh wound. Our surgeon good-naturedly bound up the bleeding gash, and poor Rough, as you know, recovered. I kept the knife, and will show it you; the musket went off in the struggle.

"The mutineer afterwards confessed, doggedly enough, that he had been hiding in the temple, but had fled at our approach. He lurked about the ruins until he thought we were quietly asleep, and then crept into the building, dragging himself along the ground serpent fashion, to where the English officers lay sleeping. He trusted to his dark skin and the gloom of the chamber to escape detection.

"But he reckoned without his host. Nothing ever escaped Rough's quick ears, who has besides a habit of dozing with one eye open; so as the ruffian, crawling stealthily toward us, raised his arm to strike me, his nearest victim, the dog flew at his throat, and both rolled over me in their fierce, short struggle."

"O uncle!" exclaimed the children, "Rough deserves his Indian medal even more than the other one; so he really saved your life!"

"Oh! I *am* glad he was not killed by that dreadful Indian," said my niece, shuddering; then smiling, she added, "you have not yet told us what became of the cat."

"Dear me! I had forgotten; she resides happily at my home; we call her 'Crimea,' or more often 'Crim;' and she will be very much pleased to make your acquaintance whenever mamma allows you to come and torment your poor old uncle at 'Woodlands.' She is deeply attached to her preserver, and I expect a meeting between them will be a pretty sight. Though she preferred occupying the housekeeper's room during the day, Puss never failed, before I went out to India, to favor me with her company after dinner, when she used to sit, purring loudly, with half-closed eyes, the very picture of contentment, on one side of the hearth-rug, whilst her friend Rough stretched himself out on the other side, and your bachelor uncle formed the centre of this happy family. When you come to upset our peaceful circle, I hope you may become as good friends with Mrs. Crim as you have long been with Mr. Rough, who has scampered off at the sound of the luncheon-bell, which he understands as well as we do, and is waiting for you to feed him on the doorsteps.

"Now you know how deserving he is of our gratitude and kindness, I am sure you are all willing and ready to bestow a good plateful of choice morsels on the brave old soldier."

TO YOUNG MEN.

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore may, live above labor and without work. Among the most pitiful objects of society is the man whose mind has been trained by education, who has learned how to think, and know the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to nothing, with no influence over the public mind, — with no interest in the concerns of his neighborhood, — to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, — with no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to be in hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live, that, with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say that

> "If your country stand not by your skill,
> At least your follies have not wrought her fall."
>
> — *Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

THE CHICKEN-THIEF.

MRS. KNIGHT counted her young chickens over twice, but it was plain enough that three were missing.

"What enemy can they possibly have now, George, since you disposed of those two old cats? I hope there isn't a weasel about."

Morning after morning at least one chicken was missing, and a vigilance committee was instituted in the family to search out the thief. He was discovered at last by Mr. Knight in the act of chasing a chicken in broad daylight. At first sight he might have been taken for a good-sized gray cat, but his long file tail proved him to be an ancient rat. It is poor policy for a thief when he is watched to run straight home, as this fellow did. He had made his snug house under the very board where the chickens were fed, and had literally feathered his nest. It did not take long to load the gun on that occasion; then Mr. Knight slipped the board a little one side, and, pointing the gun in the right direction, fired.

All gathered around to see the effect of the shot, and the board was cautiously taken up. There was no need of caution, however, for his ratship was dead.

Arranged around him in a semicircle were fifteen dead chickens of various sizes. Some had their heads nipped off, and some had lost only a leg or a wing. The rat was evidently bent on high living for the season, and had laid in a good stock of provisions while they were plenty and cheap. But, alas!

"The best laid schemes of rats and men
Gang aft agley,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy."

The grief to which this gray-haired marauder came is a caution to all chicken-thieves. Whether it will have the desired effect in this particular poultry-yard remains to be seen.

J. E. McC.

LOST, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

THE FIRE-FLY.

BY FRANK T. GUERNSEY.

THESE luminous insects are found in greatest perfection in tropical climates, though they abound both in Europe and America. We see the flashing, brilliant fire-flies while passing through a swamp or lowland on a summer evening.

The fire-fly of the West India Islands is about an inch in length and one third of an inch in breadth. The natives call them *cucujos*, and formerly were accustomed to employ these living lamps instead of candles in their evening household occupations. These insects were often sought for and encouraged in houses, as extirpators of gnats, which constitute a large part of their food.

The fire-fly gives out its principal light from two transparent eye-like tubercles, placed upon the chest. It is said that in fact the whole body is full of light, which shines out between the abdominal segments when separated.

Speaking of the brilliant spectacle presented by the fire-flies, the poet says:

> "In numerous tribes
> From the wood-cover swarmed, and darkness made
> Their beauties visible; awhile they streamed
> A bright blue radiance upon flowers that closed
> Their gorgeous colors from the eye of day;
> Then, motionless and dark, eluded search,
> Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
> Roll like a shower of fire."

ENTIRE abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage would, with all its attendant blessings, in the course of a single generation, carry comfort, competence, and respectability, with but very few exceptions, into all the dwellings in the land. This is not a matter of probability and conjecture. It depends upon principles as certain and fixed in their operation as those which regulate the rising of the sun and the revolution of the seasons. — *From "Thoughts," by Horace Mann.*

CHILDREN should collect facts for composition in the same way that learned men collect facts for science. The first step in composition should aim at no more than to enable children to *see their own talk.* — *Ibid.*

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

A VALUABLE TABLE. — Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor or research is often saved by such a table as the following: —

1607 — Virginia settled by the English.
1614 — New York settled by the Dutch.
1620 — Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624 — New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1628 — Delaware settled by Swedes and Finns.
1635 — Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1636 — Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1639 — North Carolina settled by the English.
1670 — South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682 — Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1732 — Georgia settled by Oglethorp.
1791 — Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792 — Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796 — Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802 — Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811 — Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816 — Indiana admitted into the Union.
1816 — Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818 — Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819 — Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820 — Maine admitted into the Union.
1821 — Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836 — Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836 — Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845 — Florida admitted into the Union.
1845 — Texas admitted into the Union.
1846 — Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848 — Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850 — California admitted into the Union.
1858 — Oregon admitted into the Union.
1850 — Minnesota admitted into the Union.
1861 — Kansas admitted into the Union.

IF a person is learning many languages, what should he end with? The Finnish, of course.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "OLD DOMINION." — There are comparatively few who are aware of the origin of the term "Old Dominion," which has so long and generally been applied to Virginia. It originated thus: —

"During the Protectorate of Cromwell the Colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the alarmed Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return in the ship with the messenger, and be king of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarkation, when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on his throne, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Ireland, and Scotland as an independent member of the empire, — a distinct portion of the 'Old Dominion.' Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued as late as the reign of George III., which bore on one side the coats of arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Virginia."

A SOLDIER in the hospital who had his left leg amputated, addressing the detached part, thus turns the calamity to his advantage: —

"Strange paradox! that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft,
I lost my left leg for 'the right,'
And yet the right's the one that's left!"

COLERIDGE was a remarkably awkward horseman; so much so as generally to attract notice. He was once riding along the turnpike road, when a wag approaching noticed his peculiarity, and thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, when, as he drew near, he thus accosted the poet: — "I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet his goose!"

THERE is an excellent precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks he has, would, for his own sake, do well to follow, "Excuse half, and forgive the rest."

TRIFLES! TRIFLES!! TRIFLES!!!—"Don't!" said the pony to the flies, and he shook his head and lashed his tail about, and away they all flew.

"Don't, I say!" he cried again, moving to another place, where he hoped he should lose them. And so he did for a minute or two, but no longer. There they were — in his eyes, on his nose, at his ears, and all over him.

If he could have eaten them all he would, or kicked them into the next country he would, or galloped them out of the world he would; but there was no doing anything with them. As he moved they moved, and every time he attempted to graze, they settled themselves on him, or buzzed in a cloud round his head as regularly as if they had come by invitation.

"Oh dear!" he sighed at last, "what is to be done? I can bear my master's whip and spur: I can stand being half-worked to death over the country, and with the heavy cart; those are evils I make up my mind to, and if that yelping cur comes behind me, I can give him a reception that sends him flying; but as to these torments, contemptible as they are — too small to be met effectually — I verily believe they will be the death of me!"

Ah! so is it in human as in pony life. Great trials can often be bravely borne, when petty annoyances, by their number and pertinacity, vex and wear the soul.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION. — A Dutchman the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, "Dey must have werry hot wedder dere in New York. I red an agount of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted away."

A PRIVATE in the army recently sent a letter to his sweetheart, closing with, "May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smike."

ON A DRIVING CLOUD.

"Oh, gaze upon the driving cloud,
Rushing o'er hills and plains!"
"But why call that a driving cloud?"
"Because it holds the rains [reins]!"

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE are a little late this month, owing to the fact that the Museum has passed into the hands of a new owner, who intends to make several pleasant improvements. What these are will be announced next month, and carried into effect in the January number; for by New Year Merry's Museum, after undergoing thorough repairs, will be opened to the public with a new name over the door. But, we trust, with all the familiar faces inside, and a larger circle of little friends to enjoy the contents of the rejuvenated Museum, which we shall try to make not only curious and amusing, but useful and instructive, by facts and fancies, songs and stories, taken from the beautiful, great wonder-book which we call Nature.

All the young friends who ask admittance are heartily welcome, and will be still more so if they bring with them, from time to time, sprightly accounts of the pleasant persons or places they have seen, the new books they have read, or the interesting experiences through which they have passed. Carefully written, and simply expressed, such papers would be good training for young writers, and agreeable sketches for young readers.

CAMP SKETCH.

In the Shade, Last Day of Summer, 1867.

Don't flatter yourselves, that you are rid of me, dear Merrys, because by a large amount of self-sacrifice I have been enabled to keep silent a few months, for I still live. I have lately returned from Nantasket Beech, Hull, Mass., where I have been to muster with the First Brigade, Massachusetts militia. Our camp, consisting of nearly four thousand men, and seven brass bands, was called "Camp Lincoln." There were five hundred tents, exclusive of those of the sutlers and others. The tents were pitched in a row, and some of them bore inscriptions, among which were "mosquito mansion" and "crows' nest." The day of our arrival all was confusion. Large loads of baggage were constantly arriving, and the noise made by the mallets in driving down the tent-pins could be heard all along the line. As soon as the tents were pitched, the troops were allowed to do as they pleased. Some indulged in base-ball and foot-ball, but the greater number availed themselves of the bathing facilities afforded by the splendid beach. At five o'clock P. M. we had dress-parade, and the duties of the day ended. At night all was shouting, singing, &c., as is generally the case the first night in camp, and woe to the poor fellow who attempted to sleep! He was taken out by the legs, and "passed around" in the different tents. On the morning of the second day, all the horse-troughs and washtubs were called into use for toilet purposes. After our rations we were reviewed and inspected by General Cunningham, and in the afternoon we had drill as on the first day. The second night was more quiet than the first, as the soldiers were more tired. The third day we were inspected and reviewed by General Butler, and there were twelve thousand spectators on the field, mostly from Boston. On this day a company of soldiers placed one of their number astride a rail, with a card on his back, on which was written "spy," and a halter around his neck. The rail was hoisted on the shoulders of two men, and accompanied by a guard, and drum and fife, marched around the camp. Tossing in a blanket was another popular amusement, and created much fun. The fourth day was rainy and no duties were performed. On the fifth day we broke camp and returned home, each one well satisfied with his five days' muster.

VINCENT.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, *Sept.* 2, 1867.

MY MERRY FRIENDS: — I cannot resist (and don't know why I should) the impulse felt, on reading the September chat, to join in the next one, which I hope, despite my own remarks, will be equally sensible and interesting. In truth, for the past two or three years the chat has been more like a photograph saloon, — an ancient hand-organ grinding o'er a few old tunes, or a boarding-school "hash," than the pleasant interchange of ideas, sentiments, opinions, personal experiences, "quips and cranks," &c., that it ought to be. I think W. A. R. must be gratified with the response to his appeal. He hath evoked the venerable Jasper from the shades (sunshades?) of Gotham: listen to him, little Merrys; he is one of the three wise men who went from that place to sea in a bowl, where he learned to prefer salt water to anything stronger. It has been supposed that these men perished, that Mother Goose did not make her story of them longer on that account, for the mistake arose from her omitting to mention that the bowl was ironclad. I could tell you more about him if I knew anything, but I must pass on to notice the resuscitation of Flib, a dweller in the nutmeg State, as you perceive by her flavor, also the reappearance of J. Jingle, Esq, now, it seems, on his travels. He comes of a race of travellers, being a connection of the celebrated Alfred Jingle, Mr. Pickwick's travelling companion. He is remotely descended, too, from another notorious personage, mentioned in history, the "old woman who rode a white horse to Banbury Cross," who "with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," was the undoubted founder of the Jingle family. In her day, doubtless, it was as great an undertaking to make an equestrian pilgrimage to Banbury Cross, as it now is to go from central New Hampshire to Boston and Cambridge, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. So you see here we have no degenerate scion, but a twig of vigorous growth, properly inclined. I ought to preface before going farther, that having no little ought-to-be-ography to offer, I write for the benefit and instruction of the younger Merrys, whom I know not and who know not me, but who need to be enlightned concerning these relics of the past, one of which is

A. N.

A. N. is not over complimentary in his remarks. In future we shall try to make the "monthly chat" of more general interest.

DOLLY WIN writes, "Our Gracie is a sweet little two-year old with large round blue eyes and light curls. She is always saying and doing bright things. One day the story of the birth of Christ was read to her from a little book, and she asked "Didn't they have any room for him in the house?' On being told "there was no room" she was silent. A few evenings after, on being put to bed, she looked up, and said, "Gracie would give Jesus Gracie's crib."

Dolly wishes to hear from all the cousins.

LORIE F. E. — Yes the Museum "still lives," and we shall try to make it still more interesting to you and to all of its readers. If you wish to send us new subscribers you will find the Club Rates on the second page of the cover.

LULU and Nell, New York, send your letters to us, and we will forward them. Kitty Clover and the other cousins will without doubt be glad to hear from you.

Notices to Correspondents.

Forrest; yes, the unsigned list is in your hand-writing; you had fourteen correct answers.

Florian, better late than never.

B. M. S., the Puzzles are all voluntary contributions from the cousins; and their publication depends more upon merit than "date."

Belle, I congratulate you upon reaching the head of the class at last.

Rubie Linden, did you receive your prize safely?

Thanks for Enigmas to Florence, Forrest, S. F. S., Belle, Max, Clem, and Z. T. Hedges.

Willie, we shall be glad to receive the illustrated rebus *if original.*

Several communications received too late for this number will appear in our next.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

wins her first prize for correctly answering the greatest number of the August puzzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

246. I am composed of 28 letters :

My 1, 8, 3, 25 is a river in France.
My 2, 23, 24, 24 is a river in England.
My 9, 13, 18, 14, 25 is a river in Asia.
My 16, 3, 8, 21 is a Cape in North Carolina.
My 22, 24, 11, 25, 14 is a river in Georgia.
My 26, 24, 9, 14, 20, 4 is a river in Europe.
My 27, 1, 11, 15 is an Island on the Coast of Africa.
My 7, 8, 12, 14 is a county in Kentucky.
My 6, 20, 25, 19, 17, 8 is a lake in the United States.
My 25, 5, 1, 19 is a town in Italy.
My 10, 2, 20, 24, 10, 28 is a lake in the Southern States.
My whole is good advice.
J. H. G.

247. I am composed of 12 letters :

My 6, 4, 9, 8 is a fruit.
My 3, 12, 2 is a numeral.
My 5, 9, 11, 7 is a spice.
My 6, 1, 10, 3 is a measure.
My whole has made many a home desolate. *E. C. W.*

248. Write a girl's name ; under that the name of an animal, and under that, what they may both have, and let the words read the same horizontally and perpendicularly. *F. R. S.*

249. A chamnice shi bralo liwl netof cardids
Fi het tare fo shi yap ehlidskies;
Tub a kolcc — nad tisseac si cly-- munomon rhad —
Liwl tuconeni ot krow hug ho ti kis res. *A. R. T*

250. I am a small word expressing what most people desire. My first three letters, transposed, make an animal ; my last three form a trifle. Omit my second letter, transpose, and you have an article of dress ; transpose that again, and make the Latin for the original word.
A. E. G.

251. Add a letter to a tree and make its enemy. *C. F. W.*

252. Transpose the syllables of only one word, and ask your mother if she will have any pork.
S. Harp.

253. Find five words (more or less) comprising only twenty-one letters, out of which you may make every word of the first verse of the thirteenth chapter of Proverbs. *J. M.*

254. What word of four letters can you spell as well with sixteen?
F. F.

255. Behead a fruit, transpose and leave another. *Blue Bell.*

256. Behead a short sentence, transpose and leave a part. *Fred.*

257. Behead and curtail an animal and leave a bird. *Franc & Hero.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

258. Expire, lazy Catherine.
Lizzie E. N.

259. Read a writing. *Comet.*

260. The eye of day. *Prairie Boy.*

261. Enter, dreary gentleman.
Silver Bugle.

262. Pass part of it this way.
Addie W.

263. A young lady leader. *Rubie Linden.*

264. What is the difference between a miser and a wise man? *Violet Forrest.*

265. Ayonentea Essene. *Rena.*

266. A. B. and 1500. *F. F.*

267. 51 / S *A. Wolf.*

268. 15. *Roguish Kate and Oddity.*

269. 40. *Belle.*

ANAGRAMS OF CELEBRATED NAMES.

270. Use a horn, Rob. *Jim.*

271. Yes, Sal, drag me. *Jim.*

272. Oh! steam room. *Bob White.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed.

273. The — on the chimney — fell on the — and made the — boy —. *Allie Frank.*

274. I carried some — up the —. *Minx.*

275. — carried some — a —. *Minx.*

276. Do not — up that — at that —. *Sugar.*

277. The — boy struck a — through one of his —. *Pearl.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of November. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in August No.

189. All is not gold that glitters.

190. Ayle.

191. Aunt Sue's heart-puzzle.

192. Curtin.

193. Indolent.

194. Thousand.

195. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was the founder of the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

196. Albora, Alborak.

197. One pauses at the end, the other ends at a pause.

198. Mandates.

199. Enlisted ("listened" credited).

200. Reduplicate.

201. Pusillanimity.

202. Adroit.

203. Estrangement.

204. Candle (can dell).

205. Commutation.

206. Embark.

207. Creatures (Crete yours).

208. Runnet.

209. Consequence.

210. Owen, owe, woe.

211. Name, amen, mane, mean : man, men, women.

212. Her rings (herrings).

213. A looking-glass.

214. Special, alspice.

215. Shakespeare ("Hamlet").

216. Campbell ("Pleasures of Hope").

217. Keats ("Endymion").

Of the above 29 Puzzles —

BELLE answers all but 191, 204, 213—26.

Max answers all but 191, 204, 207, 213—25.

F. R. S. answers all but 190, 191, 196, 213—25.

Jeannie M. answers all but 191, 195, 204, 207, 213—24.

Clem answers all but 191, 196, 197, 207, 212—24.

Ora Webster & Ixia answer all but 191, 193, 196, 204, 207, 213—23.

Florian answers all but 190, 191, 193, 204, 207, 208, 217—22.

Florence answers all but 191, 196, 197, 204, 207, 210, 213, 215, 216, 217—19.

Forrest answers all but 191, 197, 204, 205, 206, 208, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217.—17.

Sadie P. answers 189, 159, 197, 198, 200, 201, 202, 203, 208, 209, 211—11.

Pussy answers 215, 216, 217—3.

THE CHILDREN KNOCK. — Page 130.

From "The Little Barefoot."

THE CHILDREN KNOCK.

WHEN the morning mist lay upon the ground, early in the morning of an autumnal day, two children, a boy and a girl of six and seven years old, went hand in hand through the back or garden path, out of the village. The girl appeared the oldest, and carried slate, books, and a writing-book under her arm; the boy had the same in a gray linen satchel, which was slung over his shoulder. The girl wore a cap of white drill that reached only to the forehead, and made the full arch of her brow the more conspicuous. The boy was bareheaded. The footstep of the boy only could be heard, for he had strong shoes on his feet; but the girl was barefoot. Where the path permitted, the children went close together; but, when the hedges made it too narrow, the girl always went first.

Upon the yellow leaves of the shrubbery lay a white frost, and the berries of the hawthorn, the tall stems of the wild brier, looked as though they were silvered over. The sparrows in the hedges twitter and fly in uneasy flocks close to the children, then light again not far from them, twittering and chirping, till at length they fly to a garden, where they light upon an apple-tree, so that the dry leaves rustle and fall to the ground. A magpie flies quickly up from the path across the fields, and then rests upon the great pear-tree, where the ravens still cawed. This magpie must have told them a secret: for the ravens flew up, and crossed over the tree; and an old one let himself down upon the topmost wavering branch, while the others found for themselves, upon the lower branches, good places, where they could rest and look out. They appeared to desire to know why the children, with their schoolbooks, struck into the side street, and wandered out of the village. One of the ravens flew like a scout, or spy, and placed himself upon a stunted willow by the fish-pond. But the children went quietly on their way by the alders near the pond, till they came out again into the street, then crossed to the other side of the street where stood a small, low house. The house is entirely closed; and the children stand at the door, and knock softly. Then the girl calls courageously, "Father! Mother!" and the boy timidly repeats, "Father! Mother!" At length the girl

seizes the door-latch, and presses it softly up; the boards rustle, and she listens, but nothing comes. Now she ventures in quicker strokes to press the latch up and down; but only the sound echoes from the deserted house. No human voice answers. The boy places his lips upon a crack in the door, and calls again, "Father! Mother!" Inquiringly he looks up to his sister; and, when he looks down again, his breath upon the door-latch has become hoar-frost.

From the mist-covered village sound the measured strokes of the thresher, — now rapid and loud, falling confusedly, and now with slow and wearied strokes, then again clear and vivid, then stifled and hollow. The children stand as though bewildered. At length they cease to call and knock, and sit down upon scattered logs of wood. These lay piled around the stem of a mountain-ash, overshadowing the side of the house, and now ornamented with its red autumn berries. The children rivet their eyes upon the door of the house; but all remains silent and closed.

"Father brought this wood from Moosbrunnenwood," said the girl, pointing to the log upon which she was sitting; then she added, with a wise look, "it gives good warmth, and there is a great deal of rosin in it that burns like a torch; but it costs a great deal to split it."

"If I was grown up," said the boy, "I would take father's great axe and the two iron wedges, and split it into pieces as smooth as glass; and I would make a beautiful pile of it, like that of the coal-burner, Mathew, in the forest; and then when father comes home he will be glad, and he will say, 'Who did that?' Don't you dare to tell him;" and he pointed his finger threateningly at his sister.

The latter appeared to have a dawning perception that it would be of no use to wait for father and mother, and she cast a melancholy glance at the boy; and then, looking at his shoes, she said, "Then you must also put on father's boots. But come, we will skip stones in the lake, and see if I can throw farther than you; and, as we go, I will give you a riddle to guess. What wood is that which warms without burning?"

"The master's ruler when the palms catch it," said the boy.

"No, I don't mean that. The wood that they split makes one warm without burning it." When standing by the hedge she asked, "It sits upon a little stem, hath a little red coat, and its belly is full of stones. What may that be?"

The boy knit his brows, and cries out, "Hush! Don't tell me what it is. It is a hip-berry."

The girl nodded applause, and made a face as though she had told him the riddle for the first time, whereas she had often told it before to divert him from sorrow.

The sun had now scattered the fog; and the little valley came out in clear, shining sunlight, as the children turned towards the pond, and began to make the flat stones dance through the water.

In passing, the girl lifted the latch again many times; but the door did not open, and nothing appeared at the window. They soon played, full of joy and laughter, at the pond, and the girl seemed especially glad that her brother was always the most skilful; and, beating her at the sport, he became wholly gay. She, indeed, made herself less skilful than she really was, for her stones plumped, at the first throw, deep into the water, at which the boy laughed loud. In the zeal of their sport, both children forgot where they were, and why they had come there; and yet to both it was melancholy and strange.

In that house, now so silent and closed, had dwelt for some time back, Josenhans, with his wife and two children, Amrie (Anna Maria) and Dami (Damian). The father was a wood-cutter in the forest, but also handy at any work; for the house, which he had purchased in a neglected condition, he had repaired himself, and wholly covered in the roof. In the autumn he intended to whiten the wall of the interior. The chalk for that purpose was lying in a pit covered with brushwood. His wife was one of the best workwomen in the village. Day and night, in sorrow and in joy, she was a helper to every one, — always willing, always ready; for she had early taught her children, especially Amrie, to take care of themselves. Industry, contentment, and domestic competency made the house one of the happiest in the village. An insidious illness prostrated the mother, and the next evening the father also; and, after a few days, two coffins were borne on the same evening from the humble house. The children were taken into one of the neighbors' houses during the illness of their parents; and they learned their death only on Monday, when they were dressed in their Sunday clothes, to follow in the funeral procession.

Neither Josenhans nor his wife had relations in the place, and yet loud weeping and praise of the dead were heard at the grave; and the mayor of the village led both children by the hand, as all

three followed in the procession. At the grave both children were still and quiet; they were even cheerful, although they often asked, "where were their father and mother?" They ate at the table of the mayor, and everybody was kind to them. When they left the table, they received little tarts, wrapped in paper, to take with them.

As the evening came on, the mayor ordered a man, of the name of Krappenzacher, to take Dami home with him, and a woman, called Brown Mariann, to take care of Amrie; but now the children would not be separated. They wept aloud, and insisted upon being taken to their parents. Dami, at length, was coaxed by false pretences, but Amrie could not be forced to leave her brother. At length the foreman of the mayor took her in his arms, and carried her by main strength to the house of Brown Mariann. There she found her own bed from the parents' house; but she would not lie down upon it, and wept herself to sleep upon the floor, when they laid her, all dressed as she was, upon her bed. Dami was also heard weeping and screaming aloud, but soon he was still. The much-defamed Brown Mariann showed this evening how considerate and tender she was for the orphan intrusted to her care. For many years she had been bereft of her children; and as she stood by the sleeping girl she said, in a low voice, "Ah! happy sleep of childhood! it weeps and instantly falls asleep, without the twilight of hope, without the anxiety of dreams." She sighed deeply.

The next morning early, Amrie went to dress her brother, and to console him for what had happened. "As soon as father comes back," she said, "he will take you home, and pay the Krappenzacher." Then both the children went out to the parental house, knocked on the door, and wept aloud.

At length Mathew, the coal-burner, who lived near, came and carried them both to school. He asked the schoolmaster to make the children understand that their parents were dead; for Amrie, especially, appeared incapable of believing it. The teacher did all that was possible, and they became more quiet and resigned. But from the school they went again to the parents' house, and waited there, hungry and thirsty, till some compassionate person carried them away.

The person who had a mortgage upon the Josenhans house took it, and the payment which Josenhans had already made was lost; for, according to the custom of the village, whatever had been paid

was forfeited. There were many houses in the village beside the Josenhans that remained untenanted. All the possessions of their parents were sold, and a small sum obtained for the children, but not sufficient to pay their board. Thus they became parish orphans, and were, of course, boarded with those who would take them at the lowest price.

Amrie informed her brother one day with delight, that she had found out where the cuckoo-clock of their parents was. Mathew, the coal-burner, had bought it. In the evening they went and stood near the house, and waited till the clock cried *cuckoo*, then they looked at each other and laughed.

The children continued every morning to go to their parents' house, knock at the door, call, and wait. Then they played at the fish-pond, as we have seen them to-day. Afterwards they listened to a call which they used not to hear at this season of the year, for the cuckoo at Mathew's called eight times. — *From "The Little Barefoot," Chap. I.*

AFFECTION OF THE SHEEP.

Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, tells a singular story of the affection of a sheep for the place of its birth. It was born at Harehope, in Tweeddale, and sold and driven to a farm in Glen Lyon, upwards of one hundred miles distant. In process of time she produced a lamb; and then it seems the memory of her early days was before her, and she determined to revisit the scenes of her youth. She had never travelled the road, except when she was first driven from home; yet she set off with the lamb following her, and which she was often obliged to hurry on by impatient bleatings.

She was heard of in various places; she was always pursuing the direct road. She was nine days on the journey, and at length safely reached her native farm, where she died of old-age in her seventeenth year.

Insult not another for his want of the talents you possess; he may have talents which you want.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER XIV.—THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

JIM BEARD soon learned the cause of his mother's emotion, and began to comment upon his own escape. Although particulars of the sad accident at Vaughn's Pond had not yet reached the mill, Jim felt confident that the victims were poor Tom and his sabbath-breaking companions.

It was so. It appeared that Tom Jones, Dick Temple, and Sam Isaacs, with several cronies, met near the milldam in the morning, and went off together to enjoy the Sabbath, swimming and fishing in the pond.

Jim was expected, but not making his appearance, the boys concluded, upon the authority of Tom Jones, that he had "turned saint," and was under the influence and direction of "Rev. Isaac Cottle, Esq.," as Tom in sarcasm persisted in calling him.

"That's the end on 'im, then," said Dick, "I'll bet a guinea."

"To be sure," answered Tom. "An' what dy'e think, lads, Ike tried to make a saint of me! Ha, ha!"

"No small job, eh, Tom?" said Sam.

"Did you ever see tin made from raw pig-iron?" said Tom, with a quizzical look. "'Twould be easier, lads, than to make a saint out of Tom Jones."

A roar of laughter was the response, and they proceeded to the enjoyment of the day.

Vaughn's Pond was a beautiful sheet of water in the neighborhood of Beverly, and was the favorite resort of all classes of laborers on the sabbath. It was nothing unusual to see a score of boys in the water at one time. In their sports they often ventured too far, and in several instances narrow escapes from drowning were witnessed by excited men and women along the banks. While they were in the water at this time, the usual challenge was given, which was to "swim across the pond, and touch bottom in the middle."

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

In a moment a dozen lads were striking for the opposite shore. Before they had proceeded far all except Sam and Dick repented of their folly and turned back; they, however, plunged on. Presently, poor Dick began to flounder, and was evidently seized with cramp. Throwing up his arms, he uttered a piercing cry and sank.

The boys on shore, within easy hailing-distance, thought he was touching bottom; but the next moment they learned the contrary, as Dick rose to the surface, and began to cry for help. Tom Jones, who had just reached the shore, hastened back, and together with Sam Isaacs tried to rescue Dick; but Dick seemed to lose all presence of mind, and seizing the boys, held them both as in a vice. They saw in a moment that, unless relieved at once, all three must go to the bottom. The struggle was painful, but of short duration. In a few moments, with strength exhausted and fright of death, the three boys sank to rise no more. The lads on shore looked earnestly and long at the spot where they witnessed the death-struggle and the waters open, hoping to see them rise again; but no arm could reach them now, no voice could awake them, as they lay locked together, deep down in the muddy bottom of Vaughn's pond.

How fearful to think that their spirits went into the presence of the Judge of all men, who commanded us to "remember the sabbath day to keep it holy," by such means and from such a place!

Gloom settled down upon the pond and its beautiful surroundings, and soon over the entire community. The tidings spread rapidly, and stopped at every house in the neighborhood. To three households the sad word came with crushing weight. Mourning began and bitter lamentation, mothers weeping for their children so suddenly snatched into eternity.

Late in the evening the pond was dragged, and the three bodies brought to shore, and conveyed to their late homes. Our Jim ventured as far as Mr. Jones's, and looked upon the pale, blue face of poor Tom, and wept bitterly as he thought of their last interview on earth. "Sunday school's good for them as likes 'em, and saints and grannies like you and Jim Beard," rang in Jim's ears now as he stood over poor dead Tom. And Ike, — good, quiet Ike, — how he embraced him in his heart, and repeated to himself, "He saved me this day."

On retiring to rest that eventful sabbath night, Jim, for the

first time in his life, tried to pray. It was a broken prayer, partly sobs, partly tears; but it was genuine prayer. A good spirit seemed to prompt him; and, as his head sought the pillow, he thanked his heavenly Father that he had been preserved from so dreadful a death; "for," said he to himself, "if I'd been there, four, instead of three bad boys, would be now in a hopeless eternity."

This chapter is headed, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Is it not so? In the death of the three dissolute youths, are we not warned against breaking God's holy command to keep his day sacred for good works and worship? No real benefit can come to him who pursues his secular work, or who seeks his personal gratification in worldly pleasure, on the Lord's day. Accidents, and destruction such as we have recorded in this chapter, may not come to all: but death is no accident; it comes to all, and will come ushering a dreadful eternity to those who sin against God.

My dear boys, it's a fatal mistake to suppose that a person can escape the penalty of wrong-doing. It will come. And especially let us be warned against breaking the sabbath. In God's holy book, the most fearful penalties are attached to the violation of this command; and, in olden times, men were put to death by the order of God for breaking the sabbath day.

On the other hand, the best of blessings are promised to those who keep holy God's day. Among the pure joys and sweet reflections of the aged pious in any country, is the joy of the holy Sabbath, and the memory of having kept it holy through life. It is a day for rest and pious meditation. It breaks the wild confusion of life, and invites us to come to God's house, to study his word, and devote one day in seven to the matters of eternity. And then it reminds us of the great rest in heaven, where there can be no confusion and no sin; where we shall enjoy an eternal sabbath with God.

CHAP. XV. — NOT ALL A DREAM.

THE funeral of the three boys was sad as sad could be. The mill hands, with few exceptions, were all present, and formed a long procession to the quiet churchyard, where a prayer

was offered by the parson of the parish, and the grave received its trust.

While summer passed, and the winter, cold and stormy, the intimacy increased between Ike and Jim.

Granny Benjamin's and Father Cottle's became the resorts of our young friend.

His studies were progressing finely; and, under the tuition of Ike and Mary, he had learned to read readily, and was fast growing into Christian manliness. He had successfully braved the storms of persecution at the mill, had silenced the unkind tongues of home by his patient goodness, and was fast rising in the estimation of the whole community.

Both boys had been promoted in their work by Mr. Lewis; and, on the sabbath day, it would be difficult indeed to find a more serious and tidy young man than our Jim.

Granny Benjamin had conceived a deep attachment for him, and knew his footfall and voice, which seemed music in her ears.

"In heaven I shall see you, — see you all in heaven."

One beautiful sabbath morning, Mary could not leave her mother's side for the sabbath-school. Life seemed drawing to an end with granny.

"And you didn't see them, — the angels, Mary, — nor hear their sweet songs?" asked granny, with some surprise.

"No, dear mother, I did not; and you must have had a pleasant dream last night."

"Dream, daughter! a dream! yes, more than a dream!

"Mary, my dear child, my eyes were opened, and I saw the beautiful city of God. The walls were glorious, and the gates sparkled like jewels. The streets were light, and beyond description beautiful; while, on either side, stood ranks of happy ones, redeemed from earth. They were clothed in white, and their faces shone like the sun; they seemed to be very happy, and on no face did I discover a single gloomy feature. Some of them had harps in their hands, and others sang heavenly songs; so that the whole place seemed filled with sweetest music mortal ever heard. Sometimes a chorus would be taken up by countless tongues, and would roll along in the grandest harmony.

"And, O Mary! all this time I was just outside the gates, remembering that I had been blind, and wondering if so poor a sinner as I might hope to enter so glorious a region. Presently one came to me, and spoke kind words which filled me with great

delight. 'You may enter,' said he, 'for you are known to the King;' and, taking me by the arm, he led me along through the pearly gates, safely within the beautiful place.

"As I gained admittance, the great company seemed to rejoice, and struck up the grandest anthem I ever heard. Oh, how the sweet sounds did swell through that happy place! Then one came, and said to me, 'Happy soul, thy days of mourning are ended; rejoice with us, for thou art forever with the Lord.'

"And, Mary, I began to sing and praise God as I never thought I should, until I remembered no more of this poor world and its sorrows. But what my new eyes most feasted on, dear, was Him who died for us.

"How did I know him?

"Oh, you couldn't help knowing him. There's nobody like him, Mary, in heaven or in earth. His countenance was loveliness itself, all beaming with sweet welcome. His brow was loftier than any, and glory crowned it as it crowned no other head there. His words were sweeter than all other music; and, when he spoke, all harps and voices were silent, and every one listened with rapture. As he came near where I was, I dreamed that he paused, and, as I seemed to be the only stranger, fixed his eyes on me; but not to frown, Mary, not to frown. I fell at his feet, and kissed the glowing pavement on which he stood; and, O child! he lifted me up, and bade me be happy, 'for,' said he, 'this is home, my child, this is sweet home;' and all the company caught up the last words, and sent them swelling round and round, — 'Sweet home, sweet home!'

"And then I saw his hands, and the marks of the nails were there, Mary; and, raising them up, he blessed me, and said, 'All mine are for thee. Come, and welcome, blessed child of God, enter into the joy of thy Lord. Here no hunger shall pinch thee, no thirst enrage, no want distress thee.'

"O Mary! it was too much for me. I was filled with sweetest thoughts, — almost painfully sweet; and, as I turned to fall down at his sacred feet, all heaven began to tremble with this glorious song, 'Alleluia, blessing, power, glory, dominion, and praise be unto thee! King, forever and ever! Amen!'

"And, as I clapped my hands for the joy which I felt, I seemed to be carried away, and presently my eyes began to pain me; and, waking up, I found all still, and no music except the memory of heaven.

"O Mary! it was heaven! it was heaven! and I shall soon be there! 'Twas real! 'twas real! They call to me now! now! Oh! beauti —"

Granny's lips ceased to move, and her heart ceased to beat. Her sentence was finished in the midst of that glorious heaven of which she had dreamed.

Mary knelt at her bedside; and, burying her face in the counterpane, wept long and bitterly. She was still kneeling there when Ike and Jim returned from school. They gently and with weeping eyes led her away, and soon notified the nearest friends of granny's departure to the better land. Great was the astonishment in the neighborhood, for no one thought that granny was so near her end; but when Mary related her dear mother's dream, and how, as she was concluding its description, her lips ceased to move, all seemed to realize the nearness of heaven; and some thought they heard the angels sing.

Granny's countenance was beautiful in death. It was as though the angels had dropped a smile upon her face, and fastened it there.

Three days after, Granny Benjamin was carried to the churchyard, and buried beside her husband. A large concourse attended the funeral; and as they turned the corner in Beverly, into the shaded aisle, leading into the quiet repose of the dead, they sang in soft and tender strains, —

"Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of her fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
She is gathered into God.
Lo! the pain of life is passed;
All her warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast;
Grief and suffering are no more."

Do well; but do not boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.

NATURE *in russet* is more agreeable than affectation *in embroidery*.

THE CONDOR.

THE condor, or the great vulture of the Andes, is the largest of known birds. Sometimes its expanse of wings, which are extremely powerful, reaches fully fourteen feet. The height to which the condor soars in the air exceeds that of any other bird, and is said to be almost six perpendicular miles above the level of the sea, or nearly six times the ordinary height of the clouds. Its voracity is enormous. One in confinement at Valparaiso ate eighteen pounds of meat in a single day, and seemed next day to

have as good an appetite as usual. Condors often gorge themselves so that they cannot fly, and in this condition are caught with lassos by the Indians. Two of these birds will sometimes attack a cow or a llama, and kill it with their strong beaks and claws. The color of the fully grown condor is deep blackish gray. It inhabits regions 10,000 or 15,000 feet above the level of the sea; making no nest, but laying its eggs on bare rocks.

SAGACITY OF A CAT.

THE following is one of many instances of the sagacity of the cat. A gentleman informs us that there was a small cupboard in his father's house, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea-table; and the door was secured with a lock, which from age and frequent use could easily be made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse. It was often a subject of remark that the door of this cupboard was found wide open and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had certainly been regularly locked; but accident led to the detection of the offender.

On watching very carefully the cat was seen to seat herself on the table, and by repeated patting on the side of the bow of the key, it was at last made to turn, when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges. Nine hundred years ago cats were held in such esteem in Southern Wales, that Howel the Good, king of that country, instituted laws respecting them. One of these was, that, "if any person stole the cat that guarded the granaries of the Prince, he was to forfeit a milch ewe with its fleece and lamb.

MY mother tells me, God has said
We must not hurt what God has made;
For God is very kind and good,
And gives e'en little flies their food;
And he loves every little child,
Who is kind-hearted, good, and mild.

OUR PICNIC.

FAREWELL for one glad two weeks to the National Bank, with its grand and massive walls, and its clock-work round of duties. One may even grow tired of handling money. There is certainly more *soul* in the flutter of green forest-leaves than in the rustle of the crispest new "greenbacks." However, I am aware that tastes differ, even on this point.

Good-by, too, to the handsome store in Eighth Street, and the crowds of rustling silks sweeping in and out. Last year, "our boys" took their vacation at Niagara, Montreal, Lake George, and the Mountains. But that was too commonplace to do over again this summer.

"Surveying the pond and exploring its shores" had long been a favorite project, and this season they determined to carry it out.

"What! spend your vacation in Swedesdell?" said Aunt Carrie. "Ah Harry! there must be a lady in the case, or you would not make so many pilgrimages to that quiet country town."

"I own that there is a lady in the case," said Harry. "Where my mother is, there will always be my Mecca."

In order to carry out the grand exploring-expedition, a boat was needful. But fortune favored them. A boat was for sale, which, when pitched and painted and christened in an orthodox manner, would answer the purpose.

When all was in readiness, "the boys" entered upon their surveying with as much energy and enthusiasm as if they proposed buying up the mill-pond. All along the shores were various

"stations," each marked with a fluttering white "signal" which had a very uncanny look to the uninitiated natives. Early and late they toiled on, pulling at the oars, and hacking among the bushes, until they grew as tawny as haymakers. It was of little consequence, though, as the shadow of granite walls would soon bleach them out fit for the drawing-room again.

A more beautiful sheet of water than "our pond," it would be difficult to find this side of Lake George. It fills a basin of many acres; and the western slope is heavily wooded with tall trees, whose shadows lie deep and dark in the quiet waters. Old records of our ancient town had been ransacked for an appropriate name, and at last the Indian one of Nar-ra-ti-con was selected.

On the fifth of July it was decided to have a grand private picnic at "Nelladnakoot Falls." (Some of the Merry puzzlers may have the curiosity to read that name backwards.)

No backwoodsmen, carving a home for themselves in the boundless forest, ever worked harder at cutting brush, and "blazing a path," than did our boys to prepare this beautiful spot for a picnic ground. It was thoroughly done at last; and at an early hour we embarked on board the "fast-sailing Memirako" for the destined Point.

The little boat had made several trips before, taking over the indispensable "baskets," the fishing-tackle, little charcoal-furnace, and, not the least-important, our Maggie and sable Milly.

The oars dipped gently in the waters, leaving a long, murmuring ripple; and every stroke from the strong arm of our swarthy gondolier told on the distance. Now and then a silvery perch would flash out from the water, and leap a foot or two in the air, perhaps to escape some greedy pursuer. Occasionally a harmless water-snake, curling about the shore, would call forth a little scream from one of the party, more accustomed to tread on velvet carpets than on woodland moss. Sometimes the plaintive note of some wood-bird awakened the far-off forest echoes, and sent a thrill of gentle sadness to the listener's heart.

When passing one secluded cove, a pair of dusky owlets were observed sitting in solemn state upon a dead tree branch.

"They cannot be real birds," said one. "See how motionless they are. Ah, Captain Cook, that is certainly some of your handiwork got up for effect. You will outrival Barnum yet."

But the captain protested his innocence; and, as if to corrobor-

ate it, one of the birds accommodatingly left his perch, and heavily fluttered off into the forest deeps.

After rowing about a mile, the "Point" was reached, and leaving a little party on the shore to fish, we followed a winding foot-path which our pioneer-boys had blazed with their hatchets up the hillside, and down into the opposite valley. Here we found our little charcoal furnace already lighted, and Milly presiding over the coffee-pot and frying-pan in all her glory. The boat-ride and the inspiration of those grand old woods had worked like magic on her bent form; and she threw aloft her withered arms, and shouted and laughed until the woods caught up the echoes. Again her voice would rise in some wild refrain of her old slave-days, —

"Blending with Afric's mellow tongue
Her broken Saxon words;
For dear the bondsman holds his gift
Of music and of song,
The gold which kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong."

But Milly could work as well as sing. She could fry to perfection the fine perch and catfish that our fair fishers over the hill sent to us from time to time. She could make us a pot of coffee, too, surpassing any "home-brewed" we had ever tasted. It was the height of luxury to recline at our ease on our cushions of moss, and watch her almost elfin figure flitting here and there, while the music of our fairy waterfall blended sweetly with her song, —

"We'll walk the golding streets,
With silver slippers on."

The latest arrivals came at twelve, — thirty, according to the printed cards of invitation, — and then we all sat down to a dinner fit for royalty. Our tablecloth was spread in true oriental style, though not on carpets from Turkish looms. Ours was of a far more elaborate pattern, and we were seated about it on cushions and mats of the same. Two distinguished guests were supplied with camp-chairs; but our happy party was guiltless of envy. You see many nostrums advertised as famous appetizers; but you will find that nothing surpasses a half a day in the woods. By all means, try this simple and most delightful prescription before you take to anybody's bitters or grape-juice tonics.

"Have you any Indian traditions about your waterfall,

Harry?" asked Mr. Lewis, as he sandwiched a crisp perch in his biscuit.

"No, sir: we only discovered the falls two days ago; and we have been so busy clearing up the grounds, we have had no time to prepare the traditions."

The explanation was satisfactory. We felt it was unreasonable to expect more on so short notice.

But a shadow will sometimes fall on the merriest scene. It fell on our dinner-table from the wings of a very black cloud, which had been hovering for some time on the outskirts of the horizon. However, after slightly alarming and warning us, it rolled away, and left us to finish our repast in peace.

But the brightest day must end at last; and the older portion of our party heeded the warning of the cloud, and prepared for an early return.

The homeward row was pleasanter, if possible, than that of the morning. The sun was in the west; and all the shore was bathed in a cool, deep shadow, most refreshing after the sultry day.

A little party of four still lingered at the fishing-point, when the storm-king burst with fury upon them. So sudden had been his assault, there was no time to prepare for it. It was no gentle "Shawanddasee," breathing softly through the chestnuts; but a rough northeaster, fresh from tumbling about the waves of the Atlantic. It had no respect for pretty lilac drapery and dainty sea-shell hats. So the gallant captain and his efficient first mate ransacked the boat's stores, and fortunately found two strips of carpeting. These, when carefully folded and kept in place, afforded some protection. Thus fortified, I cannot say that our brave officers regarded the storm as an unmitigated disaster. At least, they were resigned to "the situation," and were ready to bide their time for setting out. It would have been very unsafe to venture in such a storm; but, as the minutes of the "summer-shower" lengthened to hours, it began to grow almost serious.

"What will they think at home?" was an anxious query with all parties.

It would have seriously disturbed the peace of that devoted "first mate," to have caught a sight of a pale and anxious face pressed often against the window-pane, peering out into the gathering gloom, trying vainly to catch a glimpse of the loiterers; but, when the agony of suspense had become almost despair, a

glad shout at the doorway told that the drenched voyagers were all safe at home.

It was an adventure to make merry over, when all were snug and dry in the parlor again; and all that joined in that happy picnic party will be ready to admit that often our sweetest joys lie nearest home.

It does not require an expensive journey and ten large trunks to enable one to appreciate the beauties of nature. A love for the beautiful in earth and sea and sky is the only taste we can carry with us down to old-age unimpaired. All artificial joys lose their charm, and at last are looked upon with real aversion. Hannah More, at eighty-two, says, of all the fond enjoyments of her youth, she finds only these remain in their full force: "a passion for beautiful scenery, a love of flowers and landscape gardening."

THE TWO BURIALS.

[In reading the Life of Abraham Lincoln, one is forcibly struck by the *contrast* in the burial of his mother — alone, in an unbroken forest, in a rude, homemade box, with no funeral service, and scarcely a witness outside of the family — and the unparalleled magnificence of the *national funeral* of her noble son a few years later.]

In the cool, unbroken shadow,
Where the fragile wild-flowers nod,
Dreamily above the sleeper
Laid beneath the forest sod,

Lonely in their grief they bore her,
With no sound of tolling bell;
Ah! the sob of crushed affection
Was the mother's funeral-knell.

Never had that grand old forest
Echoed to the sexton's spade;
First, within its sheltering bosom,
Was that noble mother laid.

Lonely sleeper! he whose footsteps
Wore a path to that lone mound —
Who with tears so oft bedewed it —
That same *sleep* too quickly found.

Borne along, in bitter anguish,
List the solemn-tolling bell;
Northern lakes to Southern waters
Echoed back *his* funeral-knell.

Tolling! in the quiet village,
Tolling! in the myriad throng,
Tolling! through the mountain gorges,
As his form was borne along;

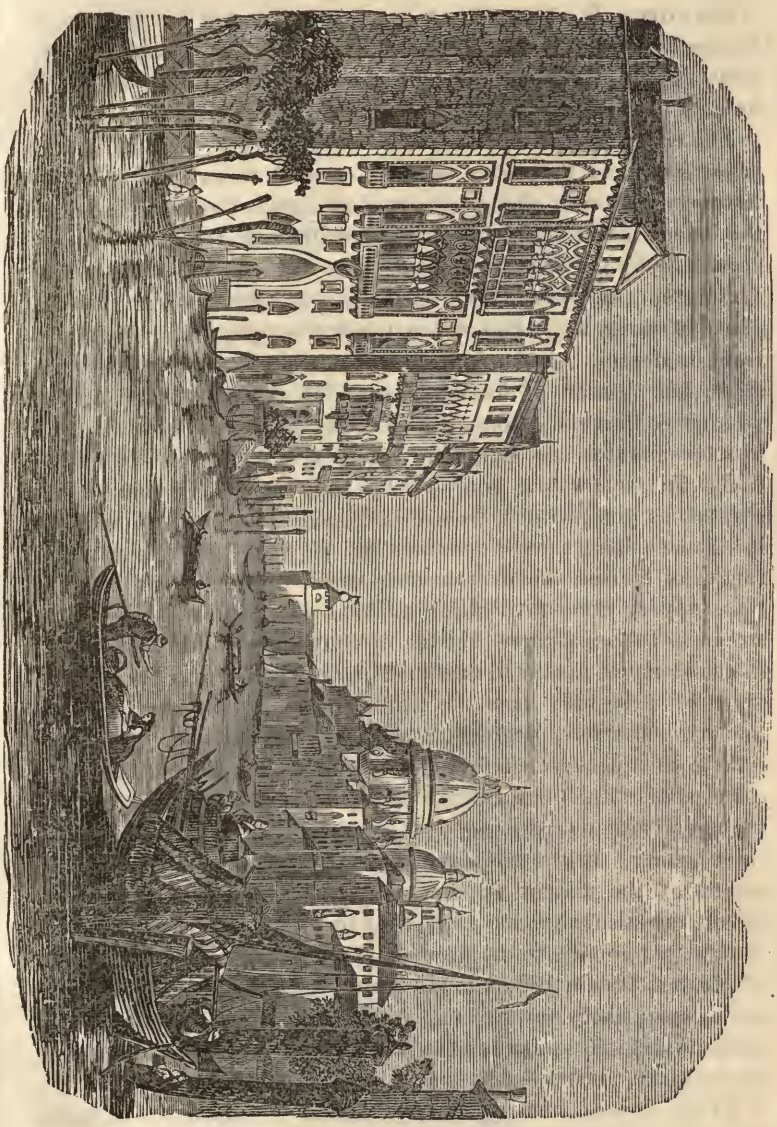
Tolling for the sorrow welling
From a sudden, awful blow;
Tolling for the anguish swelling
From a *nation's* bitter woe!

Lonely dust *within the forest*,
Sleeper, where above the sod
Millions raised the speaking marble,
Rest *alike*, *beloved of God.*

KRUNA.

LOVE OF READING. — "Happy is he who has laid up in youth, and held steadfast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate *love of reading*,— the true balm of hurt minds, of surer and more healthful charm than poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world; by that single taste, by that single capacity, he may bound in a moment into the still regions of delightful study, and be at rest. . . . Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which this brain" (placing his hand on his forehead) "had long been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity." — *Rufus Choate.*

EVERY good act is charity: giving water to the thirsty is charity; putting a wanderer in the right path is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Our true wealth hereafter is the good we do in this world. When one dies, men ask what property he left behind him; but angels ask what good deeds he sent before him.



VENICE

VENICE.*

BEAUTIFUL Venice! By the common consent of travellers, Venice is thus described. Beautiful in its picturesque decay, what must it have been when it claimed to be the Queen of the Seas, and when its ancient Doges ruled over it in its splendor?

The city can now be reached by railroad from Verona, which, passing onward through a country covered for miles with vines festooned on trees, glides on a viaduct across the vast stretch of the lagoon of St. Giuliano to its terminus in the city. In approaching by the narrow pathway thus formed, you seem to be darting into the very middle of the sea, on either side a vast expanse of water, while before you the ancient city rises, seemingly from its depths. Arrived at the terminus, you pass through the door; but instead of finding yourself in the street, and taking your place in a cab or omnibus, you get on board a gondola, and in a few minutes are skimming along the surface of the Grand Canal on your way to your hotel. Here and there to the right and left as you proceed, from this the main street of the city, as it may be called, narrow openings are perceived passing between ranges of houses, the overhanging upper stories of which sometimes appear almost to close in above you. Spanning the main stream is the well-known Bridge of Sighs, across which it is said the condemned passed to death; though, according to the account given by those who show the subterranean apartments in which the prisoners were confined, it was only the pathway from these cells to the ducal palace for purposes of trial. The buildings on either side of the Grand Canal mainly consist of the dwellings of the old Venetian aristocracy, and are famed for their rich architectural beauty. It is possible to traverse this strange city on foot by means of the narrow streets by which it is intersected, which streets communicate with each other by bridges over the narrower canals; but so largely do these canals take the place of the modes of communication common elsewhere, that the marble footways are comparatively unworn and wondrously clean, whilst an air of solitude and stillness prevails which gives an appearance of gloom to the place, almost saddening in its effects upon the mind.

Every stranger visiting Venice hastens to satisfy his curiosity by an inspection of St. Mark's Place. The wonderful St. Mark's

* See illustration, page 149.

Church occupies one side; the palace of the Doges and other stately buildings surround it on two others; but the fourth is open to the lagoon, whose waves wash the feet of the two giant columns, one bearing the winged lion, the other the figure of St. Theodore, that seem to mark the boundary between the city and the sea. This place and the adjoining quay constitute the fashionable promenade, and the streets opening from it are those in which the main business appears to be conducted.

The scene upon the canal itself is said to be a very animated one; the constant passing to and fro of the gondolas, the warning cry of the boatmen as they pass the corners of the narrow canals, or their songs as they recline in their vessels waiting for a fare, give an air of romance and rare enjoyment to the time, scarce elsewhere to be experienced.

The Venetians are, without question, the most good-tempered people in Italy; and, even during the period of Austrian occupation, scenes of violence and bloodshed among the populace were very rare. Mirthful when their fortunes were at the worst, it remains to be seen, now that the oppressive yoke of Austrian domination is removed, whether the old spirit of enterprise and commercial activity will re-awaken, and the Venice of the future rival in its munificence and luxury the Venice of the past.

THE PIGEON'S HOUSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

PIGEON in the sunshine,
I'd like to be with you,—
Flying in the bright air,
Or the falling dew.
Playing on the house-top,
Sleeping out at night,
Living in an archway,
Must be a great delight.
Many little children
Have no brother small,
Have no little sister,
And cannot play at all.

S. W. L.

UNCLE NED'S STORY.

WHEN I was a little boy, I was very fond of fun and adventure; and nowadays little boys and girls often ask me to tell them a story of what I did in those days; and I like to talk with them.

I was born and brought up in the country. We lived at some distance from any village, and I used to walk two miles to school every day in winter, carrying my dinner in a tin pail. When I was ten years old, I felt myself old enough to join the larger boys in going out nights "cooning." My uncle had a camp in the woods, where he tended charcoal pits. In the autumn he used to collect together his wood, and throw it into deep pits, and cover them with earth, after setting fire to the wood, which burned and smoked until it became charcoal. It was necessary to watch the pits night and day, lest the flames should break forth, and set the woods on fire.

Now I thought it a fine thing to go tramping through the rustling leaves, under the shadowy trees after sundown, to carry the old man his supper; and finer still, when I was allowed to pass the night with him in his log hut, with its bed of leaves and straw. The older boys, when they went "cooning," used to meet at his camp, show their spoils, and relate their adventures, till my heart was on fire to join them. In vain I begged to do so; they "did not want any little shavers about," they said; and my mother objected, in spite of the 'coons and minks I knew I should catch; and the many things I said I would buy with the money for which I should sell their fur.

But one night I carried my point. I was to go "cooning" for the first time. I well remember how it seemed, — how cold the night air felt; how the trees rustled and creaked, and the owls hooted in the distance. I was fearful of getting lost; fearful of ghosts, of robbers, and my hair stood on end with fright; but I would own to no such feelings. I furnished myself with a stout cudgel, and strode manfully on with the rest.

A 'coon was started: the others gave chase, and I tried to follow. But I was a little fellow; my eyes were unused to the darkness, and I continually stumbled over fallen logs, splashed into wet places, got caught by briers, and had my flight retarded by fences, which the others seemed to fly over. My hat flew off, and

my new pair of mittens, which my cousin Jennie had presented only the day before, and which I had placed in the crown, were lost in the underbrush.

Panting, hurrying, half crying, I still plunged onward. The others were out of sight, but their shouts betrayed to me their whereabouts. I came up with them. They had halted near an old lightning-blasted tree, up which the raccoon had run, and among whose branches we thought we could see him crouching. All stood in a ring, with gunstocks or clubs poised in air, lest the creature should spring, while the ringleader prepared to fire. It was an exciting moment. Looking back through the years, I can see myself, — a little, fair-haired boy, — with cap crushed over my brows, and standing on a log, my stout cudgel raised, my eyes fixed upon what I supposed to be a 'coon. The rifle cracked; the smoke rolled away; and there sat the 'coon, not a hair touched nor a muscle stirred. It began to dawn upon us that we might be mistaken, and that the 'coon might be a mile off, while we were attacking a stump. It was true. I had called up all my bravery, to meet the gnarly stump of an old tree; and I went home crestfallen enough that night.

Next morning I was still child enough to cry at the loss of my new mittens; and I cried more than once that winter, when my fingers ached on the way to school, for I did not dare confess I had lost them.

However, I was not cured of the hunting fever, but was often out nights ranging the woods. I remember once, when the boys really did catch a 'coon, they came to my uncle's camp, and flung the creature in at the door, cruelly frightening the poor old man. This, reaching my father's ears, put an end to my exploits for that winter; for, although I was not concerned in the trick, he rightly judged such companions not the best for a boy of my years. But when I was older, and my father dead, it was by trapping minks, and selling the fur-skins, that I procured money to buy myself books, and to fit myself for college.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

THE MONSTER BELLS OF THE WORLD. — In making large bells, loudness, rather that pitch, is the object, as the sound can be conveyed to a much further extent. This accounts for the enormous weight of some of the largest bells. St. Paul's, for instance, weighs 13,000 pounds; the bell of Antwerp, 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000; the bell at Rome, 19,000 pounds; Mechlin, 20,000; Bruges, 23,000; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; "Big Ben," at the House of Parliament, 81,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000 pounds; Vienna, 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 139,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds. But, as yet, the greatest bell ever known is another famous Moscow bell, which was never hung. It was cast by the order of Empress Anne in 1653. It lies broken on the ground, and is estimated to weigh 443,772 pounds. It is nineteen feet high, and measures around the margin sixty-four feet. No wonder that it has never been suspended. There are few bells of interest in the United States. The heaviest is probably the alarm bell on the City Hall in New York, weighing about 23,000 pounds. As the Russians make their pilgrimage to the great Moscow bell, and regard it with superstitious veneration, so the American citizen honors and venerates the old Independence bell at Philadelphia; for he is not only reminded of the glory of the Revolution, but he believes now more than ever, since the injunction has been obeyed, in its inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

ZEBRAS IN HARNESS. — In the last century the Queen of Portugal had a team of eight zebras, which probably came from Angola. M. Correa de Serra, the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Lisbon, told M. Dureau de la Malle, in 1802, that he had often seen her majesty about Lisbon with her zebra equipage; and one of the royal stables in Lisbon is still called the stable of the zebras.

AT a fancy ball, a gentleman who had assumed the swarthy hue of a negro was requested to favor the company with the negro song of "Possum up a Gum-tree." "*Non possum*," was the ready reply.

WHAT lady is good to eat? Sal Ladd.
What lady is good to eat with her? Olive Oil.
What lady is made to carry burdens? Ella Fant.
What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Stir.
What lady has to fight Indians? Emma Grant.
What lady helps her? Minnie Rifle.
What lady does everybody desire? Ann U. Ity.
What lady is acquainted with surgery? Ann Atomist.
What lady lived in Noah's time? Ann T. Diluvian.
What lady is fond of debate? Polly Tishun.
What lady votes? Della Gate.
What lady paints portraits? Minnie A. Choor.
What lady paints comic ones? Carrie K. Choor.
What lady is fond of giving? Jennie Rossity.
What lady is used to war? Milly Tairy.
What ladies are voracious? Annie Condor and Allie Gaiter.

THE difference between the married and divorced is exceedingly slight, consisting merely of the exchange of a couple of letters, the married being *united*, and the divorced *untied*.

A SAILOR is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

"SOLDIERS must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

WHAT is the difference between a permission to speak in a low tone, and a prohibition not to speak at all? In the one case you are not to talk aloud; in the other, you are not allowed to talk.

AN acre is 4,840 square yards, or 69 yards, 1 foot, 8 1-2 inches each way; and three acres are 120 yards and a half each way. A square mile, 1,760 yards each way, is 640 acres; half a mile, or 880 yards each way, is 160 acres; a quarter of a mile, or 440 yards each way, is a park or farm of forty acres; and a furlong, 220 yards each way, is 10 acres.

"IF there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy constructer, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

AS it is impossible to print all the letters sent in to the Chat, we shall select one or two of the best, and briefly notice the others by replying to the questions, or delivering the messages contained in them.

Philomel desires Roguish Kate to send her Oddity's autograph.

Anne Weston is welcome, and can see the Merry album if she chooses to call. She hopes Rose Geranium and Lillie C. will correspond with her, and sends her address, — Eatontown, Monmouth Co., N. J.

"Coy" wishes to know if she did not see W. A. R. on a New Jersey railroad in August.

The little poem called "Springtime" is not quite up to the mark; for, though the sentiment is true and natural, the grammar and versification are defective. A lively fancy and a talent for rhyming do not make a poet, and even the most gifted need practice before they learn to use their power well. J. E. need not be discouraged, but write verses as often as she likes as an amusement as well as a lesson in that sort of composition; but, if she desires to write for the public, let her try prose, and leave the poetic faculty to ripen and develop itself as it surely will if she really possesses it.

Jennie Enwood begs Em to "send right along *via* 172," and says she will respond at once; also that nothing would give her more pleasure than to receive a cousinly visit from Metacom.

Northern Light wishes to hear from "Pearl" and the other cousins.

A YANKEE SCHOOLHOUSE.

September.

A MERRY GREETING: — A word that can give pleasure, knowledge, comfort, joy, or help in any way, is a blessing; but how many of our words, as we utter them by pen or lip, are such. Why should we, as we meet from month to month, say nothing but idle, meaningless words, which are of no benefit to any one? There is not one of our circle so young as to be unable to say anything worth remembering, at least we all ought to try to. I would like to have you all see the magnificent scenery which I can view from my schoolroom window; river, mountains, rocks, trees and hills; this is a most beautiful part of our beautiful town.

I do not see how any man can be a farmer, and not be a Christian, or at least believe there is a God.

Some of us have spoken of our reading; every admirer of beautiful thoughts should read "The Beauties of Ruskin," and all who wish a good work on language should read "Good English."

I wish that all the cousins could have heard the sermon I did not long since from the text, "Do *good*, as ye have *opportunity*." It was very plain and practical, it suggested some very new ideas to me; it claimed that every act of our life should be for some one's good, directly or indirectly; it mentioned the numberless opportunities which we pass by, sometimes unconsciously, but often seeing them, but too indifferent or negligent to improve them. I think each one of us would be amazed if we were to count the opportunities we have in one single day; and how much sunshine and happiness would it bring to our hearts, if we would only "do good as we have opportunity"!

This question was raised in our class last Sunday afternoon: Could we always resist temptation? I would like the opinion of any one; perhaps a little thought on the subject might not be unprofitable.

I wish Uncle Robert would make some remarks on woman's right of suffrage.

Cousins, how do you like "Norwood,"

irrespective of its being Beecher's story? It is certainly different from all other stories; it is not a love story, though there is love in it.

I suppose that Chat letters, of whatever kind, must be short. My best wishes for all. LIBERTY.

HANOVER. *September*, 1867.

DEAR CHATTERERS, — I'm back again, grinding at the same old mill. If any of you should dare to suggest in my hearing Mathematics or Demosthenes, or Knapp's French Grammars, I wouldn't risk the consequences.

Ahem! We're surveying; I'm *au fait* in carrying a chain, and sticking down stakes, and pacing, etc. If you wish to prove the truth of my assertion, come and see. The animal exhibits without compensation.

You should have witnessed our "Five Mile Square" last week; We "took bearings" wherever there were blackberries, and had a general "howl;" though the unmitigated counting, "one, two, three," in a measure prevented great intellectual thought.

At another date I gracefully fell in a recumbent posture on my way out of W—h Hall. If I state that I had in my hands two long staves (that dimly call to one's mind barber's poles), and was going with my usual *abandon*, the gracefulness of the picture may be imagined.

By the way, cousins, what are your "sentiments" about college? I "think to myself, within myself," that it's a "damp, moist, cold, disagreeable grind." (Not to apply another adjective in great favor with Dickens's Mantalini.)

When the "snows of winter" shall have frosted my golden locks, not to say red, and spectacles shall stride across my Grecian nose (I doubt if this last epithet is strikingly appropriate, but let it pass), I may think differently; as it is things are *not* looking up.

Still, if "a man" only keeps his eyes open, there's enough to be seen, — every shade of human nature almost, good, bad, and indifferent. But being strongly opposed to the doctrine of human depravity, and being on the lookout for little touches of kindness and sweetness, I think the world not a very bad place after all. Certainly, I have not come across any one, as yet, and Heaven forbid that I ever should! who has so far destroyed the God-given nature as to be wholly hard and unlovable. Don't you think it the best way, ever to trust that at the bottom of even the stoniest heart the pure white flowers of faith and love are blooming? I do.

JOLLY JINGLE.

UNDER THE OLD ELM-TREE.

Under the old elm-tree
Lonely on the cold ground lying,
Quivers a little robin, dying
Under the old elm-tree.

Up in the old elm-tree,
Eager watch in their soft nest keeping,
Three little beaks wide open, peeping, —
Up in the old elm-tree.

Why to the old elm-tree
Is the mother robin so long in flying,
To the three that are calling, and one that is dying
Under the old elm-tree.

Far from the old elm-tree,
Lost to the love which so patiently tended,
Lost to the care which so long had defended
The nest in the old elm-tree, —

Far from the old elm-tree
She will fly to her nest no more (by the token,
Blood on her breast, and her strong wing broken)
No more to the old elm-tree.

Go to the old elm-tree,
Little boy, with your bow and arrow,
Idly aiming at robin or sparrow, —
Go to the old elm-tree.

KRUNA.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

In Puzzle No. 249 the last word of the second line should be divided thus, — "*eh lidskies*;" and "tisseac" in the third line should be divided thus, "*tis seac*;" "hugho" in the next line should be "*hugtho*;" and "kis res" should be one word, "*kistres*."

The fourth letter and the last but one in No. 265 should be *u*-s instead of *n*-s.

☞ We favor some of our subscribers with *gentle* reminders in the shape of bills for back subscriptions. Will they in turn favor us with prompt remittances?

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

has been the most successful in answering correctly the September puzzles, and wins his first prize.

In looking over the names of those who have won prizes, I find more than a dozen who have won the first and second: some of them I never hear from now; I wonder why. Where are ye, Bertha, Merrimac, Frank, Mary A. E., Birdie, Quaker, E. W. W., D. P., & W. W. W., and many others?

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

278. I am composed of 31 letters:
My 20, 19, 7, 17, 18, 8 was a Roman orator.
My 14, 27, 26, 9, 5, 21 was a Roman woman who put a golden bodkin through his tongue.
My 6, 20, 2, 27, 23, 26, 3, 18 was an American general.
My 6, 1, 18, 15, 29, 25 was an ancient geographer.
My 22, 10, 26, 19, 31, 21, 11, 5, 30, 6 was a Grecian general.
My 24, 12, 11, 30, 6 was a Persian king.
My 28, 13, 16, 27, 31 was one of the gods; son of Nox.
My 4 is a numeral.
My whole is one of the greatest events recorded in history.
F. F.

279. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 12, 4, 5, 12, 11 we all desire to possess.
My 9, 8, 1, 2 is very important to farmers.
My 10, 5, 6, 7, 8, 2, 12 are a race of people.
My 8, 3, 11 is a unit.
My whole is a very dangerous class of people. *Pahnon.*

280. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 3, 9, 11 has wrought wonders.
My 7, 1, 6, 4 is a fragment.
My 10, 2, 5, 8 you are seldom recommended to be, though praise often attends you in consequence.
My whole is a musical instrument. *Ego Ipse.*

281. What letter would make an insect talk? *Jeannie M.*

CIPHER.

282. Liveakya ep I wenvoa,
Pu aranyepa ev dana,
Ikz pvozs qahh vdep lottha
Vehh vda ikpqan zuap illain.

283. Entire, I am a word meaning to authorize; behead and transpose me, and I become an article worn at religious ceremonies: again behead and transpose me, and I become one of those ceremonies. *Cis.*

284. Cut off an animal's head, and leave a part of it. *S. Harp.*

285. Transpose an animal into an article of food. *Fred.*

286. My first, second, and whole are verbs. *H. C. Hazen.*

287. My first is a measure; my second we would none of us wish to be without; my third may be seen in the night, but not in the daytime; my fourth is what the eunuch said to Philip; my fifth is an interjection; to these add a girl's name, and you will have my whole name. *Tennessean.*

288. 100Q05010. *Bittersweet.*

289. 5515050055. *Elmer.*

290. 10050050100U508. *A. R. T.*

FISH, BIRDS, SHRUBS, AND FLOWERS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

291. A shrub and part of the body. *Bob O'Link.*

292. A tunic; a pronoun; and part of an apple. *Violet Forest.*

293. A bone and booty. *Max.*

294. A disease. *O. L.*

295. The dark and its shadow if that can be given.

296. A stripe of the truce flag suspended from heaven.

297. Sun pictures in water-colors traced on the sky.

298. An isle, and one of its products hard by. *S. F.*

ANAGRAMS.

299. A green steed.

300. A tender tiger. *A. O.*

301. O! serious times, N. R! *Addie W.*

302. Crash to Erie. *Hal Bowles.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed:

303. There is some —— upon his —— but that need not —— him from eating (5 letters). *Comet.*

304. I have not much —— for a —— even though held by a —— (7 letters). *M. A. L.*

305. Let us —— —— the meadow (4 letters). *Pearl.*

306. Why are the eleventh and twelfth months of the year like a fire going out on the night of the 31st of December?

Give the authors of the following quotations:

307. Sweet are the uses of adversity. *Clem.*

308. When Greek joined Greek then was the tug of war. *Hassan.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of December. Those received later will not be credited.* —

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in Sept. No.

218. Waterloo Bridge.

219. Stage: 1, stag; 2, sate; 3, sat; 4, sag; 5, sage; 6, set; 7, sea; 8, seat; 9, tag; 10, tea; 11, as; 12, at; 13, ate; 14, age; 15, gas; 16, gat; 17, gate; 18, get; 19, eat.

221. Frankfort, Madison, Salt Lake City: Clox = 10050010010: Cloci = 1005001001. Ten weeks.

222. Rattlesnake.

223. Arrogate.

224. Editor.

225. Alms: Attila, laurel, Mount Gerizim, Samaritans. (Some failed on the mount and some on the Hun.)

226. Bunting.

227. Charm, march, arch.

228. Rosemary.

229. Partridge-berry.

230. Thorn-apple.

231. Canterbury-bell.

232. Box.

233. Friendship is stronger than kindred.

234. Elaborate.

235. Dispensed.

236. Monastically.

237. Prescription.

238. Anachronism. ("Harmonicans" would have answered, *C. W. J.*, if *harmonicans* had been spelled in that manner.)

239. Repeater ("repartee" credited).

240. Buff, white, vapid, strong, gay. (*F. R. S.* gives "Glad, puny, white, soft, brave;" and *Max* gives "Worst, big, heavy, fat, unpaid," both better than the original, because comprising fewer letters. *Ixia* gives "Brief, dusty, heavy, wrong, pat." *Northern Light* gives "Brave, deaf, tight, puny, worse." Other lists were sent; but some lacked two t's or two a's, so that the words "turneth" or "away" could not be made; others embodied adverbs, articles, or misspelled words.)

241. NOON. ("OHO," "SIS," "NON," "OHIO," etc., given but considered faulty.)

242. ONYX.

243. Extend.

244. Coal, coral.

245. When it turns laughter into slaughter. (*Northern Light* says, "When it ends *us*." *Wil-*

lie says, "When it makes hock shock." *Gilbert* says, "When it is the beginning of sorrow and suffering:" all very good. *Florence* and *Max* give the original answer.)

Of the above 28 Puzzles—

MAX answers all but 221—27.

Florence answers all but 240, 242—26.

Gilbert answers all but 240, 242—26.

Clem answers all but 226, 233, 245—25.

Keystone answers all but 240, 241, 242, 245—24.

Ixia answers all but 226, 236, 242, 245—24.

Willie answers all but 225, 240, 241, 242—24.

Rubie Linden answers all but 224, 225, 233, 240, 245—23.

Belle answers all but 224, 225, 226, 233, 240—23.

F. R. S. answers all but 221, 226, 229, 232, 241—23.

Northern Light answers all but 224, 226, 233, 241, 243—23.

Theresa answers all but 237, 238, 240 241, 242, 245—22.

Alice Tipton answers all but 221, 225, 226, 233, 240, 242, 245—21.

C. W. J. answers all but 225, 233, 238, 240, 241, 242, 245—21.

Prairie Rose and Laurel answer all but 224, 226, 236, 238, 240, 241, 243, 245—20.

Cousin May answers all but 221, 224, 225, 233, 240, 241, 242, 245—20.

Amanda answers all but 221, 224, 225, 226 229, 233, 238, 240, 241, 242, 243, 245—16.

R. C. L., Jr., answers 218, 219, 220, 222, 223, 226, 227, 232, 234, 235, 239, 243, 244—13.

Wolverine answers 218, 221, 222, 223, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 233, 239, 244—13.

Notices to Correspondents.

Coy, I am glad you don't forget us. That was a rather funny little stumble on the "bunting."

Amanda, you ought to have seen me smile at that "tree."

Ixia, it is "*fair*" enough, but would not one list with two names to it save trouble? However, I am satisfied if you are.

Prairie Rose, we already have one "Prairie Rose" in Marietta, Ohio.

Florence, had you put "daft" instead of "deaf," you would have answered 27 out of the 28.

F. R. S., I am very glad it pleased and puzzled you. I do not find the name you mention on my list of correspondents.

Fleta Forrester wishes me to explain to *W. A. R.*, "*Cis*," and others who have written to her, why they received no reply. She has been sick for a long time, and could hardly think, much less write. I hereby offer *F. F.* 20,000 congratulations on her convalescence.

Theresa, I will "exchange" with pleasure: am proud to think you "admired" it.

Gilbert, didn't you like your gold pen that you had to use "an old rusty steel" one? The writing needed no apology.

Cousin May. Yes, I "want it."

Rubie Linden, your list of adjectives was identical with *Cousin May's* ("grievous, bad, white, puny, fit"): unfortunately there is but one "a" in the list.

Wolverine sends "love to all inquiring friends."

Minx, many thanks and much love.

Belle. Yes, dear.

H. M., if you will send me your address, I will send you some of the "lists," and you can judge for yourself. I am astonished, every month, at the smartness of my class. I received *Willie's* list first, and thought, "Well, I don't think any one can beat that!" Then *Florence* and *Gilbert* went up head, and I was just going to credit them both, when in came *Max* with one better. Since then I have been looking for a list with 28 correct answers (as all the puzzles have been answered generally); but it is now the evening of the "8th," and the lists are closed.

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to Minx, Alice Tipton, C. W. J., Northern Light, and Wolverine.

FIGHT WITH MONKEYS.

[The illustration given above is taken from "The Young Crusoe; or, Adventures of a Shipwrecked Boy," an interesting book for young people. Felix, the hero of the story, thus relates his encounter with monkeys.]

MY labors were much increased as the rainy season approached. I was obliged to gather my provisions, prepare my salted meats, collect my materials for working, supply wood for the fire, and dry in the sun a sufficiently large quantity of grass to provide my flock with sustenance. It was at the commencement of the

fine season that I enjoyed most liberty, and then it was that I undertook my various trips about my domain. Certainly it cannot be denied that I liked travelling; I had nearly everything that I could desire, but I had not the good sense to be contented; I wished always to make new discoveries and to increase my territorial possessions. Why is it that man, to whom so few things are absolutely necessary, is always insatiable in his desires, and destroys so frequently his happiness in seeking to add to it? Child as I was, I already participated in this folly of the human heart. I had travelled over almost all the coast of the island, but I had penetrated very little into the interior; this I had the most lively desire to do, as I was persuaded that I would find things worthy of my curiosity and fit to augment my riches. As I wished to make only a trip for observation, the hurdle would have embarrassed me and fatigued Castor; so I merely tied on his back two empty bags and my cloak. I was armed with a hatchet, a saw, my bow and arrows, and a sort of game-bag which I had made but a short time before. Not having any robbers to fear, I left open the door of my cave so that the goats might browse freely in the fields, feeling sure that they would return at night; but I closed the entrance to my garden, so that these animals might not stray in there and do any damage.

I started at last with a heart full of joy and hope. Castor, who seemed to participate in my taste for a wandering life, ran along gayly, while Coco chatted away as if it were crazy. After crossing the great plain as far as the river which divides it, I walked along the banks until I found a place where the water was scarcely up to my waist, and there I crossed over. Advancing through a country dotted here and there with lemon-trees, whose rich fragrance filled the air around, I made my way over a level ground toward a dense forest, where I trusted to discover some new tree or plant which might be of use. As soon as I reached the grateful shade, I refreshed myself with a meal of potatoes and roast birds, which were among my provisions, and then took a few hours' sleep, well protected from the burning rays of the mid-day sun. The only thing which I missed was water, not having had any to drink since leaving the river. I soon found a number of cocoanut-trees, and immediately undertook to climb one in order to alleviate my thirst with the delicious milk of the nut; but I was greatly surprised and frightened also at seeing a large number of the nuts rain down all about me, as if thrown by some one

from the top of the tree. I found it very difficult to shield myself, as did also Castor, who barked with all his might. In vain I sought to discover the hidden enemy who thus suddenly assailed me; I could see the foliage stirred, but it was too dense for me to perceive anything beyond. At last, I saw a monkey leap from one tree to another which he descended, and sit at the foot of the trunk, where he watched me and made the most ugly grimaces imaginable. Castor, seeing the vile brute within his reach, made one spring and quickly strangled him. A dozen more immediately came hurrying down with menacing looks and sharp cries. I encouraged my companion to attack them, and seconded him to the best of my ability with my bow. This I used successfully, wounding one severely. Seeing, however, that Castor, whom they had surrounded, found some difficulty in defending himself, I fell upon them with my hatchet and killed several. The others, frightened, fled, redoubling their discordant yells, and we remained masters of the field and of the arms of the vanquished — that is, of about twenty cocoanuts which they had thrown at us.

STORY OF IKE COTTLE, THE TIN-WASHER.*

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER XVI.—LESSONS OF DUTY.

JIM'S greatest trials sprang out of the home circle. The change in his appearance, his manner, and general conversation was a daily puzzle to his parents. At first they called it "putting on airs," and plainly told him that "they didn't want a gentleman in the house." But Jim had learned something about the power of example. When his troubled spirit would rise up within him to rebel against unkind treatment, his better spirit, caught from Ike, would suggest silence and prayer. He found, day by day, that by habitual thoughtfulness and steady adherence to principle he grew strong, and this discovery was a great blessing to him. He couldn't help wishing

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. W. HICKS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

every day that his stern and profane parents were like the cottagers on the hill, who, in his eyes, had nothing to wish for in point of piety and happiness. These thoughts would sometimes cause him great sorrow, and especially after an evening spent at Father Cottle's, or during the holy Sabbath-day.

One day, as Jim was wending his way from Chapel service, after parting from Ike and Mary Benjamin, he gave himself to very serious reflection. He took a full survey of his present circumstances at home, and, as usual, concluded with a deep sigh, as the sad state of his father's household passed before him. He sat down by the wayside and wept, and prayed to God for mercy upon his father, — that Solomon Beard's house might become a house of prayer, and that the happiness of the cottage on the hill might also bless his home. While thus meditating and praying, something seemed to whisper in his ear, "It may be so, it may be so."

Jim was startled, and fancied that some person had spoken to him. He looked around, but no form could be seen. Now it was Jim's own thought that so startled him. It had never, as yet, entered into his heart that he might be the apostle of his father's household; that he, simple, and so very lately wicked Jim Beard, might be the instrument of reforming his wretched parents. But it occurred to him then. That was the thought that seemed to speak aloud to him, and filled him with excitement. It filled him with new emotions, and his mind seemed to go out far into futurity. Before him seemed to pass a strange picture. He saw passing slowly before him a family group, wretched and filthy. The father a vile blasphemer, and the mother careless and cruel; while the children were squalid and miserable, quailing before the stern presence of their parents, and shrinking from each others' touch. He fancied he could see his own face in that group. He saw whither they were tending. Destruction seemed to await them. Ignorance of God, of heaven, of life, of all happiness, was pictured on every countenance. He shuddered as the picture passed in his thoughts.

As he arose from the green bank and looked about him, he felt a loneliness which had never impressed him before, and which was deepened by the gathering shades of night. He resumed his homeward way. His mind still dwelt upon the strange picture which, as a dream, had passed before him. As he slowly sauntered along, lost in thought, another picture attracted his attention; it

was quite the reverse of the first, and even more engaging. In this he saw a change. A father sat listening to his son, who seemed to be reading and expounding, while deep seriousness settled down upon the family group. Presently he saw the father weep and drop upon his knees, and all the faces in the picture seemed deeply agitated. The mother, morose and sad, sobbed aloud; the little ones ran into the most distant corner to weep and tremble. In this picture Jim saw himself and his parents kneeling and pleading for mercy at the hands of God. It affected him very much. The picture passed away, and he began to breathe freer, and quickened his pace, determined to consult Ike in the morning. In time he lifted the latch of his dismal home. All was dark within, except what light the dying embers in the grate emitted. His parents were sitting before the dying fire silent as the grave. No kind voice welcomed our young Christian to the fireside. After speaking kindly to his parents, he ventured near the hearth. His heart was almost taking his breath by its rapid beating. He wanted to break the silence, he longed to hear a kind word spoken at home.

"Dad, I hope ye don't think harm o' my staying at the cottage for dinner to-day?"

"Mercy sakes," cried his mother, "what does think the father cares, so as th' don't eat up his bread an' butter."

"Thee can stop where thee likes, Jim," muttered Solomon Beard, in the very kindest tone he ever assumed.

Next day Jim confided all his new thoughts to Ike, and ended his earnest recital with, "Well, what d'ye think on't, Ike?"

"I see but one meaning, Jim, and that is that you are to teach your parents the way to heaven; that you are to prevent them going the way of darkness, and show them the path of life."

"Why, Ike!"

"And I think it a simple thing too, Jim," continued Ike, without seeming to notice his response, "that you should begin to make things better at home. Just like a person who has escaped some great danger and feels that he ought to warn everybody of the same; so you, having escaped the 'snare of the fowler,' which is Satan, should also make known your salvation to those near you who are in danger of falling into the snare. And I can call to mind now Jim, and I dare say you can too, what Mr. Bevans said in his sermon yesterday, 'That as soon as we are enlightened we should not bury our light under a hedge, or behind a house or

a furnace, but let it shine.' He said too, 'That the truly good are always seeking to bless others, and to put a comfort in somebody's heart, and a crown of glory on somebody's head.' And besides, Jim, the Saviour said, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"

"Well, Ike, I'm feeling strange about it, and can't get right since the voice spoke to me like yesterday, and I do want to do something for dad and mam, but they'd only make sport of me."

"But you would not fear a little persecution, would you, Jim, for the sake of doing good? And if you get on well, Jim, what a thought."

"No, 'taint persecution quite, but I wouldn't know how to begin, for I aint like you, Ike, you are always good, and 'taint no trouble for you to talk and pray and read and all that."

"Jim, I fear you are a little proud, and perhaps you are afraid of duty, but I know you shall overcome in the end. Don't let your thoughts rest on your own weakness, but God's strength; and remember, Jim, that Jesus said, 'All things are possible to him that believeth.' Speak to your father and mother, and you will see that nothing is too hard for God. Saint Paul said once, 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me;' and so can you, Jim Beard, though you aint Saint Paul."

Just at this moment the whistle sounded, and the great wheels began to turn in the mill.

CHAPTER XVII.—SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

ALL hands were busy. The great wheels turned slowly and steadily, while the rollers rattled, and the cogs made unceasing music. If you have ever visited a large rolling-mill, the strange confusion of sounds will come back to your ear at this moment. Ike's place was apart from the rest, a narrow selvedge bordering the "charcoal fire department," and very near a brace of heavy cog-wheels, which turned the machinery on that side of the mill. A large partition stood within four feet of his stand, on the other side, and shut him in completely from the gaze of the "bar iron men," where Jim was employed. Here was his work, cleansing plate intended for the tin boshes. A large trough or bosh filled with water was near, and the thin plates were piled up

here and there. The space to turn in was exceedingly narrow, but Ike had become accustomed to his work and the place, and passed the time pleasantly. It was necessary to exercise great care in passing close to the cogs, and a misstep at any moment might prove dangerous. It so happened this day that Ike had to carry small bundles of plate from a position hard by the cogs to his long bosh, and in passing he was required to have a steady foot.

On one of these occasions — with perhaps a dozen plates in his hands — a slight stumble threw him off his balance, and letting the plates fall, he naturally put out his hands to save himself, but the right one came in contact with the cogs, and in an instant he was drawn up to the shoulder. Poor Ike cried for help, but before "Old Jenkins, the nobler," could throw off the cogs, he was fatally bruised and mangled, and when taken from the jaws of the wheels was senseless. In a moment all was confusion. Men turned pale. The great wheel stopped, the blast-fires shut down, the furnace-men opened their fires, and the adjoining Tin Mill emptied itself, and all stood frightened and shocked at the terrible accident.

"What is it — who is it?" ran from mouth to mouth.

"Some one's killed," was the answer.

Fathers were inquiring for their sons, sisters for brothers (for girls were employed in the tin department).

Presently the saddest cry of all arose — "It's Ike Cottle — Ike Cottle!"

It is simply impossible to describe the effect of these words. Ike was either the idol or angel of almost every heart there. Even those who pretended to make sport of his religion, loved him for himself.

There was a time of genuine sorrow. Strong men bowed down into the very ashes, weeping and wailing. Old and young sorrowed as though the dearest friend each had on earth had been taken away. Old Jenkins sat down on a pile of broken cinders, and, with his rough face buried in his hands, sobbed aloud.

You will naturally inquire for Jim. Poor Jim, when he was told of the accident, he ran to Ike's place, and seeing his noble friend mangled and, as he supposed, dead, he sought refuge behind the nearest furnace, where he might weep alone.

Jim's grief was of that kind which cannot be expressed. It has no vocal utterance. Tears, hot and copious it sheds, but the

tongue speaks not, and the heart is crushed. So he sat down on the little bench behind the furnace, where he had often taken counsel of Ike, and, dumb and bewildered, he sorrowed alone. How long he would have remained there we know not, but it was nightfall when his father, who had been searching for him everywhere, led him quietly home. He had not been seated in the accustomed corner ten minutes when Old Jenkins came in, and informed them that Ike — whose name he pronounced with the tenderest reverence, was still alive, and requested to see Jim. Jim had thought him dead.

"But he's no long for this world, Jim," said the weeping old nobler. "Mr. Lewis says as he'll die to-night."

"Is Mr. Lewis there?" asked Jim, with some surprise.

"Aye, lad, he brought the Doctor, hisself, and is as sorrowful as I be, which is no little to say, for one as has done for Old Jenkins what that angel boy has done." And sitting down on the floor the old man groaned in anguish. "Solomon," (turning to Mr. Beard), "I'd a gone through all the cogs in the Tin Mill for that boy, I would. I'd a gone to prison — I'd a gone to the madhouse, — Oh, I'd a died to save him."

Poor old man, indeed he meant every word of it, for few loved Ike as he did, and few could claim the same right.

"Why don't I go to Taffs; ax me why I ain't drunk as a sot, an' in a gutter; ax why Nanny has three gowns half a crown apiece, and bonnet to match; ax me why I drinks no rum and porter. No, Jim, don't ax me — ax that angel who's a dying, this minute, killed in a Tin Mill! 'Twas Ike, Solomon, crony, 'twas Ike saved me. He talked to me, — well — he talked to me like — I can't say what, but nobody couldn't talk so, — his eyes talked — his tears talked; and when he said 'dear Old Jenkins, won't ye make ye mark to this here pledge' I tell ye I'd a signed my life to 'im. I did make my mark, a cross, like, and when he said it was purty, I was so proud I jist cried. Well, I know 'taint no use a goin' on so. The old man, that's father Cottle, broke down, but he says it's the Lord's will, and what's his will is right; but Jim, if it had been all the same to him — I mean the Lord, like — I'd gin my old carcass to have Ike stay."

"Of course he's in heaven!"

"But what do heaven want wi' him? there ain't no drunkards up there to save; there ain't a Tin Mill there, I hardly fancy, an' they can't need Ike; but, mebbe they wouldn't have nothing to

do with me. But if it had been all the same, I'd a gone for him."

How long the honest old nobler would have continued in this strain it is hard to conjecture, but Jim at this point announced himself ready, and they started for the cottage. The way never seemed so lonely to Jim. Not a word was said as they hastened on. Soon they saw the twinkling light, and then they entered the sad home. Friends were there, with the warmest sympathy, and ready to do anything to relieve the young sufferer. Father Cottle was, indeed, full of grief, but there was religious comfort in his heart. Ike was conscious, but rapidly failing. His face lit up when Jim entered, and, raising slowly the left arm, he gave him a warm grasp. His voice was feeble, and his words few. He pointed upwards, and with a countenance beaming with pleasure and hope, said, "I'm going home, Jim, be faithful, be true. Jim, the way may seem rough, but there's glory and happiness at the end. Jim, you wont forget, — speak to your father."

Such were a few of the sentences which were kindly uttered, while death was doing his work.

Old Jenkins approached, and in the tenderest tones, broken by sobs, asked if Ike had no last word for the old nobler.

"Yes; drink no more, dear old Jenkins, love little Nanny, and be good, — be good."

The old man pressed the cold hand to his quivering lips.

"Father, Susan, come quick, I am dying!" and as they gathered near, forming a little group of sorrow-stricken ones, around that cot, Ike looked kindly on them all, and extending his hand to Jim, who stood near, he smiled a farewell, and died!

There was no struggle, not a groan; but a quiet falling asleep in Jesus. So died Ike Cottle the Tin Washer; a noble, pious lad, whose master aim in life was to do good to all.

I have not written a fiction — a tale of fancies of my own creation — but a plain, simple, true account of one whom I loved in life and in death; a companion, a friend. Thus his sun went down while it was yet day, and not a cloud to mar the splendor from horizon to horizon. What he was, we have seen in some measure in the preceding chapters, and also what he did; but what he is to-day, who can tell? Doubtless, if he could speak to us to-day, he would add emphasis to all that we have said as coming from his lips, and urge the youth who aspires to greatness to lay the foundation in doing good.

The funeral was the largest ever known in Beverly parish. Rich and poor, a long line of sympathizers with the bereaved and admirers of the dead, followed the bier. The coffin was carried by bearers chosen from the Sabbath School, and the whole school joined in the procession.

At intervals, as they slowly moved towards the churchyard, appropriate verses were sweetly chanted, and the volume of sound going out from so many tongues rendered the scene solemn and inspiring. The sun was casting his last light over "Tom Baclorn" mountain, and the valleys and hills seemed to wear a subdued aspect, as we turned from the spot where Ike was laid. One form was seen to linger at the little hillock after all had gone. He stood with head uncovered, motionless, and absorbed in deep thought. After awhile he knelt at the grave's side, and remained in that devout attitude long after the stars appeared. The dews were heavy on his head, and the lights were extinguished in the village, when he arose to retire. It was Old Jenkins the Nobler, who thenceforward was a better and a newer man than ever.

Jim Beard accompanied poor Mary Benjamin back to Father Cottle's Cottage on the hill, and made her feel strong by his manly sympathy and tender regard.

It was nine o'clock when Jim reached home. To his surprise the whole family were waiting his presence. Two candles were burning on the table, and Solomon Beard sat close to Nancy, his wife, and all the children were washed and tidy. Jim was almost overcome. His father broke the silence, —

"Jim, lad, Ike is dead, an' thee 'll miss the boy wonderful. A better never worked in any tin-mill. He was always right, an' he was a friend to thee. P'r'aps thee thinks thy father's heart is made of firebrick; no, lad, but it's badly hardened with sin. Jim, will th' pray for th' old father?"

We ought not to intrude further. All else can be surmised. In heaven, doubtless, it was said, pointing to Solomon Beard and his household, "*Behold, he prayeth.*"

MEN may be negligent in their handwriting, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly.

"I CAN'T."

"O DEAR, I can't!" says the little boy who has a hard sum to do. "I don't know how to do this sum, and I can't." And so, persuading himself that he does not know anything, he gives it up, and goes to play, willing to be a dunce.

"I can't, mother!" cries the little girl who is learning to sew. "I never shall learn how to take this stitch!"

My dear, you must try! You can never learn till you try hard, try many times. Do not give up, and say you do not know so much as your playmates. They all had to learn, and had to try before they could learn. You must have patience, perseverance, — must study, think, and determine you can do, — and then you will succeed. There should be no such words as "I can't;" but say "I will try," and then I am sure you will accomplish whatever you undertake. It is no more for one little boy to learn to do a sum, or one little girl to learn to sew, than another. Many have learned, — all can, if they will only try, try, try!

So, do not give up so, my boy,
Nor you, my little miss;

But persevere and you'll succeed,
You may be sure of this.

Whatever other children learn
Can still be learned by you;
Let perseverance, patience, care,
Attend whate'er you do. — *Flowers that Never Fade.*

MY FIRST WATCH.

MUSTER-DAY was one of the favorite holidays with country-boys in my childhood, when the militia companies of several towns met to show off their abilities, and to be seen of men. Sooner would I work Christmas than Muster, — sooner lose a Christmas-dinner than forfeit the rare fun of going to Muster. Not only did the uniforms and military manœuvres attract my boyish imagination; there was a sense of independence in going to another town and spending my pocket-money. No European traveller ever felt more importance than I felt on my return from F—— at the close of muster. For months I saved my pocket-money for this event. I remember one year in particular, — I might have been twelve years old perhaps, — I had two dollars in my pocket as I started, before sunrise, to walk to F——, a distance of eight miles. I had no intention of spending what seemed such a fortune, but I was glad to have it to show the other boys, and to feel that "I *could* buy them all out if I'd a mind to," as I expressed it.

I started with my pockets full of 'lection cake and doughnuts, which the keen morning air made me glad to eat before I reached my destination. I had not been long upon the ground before a vender of Attleboro' jewelry encountered us. He held up a clumsy, pewter, turnip-faced watch before our boyish eyes, with, "See, young gentlemen! A great bargain! A very fine silver watch, best quality, white face, brought over from England by myself. I wouldn't part with it for ten dollars if it wasn't muster-day and you such fine young gentlemen. Isn't there one of you has two dollars he'd pay for a watch? Oh, what is two dollars in the bottom of your pockets to a beautiful silver watch that always keeps good time. Time is money, and you'll never find a better bargain than this!"

Throughout this jargon I had kept my eyes on the watch shining in the sun. My vanity was flattered by being addressed as "young gentleman," and I thought with pride of drawing out my wallet before them all, and laying down my two dollars. Still prouder should I be, I thought, to draw forth a watch to note the time and excite the envy of my companions. I was not long, therefore, in purchasing it for the whole of my little store. For a little while I found pleasure in looking at it, and showing it to the others; but when noon came and I had no dinner, and not a cent with which to buy any, I was a sadder and a wiser boy. I seemed to hate that watch. It looked mean to me; it would not *go*, and the next autumn I traded it away for a jackknife, and never saw it again.

UNCLE NED.

EVIL COMPANY.

OPHRONIOUS, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his own grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eulalia did so; and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

KATIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

LITTLE Katie was ready for Christmas,
Her presents a nice little store,
For father and mother and Susie,
All finished. What could she do more?

In the nice little box where she hid them
She took a sly peep every day;
"I'm glad that not one is forgotten,"
Each time to herself she would say.

But once, while she looked at her treasures,
And whispered, "How glad they will be!"
She said, and her sweet face grew thoughtful,
"*One* friend has no present from me!"

"The *first* Christmas presents were given
To Him when a babe, on the earth,
With a star and a song from the angels
To herald His wonderful birth.

"The 'wise men' brought unto the Saviour
Their myrrh and frankincense and gold;
And *now* there's but one thing he asks for,
And can I that one gift withhold?

"My *heart* I will give to the Saviour,
To honor the day of his birth!
A gift that to Him is more welcome
Than all the rich treasures of earth." KRUNA.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

ON account of the lightness, brilliance, and beauty of these insects, and the ease and grace with which they pass through the air, the French call them *Demoiselles*. The dragon-fly has four large, shining, delicate wings, of nearly equal size, and a mouth well adapted for crushing its food.

We do not always judge correctly of the qualities of the heart, which lie beneath a beautiful exterior. The dragon-fly, in contrast to its gay and elegant attire, is one of the most cruel and voracious of insects, darting with swiftness and fierceness upon gnats, mosquitoes, and other soft-bodied insects, and sometimes devouring its own species. However, as it never attacks man, his cattle, or his crops, it may be considered of great use in destroying noxious insects.

The earlier states of the dragon-fly are passed beneath the water. In form, the caterpillars and chrysalides are somewhat like the perfect insect, and breathe by certain organs placed along the sides, or at the end, of the body. The larvæ have no wings. They possess a very complicated arrangement of the parts forming the under lip, which cover the face like a mask, concealing the mouth, and serves, by the unfolding of its plates, for seizing and conveying food. They crawl stealthily along on the bed of the stream, and when within reach of their object, spring their mask like a trap upon it.

This insect remains a number of months in the water, and changes its skin several times. Before undergoing its final transformation, it leaves the water and creeps upon some plant, or out upon the bank, and then is ready to assume its last and most elegant form. The pupa skin becomes dry and crisp, and bursts open along the back; then the head and eyes of the insect are slowly drawn out, the wings gradually expand and soon become smooth, and at last the fly appears in all its beauty.

FRANK T. GUERNSEY.

LITTLE JUNE.

THERE was once a little child, who was born when birds were singing, and roses filling the air with fragrance, and warm south winds blowing; and they called her June. There was never such a baby as June Willoughby, with her laughing eyes, and her cunning ways, and her little pink toes. She used to climb up into her father's lap and pull his shaggy, brown beard, and poke her little fingers into his eyes, and scratch his face. But he, great strong man that he was, would laugh, and cover her with kisses.

Well, the years passed by and June was quite a little woman. A dear little thing with rosy cheeks, and dark hair that curled all over her head. And she was just as good as gold. Though once, I am sorry to say, she was very naughty. They had told her never to meddle with her father's papers, for they were very important. Now, all that they said went in at one little pink

ear and out of the other. But she nodded her head, just like a flower on its stalk, and looked very wise. So they supposed she understood. And perhaps she did.

But one day, when she had seen her father ride off on his great black horse, and mamma was out of sight, little June crept into the deserted study. It was a small room, but very pretty, June thought, with the English ivy climbing about the walls, and plants in the window.

"I's going to have a good time," she said.

First she poured out all the sand in the boxes, and laughed to see it slide between her little fingers.

"It's a river, I guess," said June.

After that was over she amused herself for awhile with looking at the pictures in her father's portfolio. But tiring ere long of this, her hands found a delightful occupation in tearing up some "paper with bird-scrawls on it," that was lying on the table. I wonder if she knew it was naughty!

"They're just like bits of snow," she said, dropping the torn pieces down in a stream from the window. "Oh, how pretty!" and she clapped her hands with delight.

Just then her father's voice sounded behind her, —

"June!"

The little witch turned.

"What *have* you been doing?"

She held out the basket full of white scraps, that told the story all too plainly; but she never *said* a word.

If June Willoughby had her hands snapped that day, I don't blame her father, do you?

But she was a loving little thing after all. For that night, when everybody supposed that she was in bed and asleep, Mr. Willoughby heard a "pattering of little feet" down the stairs, a cautious opening of the door, and there she stood, — June, in her white night-dress, looking into the room; and there were great tears in her eyes.

"Oh, father!" she said, "I's so sorry I teared your papers, and I never wont do it any more."

He kissed her fondly, and called her his rosebud, — his dear little June. And, by-and-by the smiles came back, and she trudged off to bed, light hearted.

But years after, when there was no little girl to make the old man cheerful, when never more could be heard her merry laugh-

ter, they thought of that night, and the little white figure standing in the doorway saying, —

"Oh, father, I's sorry I teared your papers, and I never wont do it any more."

For June never grew to be a woman. God called her while still her heart was pure and fresh and young. Day by day she had grown weaker and weaker; day by day had she drawn nearer to the world that lies beyond our mortal vision, which is yet so close to every one of us.

It was bleak midwinter, and the snow was falling. June could lie on her bed, and look out from her window on the dreary landscape. Sometimes it made her shiver and turn away. But ere long everything seemed changed; that was the last day of all.

"I can see green fields," she said, "and the sunlight lies warm upon the grass. I hear such sweet songs, but I cannot see the birds. The flowers are there, mother; beautiful roses and violets and mignonette. Oh, look, she is coming for me!"

"Who, child?" for the poor mother saw no one.

"The spirit, mother. You know you called me June, and now June is coming for me. She has a sweet smile and tender eyes like yours, mother. Oh, the beautiful song!"

And the soul of little June Willoughby passed away. It is always summer there; for her there would never any more be bleak winds or winter's snow; but fair June roses, and blithe June songs.

Still it is very lonely in the old house.

"The Willoughbys are quiet people," the neighbors say. Ah! they cannot know that, when the summer floods the world with its radiance, — when flowers are blooming and birds singing, the man and wife are thinking of little June, who went home on the New Year.

JOLLY JINGLE.

A SONG FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE.

Cold and wintry is the sky,
Bitter winds go whistling by,
Orchard boughs are bare and dry,
Yet here stands a fruitful tree;
Household fairies kind and dear,
With loving magic none need fear,
Bade it rise and blossom here,
Little friends, for you and me.

Come and gather as they fall,
Shining gifts for great and small;
Santa Claus remembers all
When he comes with goodies piled;
Corn and candy, apples red,
Sugar horses, gingerbread,
Babies who are never fed,
Are hanging here for every child.

Shake the boughs and down they come,
Better fruit than peach or plum,
'Tis our little harvest home;
For though frosts the flowers kill,
Though birds depart, and squirrels sleep;
Though snows may gather cold and deep,
Little folk their sunshine keep,
And mother-love makes summer still.

Gathered in a smiling ring,
Lightly dance and gayly sing,
Still at heart remembering
The sweet story all should know,
Of the little Child whose birth
Has made this day, throughout the earth,
A festival for childish mirth,
Since that first Christmas long ago.

L. M. ALCOTT.

BE KIND, DEAR BOYS.

"DON'T like Ned Frye, the new scholar, if you do," said Willie F., as he poured his books from the satchel, preparatory to his evening's study. "A mean fellow I despise anywhere; and you know Ned is mean, as the dirt under our feet. So don't talk to me, Sam, you can like a pimp, if you wish to, but if you expect me to worship a thing of that sort, you've got hold of the wrong customer."

"I'm no fonder of mean things than you, Will," said Sam, his face flushing; "but I don't believe Ned is mean; others can have eyes as well as you."

"Eyes, — so you have; but if you don't use 'em, what good are they. Didn't you see him hang down his head when the boys passed him the subscription-paper about the watch for the teacher, and not give a cent? say, didn't you? And when we went into the oyster shop, no, oh no, he didn't love oysters (of course), nor love to pay for them either, that's it. I know him. Don't talk to me, it's no use; a fellow that'll pick a slate pencil out of a mud puddle, where he dropped it, is too mean for me, any way."

"Willie, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. F., as she seated herself with her evening knitting. "You look very excited and angry, what is it child?"

"Sam is trying to make me like a mean fellow, and I wont do

it, that's all. Father hates mean folks, and I'm sure I do, worse than dirt."

"Stop a minute, Willie, I want to hear from Sam all about this mean fellow. Who is he, Samuel?"

"Well, mother, his name is Ned Frye, and they are strangers and live in the old Glebe House under the hill. Will thinks he's awful mean, but *I* don't, because, every day he brings an apple to the little lame boy, and he hauls him round in his carriage, and never lets him stay alone, when the other boys run off to play and leave him. Last Saturday, he hauled him all the way to the nutting woods, and gathered lots, and put in his carriage, and a very mean boy wouldn't do that, because he was awful tired hauling him so far, and he looked warm, I tell you."

"You should be cautious, Willie, about calling folks mean until you know all about them. Perhaps the boy is poor."

"No, he is not," said Willie, stoutly, "he wears better clothes than I do; he's small, I tell you, I cant like him."

"I knew a young doctor, once, that was called 'small and mean,' and the young men sneered at him, and the young ladies treated him coldly, because he never went to rides or concerts, and wore no watch, etc., etc. But after he left our village where he was so coldly treated, and went far away, we heard that he had supported a sick father and educated two brothers in college; working incessantly in everything he could find to do, until they graduated. At night, when all of us slept, he had written for a periodical; and the pay he had received for his brain-work had gone to place a marble to the memory of the mother that inspired him with her own energy.

"Poor fellow! I always think of him with pity, for he dearly loved a friend of mine that refused him, and accepted a stylish fellow, with gold watch, and horses, but not half as much soul as the man they called mean. He is appreciated now, while the generous, lavish man has had to leave a country to which he was no ornament.

"Be careful, always, boys, to say nothing concerning a stranger, until you know the whole truth; and be sure and not judge harshly; for the meanest thing that can be, is a disposition to put down, to browbeat, or treat sneeringly a stranger that comes among you."

Willie resumed his lessons with a scarlet face, for I am afraid he had spoken unkindly to Ned Frye.

Mrs. F. had long intended calling on the stranger at the old Glebe House; and the next day, thinking of her boys' conversation, she went there. What she saw she related to them the next evening after their studies were finished.

"To my surprise, I found the lady at the Glebe House an old school friend of my own. Since her husband's death she has had to struggle hard to keep her family together. There are four children, three little girls younger than Ned, and one of them, the pet, helplessly deformed. She came here because, in some way, the old house had fallen to her, and it was quite an item to save the rent. Two little girls were studying their morning lessons and crocheting at the same time; the third was sitting on the bed, arranging autumn leaves with crab-apples, barberries, etc., that her brother had placed there to amuse her.

"'Your brother is good,' I said, kissing her sweet face which lit up with a sunny smile, as I named him.

'Yes, he is good, indeed,' said Mrs. F., 'and so thoughtful, Each morning, before going to school, he finds something to amuse Ella. The pails are always filled with water, and the boxes with wood which he gathers in the evening from the forest about here. Poor fellow, it does seem hard that he should always have to change his clothes and work, while others have the time to play; but he never murmurs. Last night he did look a little sad; some boy, it seems, had called him "mean," at school. But such things he will have to bear, for one cent of spending money he never has; it takes all we can earn for our bread and scanty clothing, and I must keep him at school awhile longer in the clothes made of his father's last. Then, I don't know, he is very sensitive.'"

"Oh! mother, what have I done?" interrupted Willie, "I am meaner than the dirt under my feet. I will go, this minute, and beg his pardon. I couldn't sleep one wink if I didn't," and the impetuous boy ran down the hill, almost as quickly as the autumn leaves in the rushing wind.

I can't tell you what he said to Ned Frye, but I know they went arm in arm to school together the next day, and were always firm friends there; and now, through the assistance of Willie's father, they are chums in college.

IT is easy to look down on others: to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

HOW THE ROMANS COOKED PEACOCK. — The most elegant dish of the Romans was a stuffed peacock. They selected those with the most beautiful plumage, and stifled them to death, believing that the mode of killing gave more brilliancy to the plumage. As soon as dead, they carefully split the bird open, by an incision all along the back. They then took out all the bones, meat, etc., leaving only the bones of the legs to the first joint, those of the wings to the second joint, and the head whole, except the brain, eyes and tongue. The inside of the skin was now immediately lined with a coating of glue, and filled with bran to keep it in shape. The feathers that were spoiled were varnished, and false but brilliant eyes were placed instead of the natural ones. When dry, the skin was filled with roasted birds, chopped and cooked, and carefully sewed up. The bird was served on a large silver dish, made for the purpose. The dish was of an oblong shape, and in the middle, and soldered to it, was something resembling the trunk of a tree, with a kind of limb on which the bird was fastened. It was meant to look just as if it were alive, and resting itself on a perch, with an ear of millet in its bill. It was always served at the beginning of the dinner, and was one of the last dishes eaten. It was always carved on the table, and, while the host was serving it, it was etiquette for one of the guests to harangue upon the beauties of the plumage and the excellence of the meat. The Romans were not deceived about the excellence of peacock's flesh. They knew very well, and so did their authors, that not a particle of the bird's meat had been used. They somehow got into the habit of speaking of the goodness of the meat, and so they kept on doing so. This is very likely the reason why we read in many books that the specie of peacock eaten by the Romans has been lost, and that it was entirely different from that which we now have. Some believe also that the kinds of locusts and of dormice eaten by them were not the same that exist now. The reason is probably no better.

IT is said that the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention is better than *cure*.

WE find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a good deal oftener.

VALUE OF ONE CENT. — A French mathematician has been calculating what would now be the sum produced by one cent put out at five per cent. per annum, compound interest, at the commencement of the Christian era. He estimates what would be the value of a ball of solid gold, equal in size to the earth. He then makes the astounding statement that had one such ball of gold fallen each minute during the past eighteen hundred and sixty years, the value of all these globes together would not amount to so much as the sum produced by one cent, at compound interest, during the same period.

It must have taken a good deal of figuring to get at that result: and now we should like to have that Frenchman figure on the following sum: —

Given three boys and a little girl, averaging barely three quarters of a yard high, each, and a piece of ice on a sidewalk two-and-a-half yards long — to calculate the immensity of happiness crowded in so small a space.

"LITTLE boys should be seen and not heard." That's what a little fellow told his teacher when he couldn't say his lesson.

A PRINTER'S apprentice says at the office they charge him with all the *pi* they *do* find, at the house with all they *don't* find.

MRS. PARTINGTON, after listening to the reading of an advertisement for a young ladies' boarding school, said: —

"For my part, I can't deceive what on airth eddication is coming to. When I was young, if a girl only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing and the common denominator, the convents and dormitories, the provinces and the umpires, they had eddication enough. But now they have to study bottomy, algerbay, and have to demonstrate suppositions of cycophants, of circusses, tangents, and Diogenes, and parellelogramy, to say nothing about the oxhides, carotics and obstruse triangles!" Thus saying, the old lady leaned back in her chair, her knitting-work fell in her lap, and for some minutes she seemed in meditation.

WHEN you forgive the man who has pierced your heart, he stands to you in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

NEWSPAPERS. — It was not till Queen Ann's time, 1709, that London had a daily journal. Scotland had a newspaper in 1653; Ireland, in 1641; Germany, in 1612; the American colonies, in 1704. Italy had newspapers earlier than any other country.

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD BE (ALPHABETICALLY). — A woman should be Amicable, Benevolent, Charitable, Domestic, Economical, Forgiving, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Kind, Loving, Modest, Neat, Obedient, Pleasant, Quiet, Reflecting, Sober, Tender, Urbane, Virtuous, Wise, 'Xemplary, Yielding, Zealous.

THERE are 518 bones in the human frame: 14 in the face, 32 teeth, 24 in the ribs, 16 in the wrists, 38 in the hands, 14 in the ankles, 38 in the feet, and 342 in other parts of the body.

"Grandma," said an intelligent but crafty child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some." "Then go to the shop and buy me some, and I will give you a part."

JOSEY being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he, hesitatingly; "but I have got a first-rate forgettery."

THE following bill was lately presented to a farmer in Sussex:

"To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, four shillings and sixpence."

OF COURSE. — "The river is very low." — *Richmond Enterprise.*

"Then of course it keeps its bed." — *Picayune.*

"No, sir! It rises frequently, and runs out every day."—*Carrington's Commissionaire.*

It is, however, a little under the weather just now.

WHAT sea is like a certain portion of a house in good repair? A-dri-atic.

WHAT throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? A soar throat.

WHAT two companions did Robinson Crusoe have with him on the island? A big swell down on the beach, and a little cove up in the land.

A QUANDARY. — If a person catch you by the ear and ask if he have the wrong pig by the ear, would you answer yes or no?

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

MERRY CHRISTmas to all, and best wishes for full stockings, fruitful trees and happy gatherings everywhere. Let those who have much remember those who have little, that the poor may have cause to regard the rich with gratitude, not envy; for at this time, if at no other, there should be peace on earth and the sincerest good-will to man. It is a good season to begin to think of the new leaf which nearly every one resolves to turn over at the New Year. For Christmas is, or should be, associated in our minds not only with merry-makings, but with the birth of the best and most beautiful Life ever lived. And the proof that we truly believe and reverence it is an earnest desire, an untiring effort to follow the Divine example. None are too young to begin, none too old or wise to neglect, the chief purpose of all lives, and the sooner it becomes both a pleasure and a duty the sooner we learn the secret of that happiness which nothing can destroy.

We give several letters from old and new Chatterers, and an extract from one that is too long to be inserted at length. Also, with regret, a notice that another chair in our little circle stands empty, for Violet is gone.

BOSTON, *November* 8, 1867.

DEAR MERRYS: — What is the matter with you? the Chat for this month really frightened me, it was so quiet. I have begun several letters but failed to finish them. Not for the want of brains, as I hear some of our sarcastic ones remark. I have about come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a badger? for I left my home in the vine-covered cottage, the first of last July. I was *here* all that month, looked with anxious eyes at every every *real nice* looking person I met, but none wore the pin with that strange device M. M. I left for the Granite State and fared no better. I then fled to the hills of Vermont, where I spent a few delightful weeks reading the great book of nature until life seemed nobler and better to me. I did not see any Cousins there either. So now I have returned here to spend the winter, and if any one feels any curiosity to see me I can be found at No. 47 Springfield Street.

Jolly Jingle, are you still at Dartmouth? I thought of you, for I was only five miles from there for two months. So we have a new one at the head. I would like to ask if Uncle Merry is still connected with us in any way?

Love to all who want it, for it costs nothing, and does a great deal of good in the world.

From your Coz,
MAY CLAYTON.

FIR COTTAGE, *September* 3, 1867.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: — How glad I am to meet you all again. It seems a long time since I last met with you. Where is Daisy? I must have my usual seat beside her, and then I will tell you how much I have enjoyed myself lately.

I have been spending a few days by the sea-shore, and considered it a rare privilege I can assure you. Every moment of the time was enjoyed. I rode, walked, and, best of all, took a beautiful sail on the broad ocean. Those of you who have always resided near the salt water, I doubt not, do not realize how much happiness we, who live farther away, experience in being allowed the privilege of spending a few days, occasionally, within sight of the grand old ocean. Seldom do I enjoy this pleasure.

Now I would say one word to those Cousins who have been absent from our merry gatherings, for so many months, asking them to again meet with us as of

old. I, for one, would give you all a most hearty welcome.

My love to Aunt Sue and the rest,

Merrily,
ANNIE F. MAY.

NEW YORK CITY, *October* 24, 1867.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES: — I come, make room for another in your "Merry Circle." Perhaps you think I am rather forward, because I did not ask to be admitted, but, when you hear my name, then you'll excuse me.

Metacom do you know Saghconic? if you do I will tell you something in my next.

Now please to move your chairs around and leave the one near the door vacant, for I shall *come* and *go* as the fit takes me, so look out for

MAD CAP.

Another of the Merry Circle has gone. Sabbath evening, Oct. 20th, Violet Forrest closed her eyes in death, peacefully trusting in Jesus. Age 17 years, 1 month and 24 days.

CORRECTION. — For "Tom Baclorn" page 170, read Tom Barlom.

Notices to Correspondents.

Alice Tipton, your answer to puzzle No. 266, ("Bachelor of arts and Doctor of Medicine") was very ingenious.

Robbie Eddoms (or Eddowes?), please send address.

Hero, haven't you got strong yet? I hope you have, but it looks a little suspicious.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Alice Tipton, Robbie Eddoms, and Sidney H.

Sidney H. We greet you with a *peaceful* welcome; and we are glad to know that you "live where the people are honest and industrious." Let us hear from you again.

THE attention of our readers is invited to the Prospectus of "Merry's Museum" for 1868, printed in another part of this number.

It will be seen that it is our intention to make the "Museum" second to no other Monthly Magazine for Young People published in America. It will be the *best* as well as the *cheapest*.

In the January number we shall commence the first publication of a story of great interest, entitled, "Little Pearl." A competent critic who read "Little Pearl," in the manuscript, pronounced it "unrivalled of its class." We are sure our friends, after reading it, will confirm his judgment.

Several important announcements will be made in the next number.

Our friends are earnestly invited to send us the names of new subscribers. A little effort on your part, would *treble* our present list, and thus enable us to give you a still more attractive Magazine.

A full list of Premiums for new subscribers, will be sent on application.

☞ *Immediate* payment is requested for all subscriptions due.

Bound volumes of the "Museum" for 1867, will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $2.00. The twelve numbers of the present year will be bound for sixty cents. If sent by mail, 24 cents additional is required for the postage.

ATTRACTIVE BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

We have just published the following attractive books for the Holidays. They will be sent, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of the prices annexed:

1. FAIRY BELLS, AND WHAT THEY TOLLED US. Translated from the German by Miss LANDER, author of "Spectacles for Young Eyes."

A charming collection of fairy tales, beautifully illustrated. Price $1.25.

2. MORNING GLORIES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Miss L. M. ALCOTT, author of "Hospital Sketches."

A treasury of fairy tales in prose and verse, written by one of our most popular authors. 1 vol, tinted paper, extra cloth. Illustrated with original designs drawn by Miss Greene, and engraved by John Andrew. Price $1.25.

3. JOSEPH IN THE SNOW. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH, author of "The Little Barefoot." 1 vol, 16mo., tinted paper, extra cloth, and illustrated with 24 original designs. $1.50.

4. THE WELL-SPENT HOUR. By ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. $1.25.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

answers the greatest number of the October puzzles, and wins his first prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

309. My first, in its working, an emblem we use
When speaking of something that none wish to lose;
The *products* that flow from its action, are seen
In the home of the peasant, the home of the Queen:
But has more of my *second*, and will longer endure
In the halls of the rich, than in those of the poor.
We nothing should value, unless we could find
It possessed of my *second*, at least in our mind;
We should strive for it daily, in truth and in name,
And prize it in friends, above riches or fame.
My *whole* was a man who had much of my *second*,
An English Divine, above medium reckoned.
Minx.

310. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 19, 11, 11, 6, 9 was a celebrated poet.
My 13, 20, 4, 22 was what he invoked.
My 1, 23, 5, 5, 14, 18, 21 we all desire.
My 24, 2, 19, 7, 5 is delightful when genuine.
My 10, 14, 15, 16, 17 is a place where travellers often meet.
My 8, 12, 7, 3, 22 is a reward; not always of merit.
My whole is excellent advice for all. *L. T. Hedges.*

Give the authors of the following quotations:

311. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." *Hassan.*

312. "An undevout astronomer is mad."

313. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

314. "He jests at scars, that never felt a wound."

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed:

315. People generally stand —— from — —. *M. A. L.*

316. The drunkard continued to —— — —. *M. A. L.*

317. Many a student —— to —— problems. *A. W. N.*

318. Try and —— the porcelain ——. *Sugar.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

319. Ornament a stick of wood. *Violet Forest.*

320. Gentleman leave. *Genevieve.*

321. Orbs within a transparent substance. *Minnehaha.*

322. Funny Albert. *A. R. T.*

323. What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? *H. M.*

324. Entire, I'm never courted,
Beheaded, I'm oft admired;
Again, and no one wants me,
Once more, I'm oft desired.
Z. T. Hedges.

325. Find any number of adjectives, not exceeding eighteen letters, out of which you may make every word of the tenth verse of the first chapter of proverbs.

326. Paraphrase the following into good sense:
Indefinite article cake waltz resembling deficiency the remains of a building numerous.

327. What animal forms a sentence of four words? *C. F. W.*

328. Divide two verbs (of opposite meanings) by a pronoun, and make a portion of North America. *Hickory.*

ANAGRAMS.

329. A sharp spear. *A. O.*

330. A late bore. *Bittersweet.*

331. Ten ears. *Robbie Eddoms.*

332. Nat at his pie. *Effie.*

333. Is it lead? *Cis.*

334. Behead and transpose the name of a bird, and find what elected Abraham Lincoln. *Franc.*

335. My first is a woman; my second a man; and my whole is a man. *Rena.*

336. I am a word of seven letters, and out of me may be made 1, a useful article in winter; 2, a beverage; 3, what we often do: 4, a vegetable production; 5, a number; 6 and 7, two things outside of the head; and 8, something inside the head. *Perseverance.*

337. Take three different kinds of animals; place them one above another, so that they shall read the same horizontally and perpendicularly. *F. R. S.*

338. How can XX2X equal 20. *F. F.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of January. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "AUNT SUE," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers to Puzzles in Oct. No.

246. Cherish a spirit of cheerfulness.

247. Intemperance.

248. Ida, dog, age.

249. A mechanic, his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes,
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it strikes.

250. Peace, ape, ace, cape, pace.

251. Fir, fire.

252. Mahogany; —any hog Ma?

253. Wife, strike, branch, on hut, (almost all sent answers to this, but some lacked two i's, some two r's, and some two n's.)

254. "What,"—double you h eighty.

255. Grape, pear.

256. Phrase, share.

257. Lemur, emu.

258. Dislocate (die slow Kate.)

259. Conscript.

260. Daisy (day's eye.)

261. Indulgent.

262. Handsome.

263. Mischief.

264. One has his heart in his treasure: the other has his treasure in his heart.

265. Aunt Sue.

266. Abandoned.

267. Lions, (or Lioness.)

268. Ivy (IV.)

269. Excel (XL.)

270. Rosa Bonheur.

271. Gerald Massey.

272. Thomas Moore.

273. Pots, tops, spot, post, stop.

274. Poles, slope.

275. Elim, lime, mile.

276. Tear, tare, rate.

277. Swart, straw, warts.

Of the above 32 puzzles—

ROBBIE EDDOMS answers all but 260, 271, 277.

Max answers all but 246, 256, 261, 271.

Belle answers all but 253, 254, 257, 271, 277.

Florian answers all but 256, 257, 258, 261, 271.

Jeannie M. answers all but 246, 254, 261, 264, 270, 271.

F. R. S. answers all but 246, 254, 256, 258, 266, 271.

Clem answers all but 248, 256, 260, 261, 271, 277.

Ixia answers all but 254, 257, 264, 270, 271, 275, 276.

Alice Tipton answers all but 246, 248, 253, 245, 256, 257, 259, 260, 261, 270, 271, 273, 277.

Wolverine answers 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 265, 267, 269, 275, 276.

R. C. L., Jr. answers 247, 249, 251, 255, 269, 272, 273, 275.

Sidney H. answers 247, 249, 250, 272.

THE ACORN LABYRINTH. — Designed by AUNT SUE.

The puzzle is to get from the entrance (B) to the centre (A) without crossing any of the lines.